THE TEN HOODS

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THE

TEN HOODS, OR LIFE,

FROM

THE CRADLE TO THE THRONE,

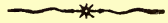
FOR

THE YOUNG AND THE OLD.

BY

REV. L. McWHERTER, A.M.

Author of "The Three Kingdoms," and "The King of Glory."



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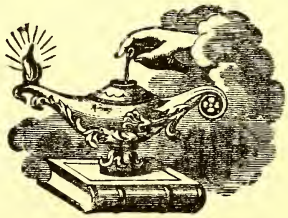


TO

LIZZIE LEE AND LETA,

MY DEAR AND AFFECTIONATE DAUGHTERS,

IS THIS VOLUME FOR YOUTH

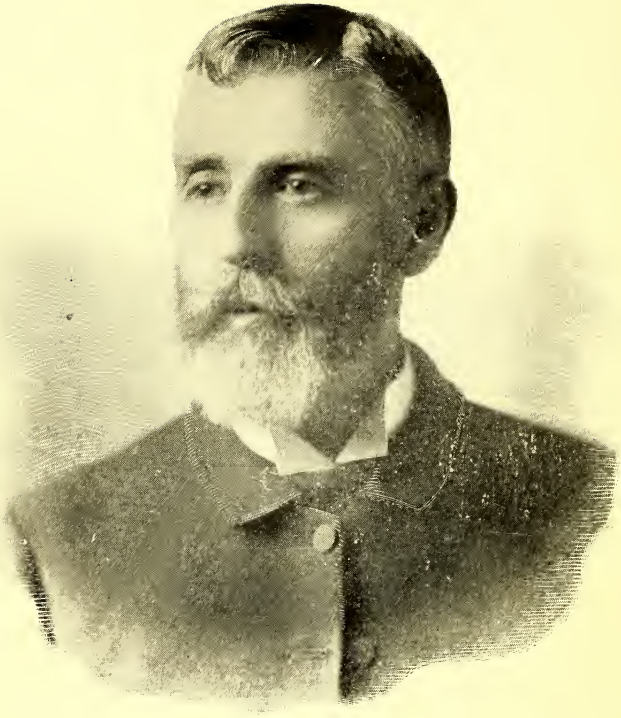
AND YEARS,

LOVINGLY AND HOPEFULLY DEDICATED

BY

A DEVOTED FATHER.

Life is noble, or ignoble,
As the years go rolling round:
Let it be what God would have it,
From the cradle to the crown.



L. McWhorter.

PREFACE.

IN offering this volume to the public we are actuated by a desire to assist all who peruse its pages in attaining to higher and holier lives.

It has been our purpose to paint the pictures of life, according to our ideal, just as they ought to appear, in the varied phases and relationships from infancy to old age.

If we shall succeed in pleasing the old, encouraging the middle-aged, and influencing our young readers to make this model life their own, as they pass through its different stages, we shall have accomplished our purpose and compassed our most ardent desire.

Most fraternally,

L. McWHERTER.

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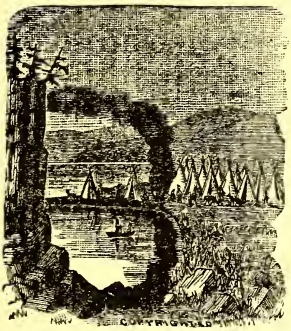
BABY-HOOD.

Chapter I.

The baby neat, so very sweet,
Be it a girl or boy;
All who meet are sure to greet,
And wish a life of joy.



BABY-HOOD is life in the bud. It is hope in the arms; it is love on the bosom; it is joy in the cradle; it is light in the home; it is perfection in heaven.

Baby-hood is life's golden sunrise, beaming beautiful and bright upon the world. It is the bright, brief morn of an ever-lengthening day. It may be a day full of happiness and heaven, or a day doomed to darkness and to death. It is the opening hours of an endless life. It may be a life great in its possibilities, grand in its achievements, and glorious in its destiny; or it may be an existence blighted in the bud, blasted in the bloom and panoplied with the darkness of endless death.

Babies are the sweetest beings on earth. They are angels in disguise; they are the sunshine and sov-

ereigns of every home they enter; they are the joy of every model mother's heart, and the pride of every fond father's life. The sweet, bonny babe is the idol of the household.

Babies are also beautiful beings. They are always objects of special interest and attraction. They are perfect little cherubs of beauty. The silver clouds, the sapphire skies, and the starry canopy over our heads are all beautiful, but none of them are compar able to buoyant, bewitching, beautiful baby-hood.

Babies are innocent creatures. We are naturally wont to regard them as pure and spotless beings. To those of us who are parents the air above our heads is not purer, the flowers beneath our feet are not sweeter, and the little lambs playing sportively upon the lawn, are not more innocent than these darling babes of ours. Here lie two little twins as artless and innocent as ever smiled in a mother's face or gladdened a father's heart. They look like two little wingless cherubs. Nothing can be more beautiful, lovely, or attractive than these two sweet, innocent little twin babies. They exhibit life in its artless innocence and matchless purity.

Babies are among heaven's best gifts to earth. The beneficent hands of Deity place these lovely little ones in parental arms as perennial blessings. The race has always been blessed with the presence and influence of innocent infancy.

Babies are the most helpless beings in the world. They are wholly dependent on others for the necessities of life. Their every want must be anticipated by other heads and supplied by other hands than their

BABYHOOD.

(See page 8.)

own. Look, for a moment, upon the helpless form of a feeble infant, forsaken by a faithless or fiendish mother, and then think of the powers, and possibilities lying dormant in that dependent babe. But only let its lease on life extend through time, and stretch across boundless eternity, and who can weigh the responsibilities laid upon parents, when these little helpless infants enter their homes for care and culture?

Babies are the most delicate darlings on earth. Hence, they are wisely entrusted only to the tenderest hands and most affectionate hearts. They ought to be carefully conducted, through feeble infancy, out into vigorous childhood-life. The baby is ever recognized, by the entire family circle, as the tenderest plant in their domestic paradise. If this be true, it should be handled, and cultured with the greatest possible care. Into the lap, of maternal love, this tender little luxury is laid, for its first lessons of life and liberty. Its little mind is susceptible of the most delicate impressions, either for good or evil; and its loving heart, like wax, receives them most readily; but, marble-like, holds them for evermore. The first impressions made, upon the infant's mind, must aid in molding its mission for life. It is of the highest importance then, that these impressions be of the purest and holiest character.

Babies are the burdens of maternal hearts. The true mother loves her babe most tenderly. It has her last care, at night-fall. It is constantly in her dreams, when she sleeps; and receives her first thoughts, as she wakes to greet the morning light of another day of watch-care and work, for her precious treasure. It is the sum, and center of her deepest solicitude. Her anxie-

ties, her hopes and her fears, all, hover around her delicate darling babe. She looks, lovingly, into its little face, and communes sweetly with it until it answers her maternal appeals, with the first smile of recognition, and her fond heart beats with highest hopes.

At this period of its life, if not sooner, the work of educating the baby begins, either for weal or woe. And, mothers want to realize the vast importance of this work, which is committed to their hands, when these bonny babes are placed upon their bosoms, to be nursed and nurtured, for God. If they could only foresee the death, and destiny, of these darling little ones, they would know that this wonderful work demands the wisest heads, and the worthiest hearts possessed by the best women in the world. And such mothers would be far from transferring these sacred trusts to unskillful hands, empty heads and unholy hearts.

Mothers may safely commit their babies' wardrobes to other hands; but the babies themselves require maternal care. A mother can do nothing nobler than to nurse, and nurture her own offspring. The impress of her own sweet spirit should be stamped, early, upon its little soul. Infants are easily affected, even by facial expression. They very readily, and early distinguish between features expressive of anger and love. And they will often unconsciously imitate the features seen upon faces with which they are most familiar. Then, if mothers would have their babies be sweet, and lovely, they must exclude from the nursery every thing that is unholy, or impure.

Babies are latent forces. In their young, and tender lives lie hidden infinite possibilities. There is skill in

BABIES' BEST FRIEND.

(See page 10.)

those tiny fingers, eloquence on those little lips, fire in those sparkling eyes, brains in their soft heads, love in their tender hearts and music in their sensitive souls. They simply demand proper development, to make them great powers for good in the world; and to qualify them for happiness here, and heaven hereafter.

Babies are the very embodiment of innocence, in the estimation of maternal hearts. They are as guileless and guiltless as innocence itself. But, the innocent infant's soul is soft, and easily impressed for weal or woe. The little things it sees and hears, while in the crib or cradle, help to mold its character for time, and shape its chances for eternity. Its little eye is quick to detect the meaning of a look. Its little ear readily interprets the import of the voice. And, its little heart instantly perceives the significance of a gesture. Hence, nothing vulgar, or vile should ever meet its little eyes. Nothing hasty, or harsh should ever greet its little ears. No seed of discord, or dissension should ever fall upon its tender young heart. The apparently trivial influences, which contribute to the formation of human character, can not be over estimated in their bearings upon infantile life. They will endure through time, and bear fruit in eternity. The impressions made upon human hearts, in infancy, last the longest, and have most to do with determining the character, and painting the fore-ground of coming years. We are all largely indebted to the sacred influences, which clustered around our cradles, for much of the good there may be in our characters, and for many of the hallowed associations, which have thus far environed our pathways through life.

The baby is a student. It studies successfully the

faces, and featurs of those who bend over it from day to day. It readily recognizes the harsh tones which fall, in words of disapproval, upon its little ears. It also knows the sweet, gentle voices which sing its evening lullabies. Every sentiment, expressed by look or word, is soon properly interpreted by its young heart; and, the effect may be seen, and this fact read, in miniature, upon its legible countenance. The mother's griefs soon find their counterpart in her infant's sighs; and her joys find their response in the baby's smiles.

We look with intense interest, and longing anxiety, upon the darling little babe as it lies nestled cosily in its mother's arms, or sweetly sleeping in its cosy crib, and fain would forecast, for it, a bright and happy future. We wonder whether, or not, it will live to be grown; and, if so, what will be the character of its life, and the shadings of its destiny. We would give much to lift the misty curtains, which mantle the coming years, and trace the unopened leaves of its future history. But, a merciful providence has thrown an impenetrable vail over the future of this bud of promise, and hidden its openings, and subsequent developments in a sealed volume. This is just as it should be. For, otherwise it might darken all our promises, and blight all our hopes of its future greatness. This desire to wrest from the sealed book of heaven its untold secrets, and read the chronology of time, in advance of its happenings, is all wrong, and tends only to discontent and unhappiness.

Parents do well, notwithstanding the uncertainties that environ infancy, to welcome the opening life of the new-born babe, whom God hath given

them, to their warmest embraces. It is true, it may bring with it hours of anxiety, and weeks of watch-care; but, it will also laden your loving hearts with their corresponding compensations of joy and gladness. And, should the cradle song soon sink into the funeral dirge, still you will find reasons for thanking God who hath given, and taken away the comfort, and consolation of your hearts and lives.

Babies are very influential beings. They are not born for naught. Neither do they live in vain, though they die soon. Like messengers of mercy, they bring blessings to every home they enter. They soften the hardest hearts. They subdue the most rebellious spirits; and leave tenderest traces of love, upon the parental soul, which draw it homeward, and heavenward. When babies come to the homes of earth, they always bring the choicest benedictions of heaven; and while they remain, they ought to be a source of perpetual blessings to all by whom they are surrounded in this life.

Babies are little limited monarchs. They lie in their cradles, helpless and harmless, but wielding a wonderful power over all around them. They are puny strugglers, strong in their weakness, and irresistible in their utter helplessness. They are little uncrowned kings, and queens before whom many hearts bow in loving allegiance. They wield their sceptres of influence, alike, over the young and the old. Their artless innocence exerts a secret, but salient power over all who are brought under its sacred influence. They present the innocent phases of life, before us, in their most attractive forms. They enter life's large arena with delegated powers. Their missions are those of mercy. They

come to soften hard hearts and save rebellious souls. Their plaintive cries appeal to the fondest affections of the maternal heart. The thought of her responsibilities exalts every faculty of the mother's soul. Thus the infant, in its silence and submission, teaches the mother many of the most important and impressive lessons of life. It stirs up, within her soul, many a slumbering gift; uncovers, in her life, many a hidden grace, and disciplines, in her activities, many wayward powers into elements of strong, and vigorous woman-hood. It also touches the fond father's heart, most tenderly, many times. Its tiny fingers, and feeble grasp, are often powerful enough to turn the strongest man from the road that leads to ruin. The baby's ideal innocence is, to the parents, the very essence of magnetic power. It draws them irresistibly to the cradle, with hand, head and heart, all devoted to its service. It leads them to the crimson cross of Christ, where they re-consecrate their all to God, when the babe is christened. And, it also points them, successfully, to the Christian's crown, where they may reign an unbroken family, as kings and queens forever, and for evermore.

Babies are beings with minds in miniature. They are capable of wonderful development, even, during their infancy. Their training should begin at their birth. Parents should attach special importance, even, to the handling of infancy. For, if this be done in a gentle, patient and loving way, it will do much to develop the same traits of character in the growing minds of their darling babies. The management of the nursery has a great deal to do with the formation of future character. The mother who leaves her cradle, thoughtlessly, in the

hands of another, or rocks it herself, in anger, may live to lament her folly, or mourn her unmotherly example.

Babies are, often, what their environments make them. The cradle should be surrounded by the loveliest, and most pleasing scenery. An air of refinement, and culture, should characterize those who roll its rockers, and bend over its precious treasure. None, but gentle, loving words, should greet the eager ears of its easily influenced inmate. None, but kind, benevolent acts, should, ever, meet its open eyes. Then, the beautiful babe, like the sweet bud, would naturally expand into a lovely flower, and be admired by all who see it. It would also find a home in all hearts; and grow up to bless those it associates with through life.

Such babies are the poetry of domestic life. They are the fresh, and fragrant flowers which beautify and adorn our homes. They are the priceless gems which are treasured but to enrich our hearts, and make us the happier. The magic of their charms draw us to them, to bless and be blessed. Their artless, and endless attractions hold us with ever increasing, and enraptured delight. The beautiful babe is a beam of light, a well-spring of joy, a fountain of love whose gentle presence sweetens every spirit, and softens every heart in the household. All people open their sealed souls to the secret, and silent influences of the innocent infant, in which they are so intensely interested.

Babies are the richest, and rarest treasures of the maternal heart. The helpless infant is the devoted mother's surest anchor. It holds her fast to her moorings. Its cradle is the craft that bears her heart's most precious treasure. In it lies the light of her home, and

the delight of her soul. The mother should linger, as much as possible, around the cradle of the tiny creature, whose life-long interests depend largely upon the care, and culture of its early life. But, when the baby is quiet, and happy in its cosy nest, let it alone. Do not disturb the little fellow when he is cooing, or crowing, in one of his merriest moods. Too much attention is worse than too little; it will spoil the best of babies. The lovers of little ones ought to provide some way to care for the babies of the extremely poor people and the infant orphans of the dead. This would be a wise, and a long step in the right direction.

Babies are lovers of song. The mother's low lullaby is a music lesson to her silent infant. Singing mothers cultivate, in their offspring, an increased love for song. They touch the plaintive chords of the baby's tender, and responsive heart, and thus begins the work of refining, and elevating the manners, and morals of the men, and women of the world. A small portion of preventative saves an immense amount of cure.

But, what would the world be without its babies? We hesitate to answer the question. We fear to paint the picture. The simple thought is enough to harden every heart, and sadden every soul of our sinning, and sorrowing race. The reality would be infinitely worse. It would tear the earthly idols from millions of fond hearts. It would rob hundreds, upon hundreds, of households of their last golden sunbeam. And, it would deprive the world of its best specimens of personal purity and inherent innocence.

We are all largely indebted to babies. They brighten our homes, and bless our hearts in a thousand ways.

They furnish constant incentives to nobler living. They serve as perpetual reminders of the fact, that we do not live to ourselves alone. Many hours, which would otherwise be dark and dreary, are brightened by their presence. Their helplessness, and dependence have taught us many lessons of faith and trust. They are messengers, of peace, to all men. They are well-springs, of pleasure, to the entire race. They are fountains, of light and love, to the lonely, and longing hearts of the wicked world.

When the first-born babe greets the childless home, chords vibrate with love which, hitherto, have lain dormant in the soul. Two hearts are drawn closer together, and the latent faculties, or forces, of parental affection are at once developed into the most active powers. Baby is now the center of attraction. Life has a deeper, and grander significance than ever before. Both father and mother have a new object for which to live and labor; and life becomes, more and more, a living reality every time a babe is born in their home.

But, babies sometimes die. Some of them seem to be too pure, and good for this world to keep them long. The brightest and the best are often taken first. The buoyant, bonny babe is sick. Anxiety is pictured in every countenance, for it rapidly grows worse, and worse. Its sickness is well nigh unto death. Oh! how changed the happy scene. The merry glee, and ringing laughter of yesterday is turned into the suppressed sighs, and sobs of to-day. The soft silvery breezes, so lately ladened with joy and gladness, are now more intensely burdened with sorrow and sadness. But, hush!

Tread lightly—baby is dying;
Ere long it will be at rest;
Even now its soul is trying
To flee to the Saviour's breast.

The breath comes fainter—still fainter—
The pulse seems scarcely to beat;
And death, the cold rigid painter,
Stands waiting at baby's feet.

Through the latticed windows shining,
Steals the light from evening's sky,
And, against the wall reclining,
Golden ladders seem to lie.

See! upon them are descending
Forms of angels, from above,
To carry, while life is ending,
Baby to a God of love.

Now a glorious spirit hovers
Just above the infant's head,
While beneath the snowy covers
Lies our darling baby—dead.

Yes, the baby is dead. The home is desolate. Many hopes are blasted, and all hearts are bleeding. The hearse has come to the hearth-stone, and taken away its precious, prattling treasure. The darling little baby has gone from the city to the cemetery. All hearts are heavy. The mother feels, now, like she had never felt the pangs of sorrow before. This is one of the darkest shades—one of the deepest shadows—one of the midnight scenes of parental love.

BABY IS DEAD.

Now a glorious spirit hovers
Just above the infant's head,
While beneath the snowy covers
Lies our darling baby—dead.

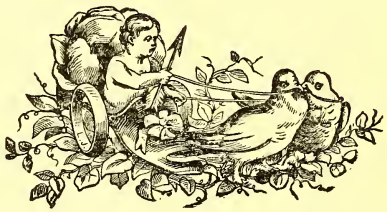
(See page 18.)

But, the parental heart inquires, where has my darling baby gone? Shall I ever meet and greet it in love again? I know its precious little body lies in the cold, damp ground. But, where, Oh where, has its sweet, young spirit flown? We answer, to the spirit-land—to the better world. Baby has gone to heaven. He is being rocked to-night in angels' arms; or is resting to-day on the Saviour's breast.

Yes, fond parents, you may meet, and greet your darling babe again in the glory land. It can not return to you; but you can go to it. This thought ought to bring with it the deepest and richest seasons of grace. Its death is a silver chord drawing your fond, and affectionate hearts to a higher, and holier life—a golden chain binding your sad, and silent souls closer than ever to the heaven of heavens. Words will not mitigate that mother's sorrow whose home, and heart death hath made desolate, by taking from her maternal arms a darling babe. But she, who has loved, and lost a little one, feels that she has a baby still in yonder world. She can only, and must ever, think of it as her angel baby. She will always speak of it as her infant angel. She will ever dream of it as her sainted little cherub.

But, will our babies, dying in infancy, be babies still in heaven? Do infants grow between death and the resurrection? Or, do they remain babies throughout eternity? These, and many other similar questions naturally suggest themselves to the inquiring minds of anxious mothers, whose hearts long to take their darling babes to their beating bosoms again, as of yore, when they meet them in the glory world. We can not answer these inquiries definitely; but it seems altogether prob-

able that heaven will always have its little winged cherubs. Such a sainted family, existing without babies, is a thing barely possible, and much less probable, or desirable, looking at it from a human stand-point. Again, if babies are such a blessing on earth, would it not be well enough to have some of them remain in immortal infancy in heaven? We think it would be very wise to do so; and, hence, hope to meet, and greet our little, loved ones, as such, in the home of homes—in heaven.



TWIN SISTERS.

CHILDHOOD.

Chapter II.

The cheerful child, with a loving smile,
Will win a part of every heart.

CHILDHOOD is life lingering in the maternal lap. It is life leaning on the mother's knee, or playing round the mother's chair. It is life full of fun, faith and fervor. It is life freighted with truth, trust and trials. It is life overflowing with joy and gladness, in its happier moods. And, its merry moments ever sparkle like golden sunbeams dancing on the silvery sea of time.

A happy, harmonious childhood—life is a rich, and rare heritage for all the years that follow. Its precious moments weave into memory's chain of charms, threads of silver and cords of gold. The sacred ties, thus formed, reach from home to heaven; and ministering angels come and go upon them, throughout the long journey of life. The happy, holy hours of childhood

store away, in the secret chambers of the soul, sacred sunshine which brightens life's darkest days, even down to its last setting sun. And here hope fortifies itself, behind the rich treasures of the past, and feasts bountifully upon the fullness of the future.

Childhood's recollections are never entirely erased from the sacred records of memory's first pages. Such records, then, ought to be well calculated to make their hearts happier, and their lives holier, when they review them in after days. For, the lingering glow and gladness of former years should always touch, with tenderness, the hardest lines of our after-life. The importance of these early impressions are not easily over-estimated. For, the silvery mists may melt away, before the early morning sunshine, but memory's misty pages, of the past, will linger in the lap of age till the golden sun of life's longest day sinks, in silence, behind the crimson glories of its western horizon.

Childhood's holy hours, then, are not only the happiest; but they also constitute the most critical period in life's history. At this tender age, children are most susceptible to all kinds of impressions. They are easily drawn toward the true and the good; and just as readily yield to the false and the foul. If we would make them wiser and better, we must adapt our discipline to their dispositions and desires, as much as the circumstances will allow. Never leave them to feel, that you have cruelly crossed their line of conduct, with the correcting rod. But, let them ever look back upon their childhood home, as a place where righteousness reigned for their own personal good. The child's training should not be, too much, in the direction of restraint.

LITTLE MISCHIEF.

It ought to have its share of license and liberty. Do not sacrifice the child for everybody else, and make it feel that you are a sovereign, and it a servant in the household.

Children are much more effectually induced to do right, by worthy examples and beautiful stories of right-doing, than they are when threatened with punishment, in case of disobedience, or harrassed with tales of crime, and their fearful consequences. We may lead the little fellows on gently, step by step, with the tender, patient hand of hope, until they stand firmly upon the rock of self-confidence, ready to defy successfully the storms of life, and the tempests of time ; but, we can never drive them to the shelter of our own Rock of Refuge. They must seek this shelter of their own choice, without the shadow of coercion upon our part.

Children, as a rule, are most successfully governed by love. The law of love is the greatest, and grandest law of life. It is the Gospel's crowning grace. It is the very embodiment of all other Christian graces. Forbearance is love on trial. Peace is love in repose. Hope is love in anticipation. Faith is love in confidence. Joy is love in exultation. Goodness is love handed down to others. Brotherly kindness is love passed around to all. And, charity is love scattered everywhere, by a liberal hand and a loving heart. Most children are easily won, and controlled by those who have affectionate hearts. If we love them, they are almost sure to love us in return. If we are kind and obliging to them, they will soon show their appreciation, in little acts of kindness, and by some sort of expressions of devotion, to us. If we would govern the little child by love, we

must first win a place in its little heart; and, then, it will just as readily yield to our wishes, as does the aspen leaf to the gentle zephyrs of autumn. Wherever this love reigns without a rival, there the spirit of peace folds its white wings, and the demon of discord is a stranger in that home. Parents should always manifest the love they bear their children.

Children are naturally impatient creatures. Their little hearts are very sensitive, and should be dealt with considerately. Their young, and tender lives are rich with possibilities, and should be cultured carefully. They naturally become fretful, if their wants are not speedily supplied; or soon grow impatient, if promises made to them are not promptly redeemed. Therefore, we should not tax their patience, too severely, at first; but gradually cultivate this grace, little by little, until they will not worry, and fret over slight disappointments, or even the sorer trials of life.

Children remain minors a long time, in their own estimation. Childhood's years sail by on weary wings. They are numbered very slowly indeed. It seems almost an age, from one Christmas to another. Years, of deferred hope, follow each other, at so great a distance, that it seems, to them, like they never will become men and women. But surely, though slowly, time wings its way past; and finally they are children no longer. Children are now, perchance, spending their happiest days on earth; but, they will not believe it, until left in after years to sigh over the loss of vanished good; or, to repine over the receding of vain, and visionary hopes.

The management, and training of children is a matter

of paramount importance. And, we doubt whether, or not, the more modern methods of management will ever surpass, in point of success, the old-fashioned discipline of other days. It is quite as essential for parents to know when to withhold, as when to bestow favors upon their children. It is equally important that they restrain, and encourage, when the circumstances justify. And to reprimand is just as commendable, when done at the proper time, and in the proper spirit, as to praise our offspring, when they deserve it at our hands. There is much mistaken kindness, in the management of children. The law of love is seen, in their discipline, in its greatest results, only when judiciously united with the correcting rod. Love alone may control, successfully, the tender, and timid among them ; but, it must be accompanied by the rod, if we would master the rude, and reckless of their number.

Filial obedience should be taught to children at a very early age. In fact, the idea, of resisting parental authority, should never be allowed to enter their little minds ; much less, to find lodgment in their little, rebellious hearts. The equality of parental authority should be recognized by the entire household ; and children should be forced, if necessary, to acknowledge the sovereignty of both parents. They should never be allowed to appeal from the decision of one, to the judgment of the other. Much less, should they be referred by one, to the other, either for a confirmation, or reversal of judgment already pronounced. Nor should parents be too hasty, in refusing their children's requests. If there be any doubt, in your mind, as to what your decision should be, in any particular case,

give them the benefit of the doubt; and let them plead their own cause. And, always, when a plea is allowed, let them feel that they have had a fair hearing, before rendering an adverse verdict. But, when once rendered, let them know that it is inexorable; and, like the laws of the Medes and Persians, changes not, and changes never.

Children should be governed, so far as possible, in a way that will make them feel that filial obedience is not forced, but voluntary on their part. To do this, you will have to give them credit for all good conduct, and never attribute to mere negligence, or forgetfulness, a spirit of willful, or flagrant disobedience. In other words, never magnify a trifling fault into a grave, and deliberate offense. Always be very slow to attribute wrong motives to their actions. Give them the benefits of all reasonable doubts, before passing adverse judgment on their conduct. Always leave, on their minds, the impression that you expect nothing short of perfect obedience from them, and it will go a long ways toward securing the same. Your children like to have you place confidence in them. Trust them most implicitly, and you will find them among the last to betray your trust, or forfeit your confidence.

Praise is another element essential to the successful government of children. Parents should often praise their offspring. It will do them great good. It will stimulate them to renewed activity. And it will prepare them to make more, and greater sacrifices for father and mother. Praise, from the parents, is sunshine to their souls. They love it, need it and must have it. Their natures demand it; and they can not

live without its gracious influences upon their lives. Hence, if the words of commendation, due them, do not fall, from parental lips, they will be eagerly sought as eulogies from the lips of designing flatterers, who praise but to make pliant to their own corrupt wills and wishes. Children hunger for praise; and must receive it, or else they are left, like the sensitive plant, to wither and waste away under the stinging sense of heartless injustice. Judicious commendation is one of the absolute necessities, in the successful government of children. But while this is true, remember that indiscriminate flattery will soon lead to vanity; and that vanity, ere long, will ruin the best of children. Be guarded, and judicious, then, in your compliments on the conduct of your offspring.

Reproof is also necessary to the successful government of children. They must be reproved, if properly controlled. But these reproofs should, always, be administered, in the mildest manner of which the circumstances will admit. They should never come, as they often do, like a violent storm, or a relentless hurricane bending, breaking and crushing their young hearts, and withering their fondest hopes. But, let them fall like the morning dew, or melting snow-flakes, softly, upon the soul. And the softer they settle down, the deeper they will sink, and the longer they will hold in, willing, subjection the subdued heart, and chastened spirit of the conquered child. Let all your reproofs be as private as possible. Never administer them in public, or before strangers, if it can well be avoided. Such a course is hazardous, to say the least of it. There is danger of doing more harm than good. Children are

generally very sensitive, under such circumstances. And it would in all probability soil their self-respect, wound their feelings and beget within them a revengeful spirit that time itself might fail to subdue.

Confidence is still another essential, to successful parental government. Children can not bear the idea of being mistrusted, when innocent and honest. It crushes the very life-blood out of their tender young hearts. Love is the law that restrains the evil tendencies of childhood. And, confidence, to the child, is one of the best evidences of parental affection. Never give your children reasons to doubt your confidence in them, if you would rule them with the mild sceptre of parental love. Nothing begets love and obedience, in the child, more readily, and effectually than unshaken confidence, and unhesitating trust upon the part of parents. Let your children know that you expect them to do right; let them feel that they have your unbounded confidence, in every promise they make you, and disobedience will be of rare occurrence. Expect them to be obedient, and they will seldom, if ever, disappoint you. My parents could not believe that I would be guilty of such conduct as this which I am contemplating. They expect better things than this of me. Here is a thought which has prevented many a child from taking the first step in the ways of vice, which lead so many youths to death and destruction.

Liberty is also an essential element in successful parental government. Give the little fellows a liberal share of the liberties enjoyed by the family. Do not infringe upon their inalienable rights, and they will soon exhibit strong proofs of their fidelity and love.

Liberty is necessary to their health and happiness, as well as to that home-loving spirit which ought to characterize all children. Give them more freedom, that they may expand all the faculties, and enlarge all the functions of their being, and they will make wiser women and nobler men. But, by liberty to do right, we do not mean license to do wrong.

Children should not be cramped, and cowed down by filial fear. Do not kick, and cuff them into the corners of your cabins. But give them elbow-room, and let the little fellows rip, and romp all over the house and yard, if they wish. Let them whoop and hollow, until they are hoarse, if they enjoy it. Give them rein enough to meet the demands of their buoyant spirits and happy hearts. Never forget that they are children, and hence brimful of fun and frolic. It is easy to temper steel; but difficult to train the restless spirit of childhood. But without the sunny faces, and musical voices of these rosy lads and lasses our happiest homes would be robbed of their richest treasures and most delightful charms. For childless homes are like flowerless gardens, or fruitless vineyards.

Children should be taught, early in life, to confide everything to their parents. They should be made to feel that it is their privilege, as well as their duty, to make father, and mother their first, and favorite confidents. For, this is one of the strongest safe-guards, that parents can possibly throw around either their sons, or their daughters. But, to do this, you must have warm places, in your parental hearts, for your children. You must first make confidents of them. Tell them some of the secrets of your hearts, and the sorrows

of your lives; and you will be sure to win their confidence, and enlist their sympathy in your behalf. Manifest a heartfelt interest, in all their little joys and sorrows, and they will confide in you more, and more implicitly, as the years roll by. Rather than repel them, by your apparent indifference, you must draw them closer to you, day after day, by the solicitude, and anxiety you exhibit for their well-being and happiness, both here and hereafter. Never let them know that you have secrets, of your own, to be kept from them; for, if so, they will soon have secrets, of their own, to conceal from you. Cultivate their society, and they will enjoy yours. Be frank, free and open with them, in all matters, and they will be the same with you. Our children are pretty much what our intercourse, and examples make them.

Encouragement is another important element in the government of children. The road they travel is rough enough, at best, for their soft, and tender little feet to tread. They need to be encouraged daily. Deal with them frankly, and fairly in all things. Remember they have their joys and sorrows, their hopes and fears, as well as older people. If they are full of faults, do not magnify their mistakes. If they are selfish, do not leave them the fragments of the feast, lest they become as selfish as you, and treat their children as you have treated them. Always leave the impression, on their minds, that you expect something great, and good of them, when they grow up to be men and women; and you are much more likely to realize all your fond expectations. Encourage your children, in every possible way, to be wise and good. Allow them to ask all the

questions they wish, without being snubbed or rebuked. Never ignore, nor think them impertinent, when they seek information at your hands. But, always, give them a civil, and, if in your power, an intelligent answer. You owe them as much.

Children should be taught, at an early age, to love their parents devotedly. This is not a difficult task to perform. The peculiar relation, existing between parents and children, makes filial love a natural consequence. My little daughter, at two years old, said to me one day, "Papa, I love you." "Bessie, why do you love your papa?" I inquired. "Oh, just because he is my papa," was her artless, and apt reply. This innate filial affection, properly cultured, is a crown of glory to any child. It is a rich garland of unfading beauty. The child, who sincerely loves father and mother, can not easily be led astray. This love is a strong cord, binding the heart to its parental instructions. Such filial affection is almost an insurmountable barrier to vice, and a powerful safeguard to virtue. The sons and daughters, whose young and tender hearts grow with the growth, and glow with the glory of this filial affection, will be securely shielded from the sins which blight the prodigals, and the shame which blasts the prostitute's hopes of happiness, and dreams of heaven.

Children should be taught good manners, and morals very early in life. They should be taught to be kind, and courteous to all; and, especially, to their seniors. They should be made to respect, and reverence old age; and to honor, and revere their parents. In fact, we should cultivate, in them, all the tender, and attractive graces of childhood life. We should train

them to be tender, and sympathetic in their nature; generous, and noble at heart, and magnanimous in soul; and they will exhibit gentleness of spirit, and nobility of character in all the relations of after-life.

Manners make the child, in the estimation of many people. Their estimate, of its worth, is always founded upon its demeanor. And, the child's manners are, just about, what its early home-life makes them. If allowed to be rude, boisterous and impolite, in the sacred precincts of the family circle, it will manifest the same traits of character when abroad. Hence, strangers readily read, in the conduct of children, the story of their home-life training. The manners of children abroad, unlike the deportment of wiser heads, paint perfect pictures of their home conduct. And these pictures must reflect on the folly, or compliment the wisdom of their parents.

But, manners and morals are intimately associated. As a rule they are inseparably connected; both are good, or both are bad. Then, to this early training may be ascribed, not merely the molding of youthful character, but also the more matured forms of the mental, and moral developments of after-life. The wise counsels, of child-hood's tender days, often control the doings, and destiny of manhood's riper years. Children, of good manners, make men of good morals.

The proper culture, of childhood character, is of paramount importance. Parents should look well to the conduct of their children; and select the company they keep, if they would have them respected, and honored by the true, and the good of earth. Child-life is very tender and delicate; and must be carefully cultured, if

it ever presents a character crowned with beauty and glory. This child-culture pertains to parents, and can not be transferred, to others, with impunity. Children, as a rule, must be carefully conducted, by parental hands, during their tender years, if they ever become noted for their noble qualities and generous feelings. They must be under an interested guardianship, if they grow up to be honored for their queenly virtues, or rewarded for their noble works.

Children's thoughts are often beyond their age. But, we are not likely to give them credit for the knowledge they do possess, be it much or little. We ought to encourage, rather than discourage, all tendencies to mental development. Let us recognize all proper questions, by giving them the plainest possible answers. It is sinful to stop, or stay the mental growth of children, by denying them the earnestly sought for intellectual food, which it is in our power to give. The little fellows are naturally full of curiosity. They constantly desire to be learning something; and we should help to gratify this laudable desire, as much as lies within our power. And yet, we should not over-tax the mental faculties of such children, nor allow them to do so. There is great danger in destroying their health, and injuring their minds.

Some children are always old. They never partake of the childish nature, and buoyant spirits common to those of their age. They are young in years; but have old people's heads. Their features denote their fate. Their sinister expressions indicate the sordid experience of age. Their early environments have effected this unhappy result. Some of their lives were dimmed before

they saw the light, rendering all their prospects, for future life, utterly hopeless.

Children are merry creatures. Childhood is naturally too buoyant, fresh and free to indulge in melancholy thoughts. They have more pleasant themes upon which to dwell. Children will not concentrate their thoughts on themselves, brood over their misfortunes and sob, and sigh for better days, unless they are fearfully mistreated and abused. They are naturally wont to give gloomy thoughts, and melancholy forebodings to the wings of the winds. They prefer to be gay, and happy in spirit, "let the wide world wag as it will." They would leave melancholy moods to silly youth, and somber age. When first loves are disappointed, and happy hopes are blighted, this is the season for the seeds, of melancholy, to be sown in the soul. These are the foolish, and unfortunate ones who drink deepest drafts of the bitter waters of life's many Marahs. But, these somber seeds are, sometimes, sown in the most sensitive souls. These are beautiful souls, sitting silently in the shadows of self-gathered clouds, while they ought to be shaking the dews of night from their folded wings, and soaring aloft to greet the sun at his coming.

Home is the best place, on earth, for children. It is childhood's peaceful paradise. There is no place like home, sweet, sweet home, to the child, though it may be unconscious of the fact. There is no circle like that which is composed of father, mother, brothers and sisters where love reigns supreme, in every heart, and joy fills every soul. Children want to be taught to appreciate their homes, more and more; and strive to

make them still happier, and holier with the sweetest libations of their own fragrant love and boundless gratitude. To do this, we must make them feel that they are important factors of the home circle: for not until then, will they manifest any special interest in its prosperity and happiness. But, only let them feel that they are centers of interest, and importance to the whole family, and they will prove a heritage of blessings to the happy household to which they belong.

The happy home is the earth's only eden. Sunshine, here, means sunshine everywhere. Whatever helps home-life, helps all its inmates. And, whatever makes it happy, makes them happy also. He who páints a perfect home, paints the prettiest picture of time. All the elements of happiness, which image heaven, to the human heart, are to be found in such a home. All these hidden treasures, of home-happiness, should be discovered, and utilized ere children are allowed to leave the parental hearth-stone, in search of pastime or pleasure. The hearts of children, naturally, partake largely of the sweetness, and fragrance of their happy homes. The disposition of the child is molded, much, after the spirit of its parents. The very tone, and tenure of its feelings are fashioned after the life-examples, brought before its eyes from time to time. Then, parents must be what they would have their children be, if their homes are ever happy, and their hopes ever realized.

Childhood is fortunate, indeed, with the eyes, of such a mother, resting upon it; the prayers, of such a father, following it, day by day, and the hallowed associations, of brothers and sisters, with their kind services of love, clustering round its pathway, through the tenderest

years of life. Amid such environments, the child's character naturally forms, and fashions itself for fadeless wreaths here, and unfailing joys in the better world.

Life is full of happiness, only when the home is full of love. Then, let the family life be so loving that its sweet, harmonious music will roll on, like an undying song, toward the silent shores of eternity; and the grandest possibilities of home-life, in all its fullness and richness, will be realized, by every honored household in the land.

Children ought to be very happy creatures. It makes them enjoy life so much better themselves. Then, everybody loves a handsome, happy, cheerful child which carries sunshine, and gladness with it, wherever it goes. We once had a little niece, who filled this description of happy childhood-life. She was not three years old. We had known her but three days; yet, she had won a seat in our affections which but few children ever held. Little Hattie was indeed a household pet. Her little feet knew no rest save in sleep. And, her innocent glee, her silver voice and her merry laughter were regarded, by all its inmates, as the key-note to the sweetest music of her happy home. She was not merely the idol of fond parents. She endeared herself, naturally, to all hearts. Hattie was, indeed,

> A bright, and gifted little girl,
> With rosy cheeks and golden curls;
> And keen black eyes to light, with grace,
> The sunny smiles that crowned her face.

Her life was but a sunbeam, brief, bright and beautiful, which was lost in the sparkling waters. Her death was

HAPPY CHILDREN.

(See page 37.)

a single struggle, and the happy dream of life was over.

For children to be happy, themselves, they must try to make others happy. Wherever you find a child, whose every effort seems to be to make others happy; and one who does bring light, and gladness not only into the home circle, where fond parents listen, with beating hearts, for the bounding foot-steps, and musical voice of their fireside angel; but, also into school-life, where delighted playmates speak, through beaming countenances, a joyous greeting; and where an honored teacher cordially welcomes, as the light of his school, the gladdener of all hearts, you will find a child, whose hours are hours of happiness, whose days are radiant with sunshine, whose life will be almost a cloudless one and whose golden sun will sink behind the hazy horizon of age, while its lingering beams of beauty, love and happiness still gladden the hearts of thousands of loved ones left behind.

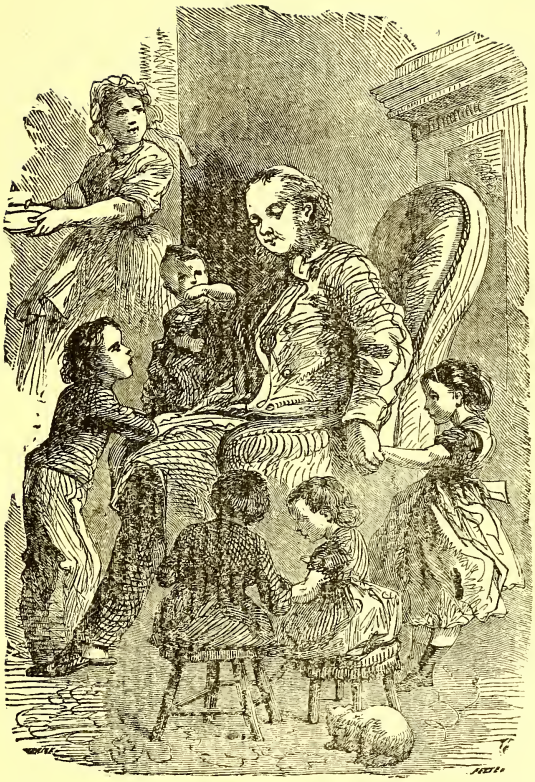
If happy you can others make,
More happiness in you'll awake;
Till, radiant, like the beams of day,
Your life, in joys, shall melt away.

Children should be taught, early in life, to avoid the tempting toys of time. They should be pointed, while young, to the paths of peace. They are, then, easily led in the ways of life and salvation. They are never happier than when they are imitating their parents. The difficulty is, we too often try to drive them, in the right direction, with our precepts; while, by our examples, which are more powerful, we are leading them in

the wrong way. They are the tender, little lambs of the flock; and to be saved, they must be cared for tenderly; and carried, in the arms of precept and example, to the loving Saviour, who took the little children in his arms, and blessed them while on earth. Their condition is a, comparatively, helpless one. If we expose them. to the enemy of souls, they are almost sure to be lost.

Children may, and should be brought to Jesus, at a very early age. They need never cross the line of accountability, without an experimental knowledge of Christ, as their personal Saviour, formed in their little hearts the hope of glory. Jesus loves, even, the little children; and they ought to love him, with all the ransomed powers of their redeemed souls. Then, they would have thrown around them the loving arms of guardian angels, who would daily direct their wandering steps, in the ways of life and salvation, more perfectly.

Children should never be deceived, by their parents. Much less should they misrepresent matters, or tell them falsehoods. The little fellows are very credulous; and it is worse than wicked to impose upon their credulity. They love urbanity, and truthfulness in their seniors: and they have a right to expect to find the same, under all the circumstances of life. Their confiding natures demand frankness, upon our part, and it is wicked to withhold it from them. Nothing should ever be promised them, that is not given; nothing threatened, that is not inflicted, and nothing told them, that is not strictly true. Fidelity is, to trusting childhood, what sunshine is to the tender plants of springtime. It is their hope of life. So the smiles of sin-



TELLING THE CHILDREN ABOUT JESUS.

(See page 28.)

cerity, on parental lips, send sunbeams, of hope, into the filial hearts of confiding children.

Many of our richest, and rarest lessons are learned from the unfolding pages of childhood-life. When we study the artless words, and innocent ways of the little child, we gather some of the most beautiful, and valuable lessons of life. The frank, and open way that these children have of dealing with everything they handle is well calculated to reprove the best of us for our secrecy, and deception in all the walks, and ways of life.

Children should live largely in the light; breathe the pure air, and take plenty of out-door exercise. Their health, and happiness, absolutely, demand as much. They are like the delicate flowers of spring-time. They must bask in the summer sunshine, and drink in the ambient atmosphere of heaven, or else, becoming pale and sickly, they will soon lose all their beauty of complexion, and buoyancy of spirit. We love to see the dear little children flocking, in merry crowds, and hear them laughing, and shouting, in their harmless sport, as they romp, and frolic over field and meadow, or lounge in lawn or woodland.

Children should not be allowed to gorge themselves on sweetmeats. We should never surfeit them, on anything, if we wish them to appreciate, and enjoy the same. Too much candy, cakes or cookies are very injurious to children. When indulged in, to excess, they are both physical, and moral evils, which can not be too strongly condemned. Their tendency is to enfeeble the body, engross the mind and encroach upon the morals of childhood-life.

Children, very early, manifest a desire to possess something they can call their own. This disposition should be properly encouraged. There should be a place set apart, in every household, sacred to the treasures of its children. They should be counseled to collect, and keep such things as will prove ornamental, and useful in their future homes. And they should be taught to measure a thing by its quality, rather than from its quantity; and to prize things for their real value, rather than for what they may have cost, in dollars and cents.

A certain amount of hardships, in early life, is absolutely essential to the proper development of a child's physical, mental and moral muscles. These forces will all remain inert, unless awakened by a sense of personal need; and inactive, if not aroused, by personal efforts, to supply individual wants, and meet future demands. Then, teach your children to wait on themselves, when they can, and when it will be a blessing for them to do so. But, do not make slaves of the little fellows, overburdening their young, and tender lives. Strike for the golden mean, which lies between the two extremes of raising children up, either in slothfulness or slavery. Teach them to take hold, of the tasks of life, with willing hands and patient hearts; and success will crown their worthy efforts. Let the loads of life, laid upon them, be light at first, increasing, in weight, with the flight of years; and they will bear their burdens, like little heroes, to the crowning day.

Children should, always, be children. Their youthful impulses, and childish innocence should never forsake them. The sweet spirit, of childhood's better life, ought

A FROLIC.

(See page 39.)

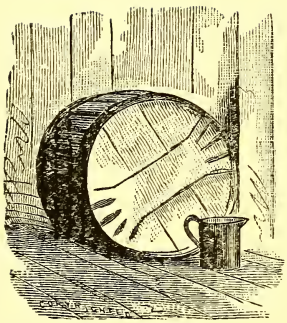
to dwell in their hearts forever. We, all, ought to be childlike in spirit. For, after all, we are only grown-up children; and an immortal youth awaits us, in the better world, if, childlike, we are found ready to be received into the joys of the everlasting kingdom of the Father's glory.

Children are the heritage of the Lord. He has recognized them, as his earthly jewels. He always greets them, at their coming, with his loving welcome smiles. He is ever saying, Suffer little children to come unto me and forbid them not for of such is the kingdom of God.

GIRLHOOD.

Chapter III.

The pretty girl, with winning grace,
Wears, oft, a smile upon her face.



GIRLHOOD is life at leisure. It is the may-day of life. It is romantic life, lingering in the lap of versatile spring. It is happy spring-life, merging, hopefully, into sunny summer. It is life, limpid and lovely, blooming into beautiful, bewitching woman-hood.

Girlhood-life is delicate, but devoted and daring. Subtile, secret and sensitive are all its springs of action. Its melodious chords are moved by a breath, or snapped by a breeze. Its tender flowers are bruised, and its opening blossoms withered by one rude touch. Its innocence, and purity are too sacred to be exposed to the poisoned arrows, and deadly missiles of the vulgar and the vile. Its virtue should be guarded, by the eye of the vigilant, and its steps guided, by the hands of the trusty and the true.

GIRLHOOD.

Girlhood's hopes should be shielded with watch-care, and secured with safety locks; panoplied with protecting grace, and crowned with unfading glory. Its pathway, through life, should be paved with love; and all its overarchings painted with peace and purity. Demons should flee at its gentle approach; and angels hail it happy, in its onward march toward the land of light and life.

The ideal girl is a jewel, as rich as she is rare. She is a priceless gem, to those who know her best. She is the pride of a fond father's heart, the comfort of a devoted mother's life, the guardian angel of loving brothers and the reigning queen of the social circle in which she moves. She wears a crown of light, wields a sceptre of love and welcomes the voice of liberty wherever it is heard. Whether in thralldom, or on the throne, she is as free, and happy as the lovely lark, that sings, and soars above her devoted head.

Chary girls are the charms of life. Their prudence prompts their principle attractions, and helps them win their way to the hearts of others. Girls who would be loved, honored and happy must guard well their thoughts, words and actions. They must place watch, and ward over their tongues and tempers. A solitary, selfish thought might harm no one else, directly, but sow the seeds of jealousy in your own life, and make it most miserable to the end. A single, sarcastic word may not only wound the sensitive heart of another, but it may also embitter your own soul for days, weeks or even years to come. And one rash act alone might dishonor your loved ones, and disgrace yourself for life. But good thoughts, kind words and generous acts, like

sweet flowers, are fresh with the dew of heaven, and freighted with a fragrance which will sweeten your own, as well as the lives of your loved ones, even down to your dying day.

Girlhood's happy hours are freighted, but fleeting; and should not be wasted in the frivolities, and vanities of the day. Her days are entirely too transitory, to admit of such folly. The cheerful smile, the roguish laugh and the merry glee will soon give way to the sober realities of domestic life. Time, the heartless tyrant, will soon set up his changes, against your charms of youth and beauty. The chances are against you, even in the contest for life itself. Death, the kindred companion of time, is also on your track, with tireless pace. You will have to make good time, or he will overtake you, ere you reach the meridian of life.

The first work, of girlhood's lingering years, in point of importance, is the formation of a suitable character, for the arduous duties of domestic, and social life. All the ingenuity, and energy of a girl's happiest days should be devoted to fortifying her character for the warfare of coming woman-hood-life. The girl, whose goal is a pure lofty generous Christian woman-hood, has before her the loveliest ideal this side the glory world. And, she who wins, and wears such a crown, on earth, will be honored with a golden diadem in heaven.

The development of a chaste, charming character is the primary object—the one end that God has in view when he brings all things, in nature, providence and grace under tribute to those who love, and serve him faithfully. He wants followers, with kindred affinities to himself and his Son. For, such characters, are as

naturally, and powerfully attracted toward God, as the meteor toward the earth, or the earth toward the sun. And, such persons are sure of heaven. They have a through ticket, and are on a safe train.

Girlhood-life has its playful moods, which should not only be indulged, but also encouraged, since they not only give vigor to the body, but also infuse fervor into the forming character. A gloomy, despondent girlhood-life saddens the heart forever; and casts a dark shadow over the character for life. But, the sorrows, incident to girlhood's days, are mostly imaginary. In fact, all our troubles are largely borrowed. But, then, it is quite natural, it seems, for us to expect shadows to fall across our pathways; and, to anticipate the burdens of life, which are always on the eve of breaking our aching hearts. When, if we would only, and always, walk around, and look for a moment on the sunny side of life, we would be sure to see a silver lining, to every dark, and drifting cloud, which crosses our pathways through life.

Girls, character, whether it be good or bad, is soon engraved, on the face, and outlined, in the features, of its possessor. And there is always a very imperfect character delineated, in the face, when there is a mental, or moral malady to be found in the soul. It requires a steady, stalwart character to stand the shocks, and survive the wrecks of this wicked world. Seek, successfully, for such a character. It is Christianity's crowning grace.

Girls should regard themselves as subordinates to their mothers, so long as they remain under the parental roof, if not longer. They should never speak disre-

spectfully of them, though they be their superiors in point of education and refinement. It manifests a want of gratitude, not to say of good common sense, for a daughter to speak of the imperfections, and follies of her mother. It also shows an over stock of self-conceit, and presumption to see her assuming control of the household, as though she was better qualified to govern the family than her mother.

Girls, never speak of your mothers, save in terms of endearment. The girl who calls her mother "the old woman," "the governess," or "my maternal ancestor" is evidently wanting in the upper story. Such conduct is very rude, indeed; and will lower any little lass, in the estimation of all sensible people. It shows a sad want of filial affection; yea, of gratitude, and respect for one who gave her birth, and shields her from the hardships of life. On the other hand, nothing is more to be admired in a young miss, than to see her ladyship showing due deference to the will, and wishes of an honored mother. It elevates her in the estimation of all who are worthy of her confidence, or companionship; and especially does it endear her to the maternal heart.

Girls, be kind, and good to your mothers. If they should be taken away from you, there are none to take their places. They love, and care for you, as no one else ever could or would. Then, make their burdens light, with your own helping hands. Make their hearts happy, with your own winning words. Do not sit idly by, with folded arms, while your wornout mothers tug, and toil for you the year round. Days, without work, bring nights, without weariness. But, if sleep be truly sweet and refreshing, we must be resting from our

labors, and not simply prolonging the lounging, or loafing of the day through the tiresome hours of night. Then, be faithful, and affectionate to both of your parents. Honor father, and mother, with the filial affections of hearts, overflowing with fidelity and love. Do not plow furrows of care, through their silver brows; nor add one sorrow to their, already, burdened souls. But, rather, shed light, and love upon their lives, with your words of cheer, and evidences of filial devotion. In this way, you will crown your parents with honor, and make your own lives much holier and happier.

Good girls manifest a special interest in, and exert a benign influence over their brothers. The sweet spirited lass, who has none but loving words, pleasant smiles and happy greetings for an honored brother, may hope to win his confidence, share his love and reign queen sister of his fraternal heart forever. Such a sister's sacred influence will fall, even upon a wayward brother's heart, like holy incense from off some unknown altar. Her restraining graces will settle down, upon his lawless spirit, like sweetest fragrance from out some unseen censor. And she will gradually melt his heart, and remold his character, by the purity and power of her own sweet life. She will ever stay his prodigality, and lead him to Christ, through her own fidelity, and devotion to the religion of the cross.

Girls, love your brothers. Make them feel your gentle influence for good. A sister's love is a brother's shield. He knows her kiss is without guile, and her touch the touch of purity. Aye! beautiful is the love of a devoted sister. It is the soft, silvery moonlight, falling upon the pathway of a happy, hopeful brother.

Then, girls, love your brothers tenderly, with the hearts of sisters, and you may lead them gently, with the hands of sisters, to happiness and to heaven.

Girls, your brothers' conduct, toward you, depends largely upon yours toward them. If you are sisters, in the true sense, they are almost sure to be generous, devoted brothers: and many tokens of tenderness, and evidences of affection will crowd, and crown your pathway, through the sunny scenes of girlhood-life. In other words, your brothers will be, to you, largely what you make them. Then, be sure to use your heaven-bestowed graces, and God-given powers to the best possible advantage, in securing, for yourselves, the constant protection of fraternal hands, and the merited praise of fraternal hearts. For, that sincere sister is doubly safe, who shares the confidence, and receives the guardian care of a fond, devoted brother. Then, a sainted sister's love will always be cherished, in the grateful memory of an honored brother's heart.

Girls, be affable to all, and you will win many. Write your names upon the hearts of your associates; and you will never be forgotten. You may be separated from them, by and by, but your acts of love will linger long in memory's halls, and be as legible, in coming years. as the stars of night, upon the brow of the evening. Only let your influence be as gentle, and invigorating as the pearly dewdrops, and as silent, and soothing as the sweet-scented heliotrope, and you will live forever, in the memory of those who love you, while you are young. Such conduct will also leave many pleasant recollections, lingering in your own memories.

Girls, cultivate easy, elegant, refined manners. Do

not be pert. Know when to speak, and when to refrain from speaking. Know how to speak, and suit your actions to your words. Cultivate sweet, gentle, charming manners, if you would win the hearts of the wise, and repel the advances of the wayward and the wanton. Remember, the heart is the fountain source of true gentility. When it overflows with good will and wishes, for all, there, you will find good manners and good morals. For, such a heart is destitute of selfishness and sensuality, and is devoted to the sacred, as well as to the secular interests of humanity.

Girls, court friendship. It is reciprocal. It will shield your heads, in the hours of danger. It will soothe your hearts, in the time of sorrow. Friends are a great comfort, in the days of prosperity; but they are a sweeter solace, in the years of adversity. They brighten our highest joys, and soften our saddest bereavements.

Girls, prepare to meet the influences of the social circle, which pour in upon girlhood-life, like the myriad streams, which feed the ocean, lest they deluge your souls, with society plans, and worldly pleasures. Fortify yourselves behind fixed purposes to be good, to get good, and to do good while in the world.

Girls, be gentle, tender and affectionate. Ever, cultivate kind, benevolent, charitable spirits. These are the strongest elements of your noble natures. They are virtues, which will richly adorn your queenly characters through life. If you are slighted, by your associates, never show that you feel it. It might not have been intentional. If courtesy is not shown you in society, never resist it publicly. It would only give publicity to your shame, and make many persons feel that you had

been treated, as you deserved. You had better remain quiet, until an apology is offered. Let your salutations be graceful and cordial, but not too familiar, especially in public.

Girls, be chaste. Chastity is a priceless jewel. It is a twin sister to purity, and the handmaid of virtue. Be chaste in thought, word and action, and you will wall yourselves in, from the armies of vice. For, such chastity is more than a match for vice, and a safeguard to virtue. Chastity is virtue's shield and buckler. Purity is essential to your success in life. It is one of the prime elements of female character. But, purity itself, without energy, will not give a positive character: and negative characters, among females, are almost sure to be slaves to folly and fashion. They are invariably strangers to the nobler aims, and ends of those whose lives are freighted with grand achievements, and crowned with endless glories.

Girls, be modest and unassuming. Be virtuous, honest and industrious, and you are sure to succeed in life. For:

Modesty is a jewel, and virtue a gem of gold;
Honesty and industry bring blessings untold:
Then, keep to the right, to these graces prove true,
And the blessings they proffer shall flow unto you.

Girls, do not talk too much. Guard well your tongues. Your sex bears the name, if not the nature, of being too talkative. Fight against this growing evil, in both sexes. Bridle your tongues, and hold tight the reins. Let your words be wisely selected. When duty bids you speak, silence would be a sin. But,

when prudence, or discretion seals your lips, to speak is very unbecoming. But, you must, first, listen and learn, if you would, afterward, talk and teach. If you would be thought wise, unite a calm, and contemplative spirit with an active, and energetic will; and then select well, and season your words with wisdom. If you would grow wiser, cultivate constantly all the faculties of your triune beings; and see that their capacities are properly, and fully developed.

Girls, do not get out of humor. Govern your tempers. Subdue your passions. A little word, or deed might mar your pleasures for life. Lock your anger up, in your hearts, and throw the key of passion away. Place your tongues under proper restraints. Prohibit them from uttering that which is false or foolish. If not restrained, the tongue is a vile tattler, a tale teller, a testy little tyrant, a terrific tiger. When turned loose, it is always ready to tease, tantalize, torment, or torture its timid victims. The tongue, at liberty, is a truant, a traitor and a traducer. At best, it is a trenchant, truculent, troublesome trespasser. It must be guarded, and guided with the utmost care and caution, at all times, in order to keep it in the bounds of reason. Then, girls, if you should get angry, do not talk much. Silence often indicates more wisdom than words, any way. But, again, silence and sounds, combined, give us music's sweetest strains, happiest harmonies and richest melodies.

Girls, be cheerful. Let the shifting shadows flee away; and summons the sunshine to your assistance. It will soon dispel the darkness, drive back the clouds, and light up your countenances with joy and gladness.

Still, do not expect life's scenes to be all sunshine, and no shadows. For, if so, you are sure to be sadly disappointed. Nature has her nights, as well as her days. So, life is diversified, with lights and shadows. But, some people seem to prefer the darkness to the day, the shadows to the sunshine. They are always looking on the night side, rather than on the bright side of life. They are ever ready to give credence to bad news; and quite as quick to doubt the good reports. Girls, cheerful, hopeful spirits will do much to drive back the dark clouds, which may overshadow your pathways through life. They will often turn your tearful eyes toward the halos of hope, which hang upon the hazy horizons of your sunless skies. Then, clad in the panoplies of cheerful, hopeful, buoyant spirits, go forward, girls, with brave hearts, and holy lives to happiness and to heaven.

But, girls should not always be gay and giddy, sporting, like little lambs on the lea, or butterflies on the lawn. They should have some sober, sensible thoughts, every day they live. It is all wrong, for girls to regard themselves as mere ornaments of society. They are wont to become the solid substance of the social fabric, of which they constitute such important factors. If you would make wise women, you must not frolic away your early years. If you would fill successfully your respective missions on earth, you must make suitable preparations while young.

Girls, be natural. Leave off all affectation. It is folly—it is worse—it is wicked. It is an attempt to deceive, which seldom succeeds. Imitations are worthless. A girl should neither be a mocking-bird, nor a mon-

THOUGHTFUL GIRLS.

(See page 52.)

key. She should not mimic, nor imitate other people. Counterfeits are of no value. She should be herself. An attempt to be another is a confession of her own inferiority. It is a loss of vantage ground. But on the other hand, every natural act adds beauty, and grace to a girl's personal charms; and every unaffected utterance lends new attractions to her social powers, and increases the number of her worthy admirers. Girls, your beauty lies largely in your bearing, behavior and becoming manners. Let your conduct, always, be characterized by a meek, and modest bearing; a gentle, and generous spirit. And as you grow, in years, you ought to grow, daily, in all the graces, and virtues which strengthen, and adorn the queenly character of the highest, and purest type of Christian woman-hood.

Girls, seek to be useful. There is a happy sphere—an honorable position for every bright, and free-hearted girl in the land. Girls ought to be full partners, with the world's masters. Give them places, along beside their brothers, and they will laugh at the flattery of flirts, and scorn the proposals of beer kegs, and tramps. They will not risk their fortunes in the hands of knaves, nor nabobs, dunces, nor dudes. They know that degraded woman-hood is a diamond, in the dust, and they will run no such risks, in the matrimonial market.

But, our girls have never had a fair chance, with the boys, in the race of life. They have always been impressed, with the erroneous idea, that they were inferior to the boys, both physically and mentally. They have been told, over and over again, that they could not solve profound problems, nor comprehend scientific, and revealed truths like their brothers. This thought, of

mental inferiority, has paralyzed their energies, and deadened their aspirations for ages. It has been a dead weight upon their mental activities, and intellectual developments. It has hushed the harps of their hearts, and weighed down the wings of their young womanhood.

But, girls, be not overwise, in your own conceits. Receive all suggestions kindly, whether you adopt them or not. Weigh well the advice of your friends; and, especially, if they be your seniors, who speak from experience. Neither should you place too high an estimate upon your own moral worth. Nor can you afford to be vain, even, of your own virtuous life. For, it may be more the result of your environments, than of your chastity of head and purity of heart. We, all, have our weak points—our besetting sins. If we had to change circumstances, and surroundings with some of the vile of earth, we might be more vile than they; while they might be more virtuous than we.

Soliciting girls, do not manifest, too much, curiosity. It is not at all commendable, to be always prying into other people's affairs. Then, again, such curiosity, when satisfied, seldom confers any real pleasure. You might search the cosy cottages of the poor, and the marble mansions of the rich; you might pry into the private chambers of princes, and ransack the recesses of the nuptial alcove, and it would, all, only intensify your curiosity, diminish your enjoyment and rob you of your self-respect, with the respect of others. This curiosity begins where necessity ends. It is a longing to see that which we should not see; to know that which we should not know, and to do that which we have no

right to do. Therefore we should clip its wings, that it may cease to soar.

Credulous girls, do not be too easily flattered. You can not afford to believe everything the boys say, when they compliment your beauty, or eulogize your accomplishments. They will exaggerate. It is perfectly natural, it seems, for them to deal in "taffy." They are also much given to sentimentalism. Many of them are mere sycophants, or parasites. They win their way into your good graces, by fawning flattery. They have nothing else to recommend them. And, if you trust them, you are sure to be deceived. The more lavish a young man is, in his compliments, the more likely he is to be a deceiver. The genuine admirer, of female beauty and worth, gives evidence of his admiration otherwise, than by winning words. True love has a tendency to subdue the heart, and silence the tongue.

But, it is true, girlhood-life must be seasoned with some romantic features. Romance is peculiar to their age and sex. It is the romantic period of life. They live, and long for something outside the ordinary events of life. They look, and listen with beating hearts for the wonderful wave, which shall mysteriously waft them a handsome fortune to the shore. But, girls, only keep your lives pure and sweet; and mirth will find its own melody, sorrow seek its legitimate solace and romance revel in the realms of the true, the beautiful and the good.

Social customs separate our girls and boys too much. Brothers and sisters should share the same joys and sorrows. Their incentives to virtue should be the same. They should be brought up under the same standard of

morality. They should be educated together. Their hopes should be mutual. The same moral lessons should be taught them, since the same moral obligations rest upon them. They are permitted to associate together in the follies, and frivolities of time. Then, why, we ask, should they be separated, in the more important departments of their preparation for life's honored missions? Here is where their influence over each other, under proper restrictions and instructions, would be most benign and beneficial. The male, and female interests interlock at all ages; and their lives, and loves overlap each other, in after years. Hence, they ought to grow up together, with interests, all the while, closely identified, and feeling that neither could live without the other.

Girls, do not be the dupes of fashion. Never become her slaves. Bow not before her shameless shrine. She demands entirely too much of the precious time, and talents of her devotees. And, upon her merciless altar lies too much of faded beauty; too many buried opportunities, and too many worse than wasted lives. Only serve at her shrine, and she will soon brush the peach bloom from your cheeks, and leave you fair, but feeble flowers, to fade, before the sun of life shall have reached its meridian glory. At her altar, the eyes, which now sparkle with merriment, will soon lose their luster, and grow dull and languid. The hearts, now buoyant and free, will have lost, ere long, their wonted hope; and lie lifeless, in the arms of despair. The silly, simpering daughter, of fashion, feeds upon its follies, and is soon as fickle, and foolish as the food upon which she feasts. Girls, do not thus dance, thoughtlessly, along down the

line of life, until all is lost. But, have some serious, sober, solemn thoughts of life and liberty. Awake to the higher interests of body, mind and soul; and live for all there is in life.

A few fleeting years will find many of the artless, guileless girls of to-day, who kneel at fashion's shrine, the pale, peevish, or, perchance, pensive belles of to-morrow, who, by and by, will be among the many sacrifices offered to the goddess of fashion, rather than among the useful, and honored matrons, and mothers of the land. The world needs more healthy, handsome, heroic women; and fewer listless, languid, lazy mistresses and invalids. Let our gay, and gallant girls have a chance to make worthy wives and honored mothers.

Girls too often dance, light-hearted, along the line of life, little dreaming that the earth is hollow beneath their wayward feet, until some deep grief shakes, to its center, the sandy foundation, upon which their vain hopes of happiness have been resting, then they begin to see life in its true light. Sorrow brings them to their senses. Then they begin walking watchfully, and weighing worthily all the thoughts, words and actions which make life, to them, a grand, and glorious reality. Then they can sing:

"Life is real, life is earnest;
And the grave is not its goal:
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
Was not spoken of the soul."

Girls, take care of your health. It is the mainspring of life. Health once gone, and life is almost worthless.

It is an empty dream, a baseless fabric or a hopeless vision. Health is happiness. They go hand in hand, with heart knit to heart. There can be but little health without happiness, and less happiness without health. At least, this is the rule; there may be exceptions. Health is wealth, which may be retained or lost; but can seldom be regained, when once squandered. But, girls, if you would be useful, and happy in your generation, you must take care of your health. Yours is the most critical period in life. There is more danger of sowing the seeds of disease, and death now, than at any other period in your histories. Do not hazard your health, or jeopardize your lives for the fashions, and follies of society, so called. Only use the far-seeing sagacity, peculiar to your sex, and save yourselves the sorrows of years, or the silence of somber tombs.

Girls, take plenty of out-door exercise. It will do you good. Happy, romping, frolicsome girls! let them out into the open air and bright sunshine; and, then, listen to them laugh, and sing, and shout for joy. Heaven pity the pale-faced, hollow-eyed girls of our country! They have limbs, and lungs, and latent energies, the proper development of which absolutely demands out-door exercise, which would soon bring the peach bloom to the cheek, and merriment to the eye. Their bodies want to be strong and vigorous, as well as beautiful and attractive. So snap the cords, loose the fetters, and give them liberty to walk and work, run and ride to their hearts' content. Girls should be given a great deal of freedom. They should share the bright sunshine with their brothers. They should breathe the pure air, bathe in the crystal streams, and romp over

OUT-DOOR EXERCISE.

(See page 58,)

the rich meadows, and through the favorite forests, until they are strong, and vigorous in body and mind.

Girls, sing. There is much latent power in your sweet voices. Cultivate well your musical talents, be they large or small. Hearts, without music, are like harps, without strings. They are powerless to melt, or move the hearts of others. Music will add much to your own happiness, as well as to the enjoyment of those around you. All hearts are open to the sweet influences of song. The melody of music intensifies the strongest sentiments of the soul; and gives additional power to the most potent truths of the Gospel. Then cultivate your voices carefully; and use them frequently, and freely for the good of others. Set your daily deeds to the music of cheerful hearts, and seek to round out your lives into anthems of melody, the influences of which will be perennial, like the music of the spheres, and not evanescent, like the voice of the singer. When you sing, remember there must be soul, as well as sound and sense in your songs, to give them perfect power.

The music, to which you must listen while the years roll by, will be but the pulse-beatings from your own hearts and lives. If this music be discordant, rather than harmonious, it must be the moan of memories marred by sin and blackened with crime. There are griefs which leave blanks, blacker than death itself, in the realm of devoted affection. Yet, the fire of trial is the gateway to life. There is a grief which opens the door of the heart, and lets its imprisoned music flow out, full and free, from a responsive soul. Some of earth's sweetest songs have been sung, amid the saddest surroundings of life. Many of your deepest joys may be

the offsprings of your bitterest sorrows. Our brightest days are often the legacy bequeathed us by our darkest nights. The hidden wealth of our own hearts is never known, until touched to tenderness by the sore environments of life; and we enter upon the self-sacrificing ministrations of consecrated love.

Pretty girls, beauty of face is not found in form alone; but, also, in feature. In fact, there is really more beauty in the fascinating features of a lovely face, than there is in its faultless form. Many an ill-formed face is radient with beauty and loveliness; while many, faultless in form, are failures because of their fickle, or forlorn expressions. So, you see, you may make, or mar your own beauty. If always neat, and nice, some one will think you sweet and pretty. The little miss, with a homely face, who lights it up with loving smiles, we soon learn to admire. And, if she graces her uncomely form, with charming manners, we will soon welcome her to our society, as a child of beauty. But the silly, little lass, who betrays her ill-will, and ignorance at the expense of her lovely face and lovelier form, is sure soon to be seen as a simpering simpleton, who sits and giggles, and sighs and wriggles, until her beauty all melts away from our vision, like the mists of the morning, before the rising sun. Hence those, who are constantly under the benign influences of kind feelings and generous impulses, acquire beauty of the highest order and purest mold. Beauty of form catches the careless eye; but beauty of feature wins, and holds the honest heart. Girls, with fairest faces and faultless forms, ought to have features which would make them models of beauty, and gems of gold in their social circles.

The beautiful young girl just blooming into womanhood, rosy in health and innocent in heart, winning in her ways and lovely in her life, with grace of form and grandeur of soul, is, indeed, an object of admiration. How natural, that men should admire girlhood-life; and compliment it with grateful praises, and crown it with angelic honors. But, girlhood's years are full of weakness. The germs of its future strength, and greatness have not, as yet, been fully developed. Its character is still in the formative period. It is barely out of the embryonic state. Only the elements of grandeur are yet to be seen in the soul. These valuable stones must be converted into diamonds, and cemented into unity of purpose, before the great work of developing the weakness of girlhood-life, into the wisdom of woman-hood's maturer years, are accomplished.

Girls, always have something to wear, when you want to go anywhere. If it is only a neat calico dress; and the best you can afford, wear it without a word of complaint. Some girls, with a number of hats and hozen, boots and bonnets, fans, frocks and flounces, and jackets, jerseys and jewels will declare, most emphatically, that they have nothing, at all, to wear. If you have neat, clean garments which are comfortable, you are well clad, and should be thankful. We love to see girls handsomely dressed, if they can afford it, and appear unconscious of their plumage. But if their finery gives them the peacock-strut, or the aristocratic air of silly, simpering simpletons, we had much rather see them in neat calico frocks, with level heads and loving hearts. The most important outfit, for any

young lady to wear, is that which makes her most interesting, and attractive to the masses with whom she associates.

Girls have some characteristics, which are peculiar to their age and sex. They are nearly always quaint, but quick, in their investigations. With their intuitive, and instinctive natures they often reach the most distant conclusions at a bound. They are naturally either gentle and modest, or fierce, and relentless in their dispositions. If they love, they will listen, and be loyal until death: but, if they hate, they will harrass, and be hateful while they have breath. When angry they will cry, and fight like tigers; but, if in a good humor they will fear and tremble before their liege lords, like lambs before a lion. They too often "weave Penelope's web." They destroy with one hand, what is being wrought with the other.

Girls, do not giggle. It is simple. It is silly. It is superficial. It is disagreeable. It is detestable. It is disgusting. Smile if you are amused; and laugh, if you are tickled; but do not giggle, giggle, giggle, like silly little simpletons, at everything, and everybody you see, when there is no cause for mirth. The giggling girl simply renders herself ridiculous, reprehensible and repugnant to all good people. She might as well use slang, which is low, vulgar and vile, as to giggle, giggle, giggle and hope to be respected, and loved by the true, and the good of earth.

The girls of to-day will be young ladies, and society belles of to-morrow. Let us hope that they will do much to elevate the social circle, refine its follies and adorn its virtues. But to do this, their lives must be

THE POETIC AGE.

(See page 63.)

the language of souls, budding, and blooming with the matchless beauties of intrinsic worth and merit.

Girlhood is the poetic age of life. Girls are the poetry of our, otherwise, prosy race. Like poetry, they are wont to deal largely with the ideal, rather than with the real. They are imaginative creatures. The reality is likely to be, but the shadow of their ideal. They are over sanguine; and seldom reach their ideal in this life. Their ideal usually implies perfection; but, the real, of earth, is always imperfect. Their poetic minds paint pictures that, far, surpass the master pieces of artistic skill. Their poetic muses soar toward ideal poems; but, their most gifted geniuses never reach the coveted goal. The sweetest sonnets, by mortals sung, are but the faint echoes of the heavenly melodies which fill, and thrill their musical hearts, in the happy dreams of their ideal songs. But, fortunately for our girls, the ideal is often spiritual; and, in this sense, becomes the most real thing in existence. Hence, poetry is a friend to religion; and lends helping hands, in the persons of her representatives. This ideal element, in poetry, is what moves girls so readily, to make the most of this life. The ideal has a tendency to elevate the affections, and hence, to refine the feelings, and purify the hearts of those who run toward its goal.

Girls are naturally fond of poetry. Give a lovely girl a lovely poem, and it is two kindred spirits well met. It is extremely fortunate for our girls that the fountains of the poetical muse are open to them; and that they so much enjoy the melody of his sacred songs.

Poetry is the music of the soul. It is virtue's standard bearer. And, as it comes, fresh dripping from the

pen of some learned bard, it stirs the deepest emotions of the heart, fires the finest affections of our fallen natures, and awakes, within the drooping soul, the living lyre of immortality.

Poetry is the music that charms the race, the goddess that enchants the world. Its silver streams empty into the great ocean of thought, to brighten and gladden the hearts of all those who come to its waters to slake their thirst.

Poetry is not merely palatable, but sweet to the taste of every class of readers. The lover could dream life away, in poetry that feeds the affections. The patriotic heart swells with every chorus eulogistic of its country's greatness. The Philanthropist peruses, with pleasure and increased hospitality, every poem he finds on benevolence. The true penitent mourns the close of every lay divine, which lightens the burden of his aching heart. The literary world enjoys no such feast, else where, as the brighter scintillations of poetic visions. Nor does the Christian feed on any richer repast, outside the Bible, than from the heaven-assisted bard.

He who traces the consoling lines of Young, in his Night Thoughts on Life, Death and Immortality, must feel, anew, the wellings of virtue in the heart. He who listens to the humble strains of Pollock, in his Course of Time, will, with him, exclaim "time gone the righteous saved, the wicked damned and God's eternal government approved." He who ponders the writings of Cowper, the sweet poet and devout Christian, will be touched with a sacred reverence for that immortal song, which "sounds Jehovah's name

abroad, and pours his praise along." He who follows the almost unbounded imagination of Milton, in his Paradise Lost, will have grander conceptions of the sublime, the beautiful, the good. He, who imbibes the brilliant flashes of Bryant, Tennyson, Read, and others, must live a purer, happier, holier life. In short, he, who drinks at the cool, refreshing springs of poetry, flooded as they are with truth divine, must of necessity rise, in his desires at least, to the highest conception of an ideal life.

Girls, give your hearts early to Jesus, The sooner you become religious, the better it will be for you. You will need Christianity to sustain you in all the relations of life. Your souls are sensitive, and will feel keenly the severing of love's legitimate ties. You can find balm for your aching hearts nowhere else, save in the sunshine of a Saviour's love. Here, ministering spirits will come, in the joys of the journey, to lift these light afflictions from the soul, and send you on your ways rejoicing, in anticipation of the far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory, which is in reserve, for all the faithful in Christ Jesus our Lord.

Girls, live for all there is worth living for in life. Do not give yourselves, too much, to worldly pleasures. If so, the world is sure to bring disappointments to all your transient hopes, and many sorrows to your aching hearts. It will also add an immense weight to the weariness of your worn, and wasted forms, in the decline of life. Then, do not simply live for the present, it is too transient. It is but a moment of time, inter-locking the retreating past with the advancing future. Its pleasures are but momentary. Its praises

are the comforts, only, of an hour. And its flatteries, the dreams of disappointed love. Look hopefully to the happy golden future; and live largely for the lovely life, which awaits the great, and the good in the peaceful paradise of God.

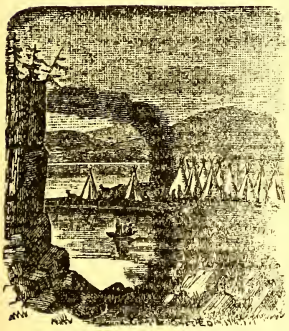
BOYHOOD.

(See page 67.)

BOYHOOD.

Chapter IV.

I'm a boy, it is true; but, I'll do all I can,
To make folks believe, I'm a brave little man.



BOYHOOD is life on the wing. It is life in its buoyancy. It is life bouncing up and down, and bounding along the track of time, like an India rubber ball on the play-ground. Boyhood is the holiday of life. It is the romance of our race. It is the riddle of all ages. Boyhood is life on its first limbs. It is life on tireless pinions. It is life in its smoothest, swiftest sailing, but barely launched on the silvery sea of time. Boyhood is a ship-yard, from which bodies are being constantly launched out upon the surging sea of active life; and in which souls ought to be well equipped for the endless voyage of life, across the sea of time, and out upon the boundless ocean of eternity.

The beau-ideal of boyhood-life ranges from eight to twelve years of age. During this period, it is usually

invested with its wildest charms, and clothed with its deepest mysteries. We often wonder what the boy will be—what manner of man he will make—as his heedless life, like a silver rill, runs merrily along its winding way toward the sea of sober years. But we can not see far enough, into his future life, to even surmise in reference to his fame or fortune, his weal or woe.

Boys, you are now in the spring time of life. The precious gift of time is in your hands; but its golden moments are borne past you, on its own swift and tireless wings: and its opportunities go, with its passing moments, to return no more. If you would draw largely from life's bank, when you are older, you must deposit liberally, while you are young. For, he, who puts nothing into this bank, can draw nothing out. It is the liberal soul, that is bountifully fed; and the waterer, that drinks full draughts from life's crystal streams. You must sow, if you would reap; and your reaping will be after the character of your sowing. If you would find satisfaction in the beauty, strength and symmetry of the character you build, there must be a good foundation, and an honest, industrious workman. The early years, of life, are the corner-stones, of all the years to follow. Then, curb all carnal desires; and cultivate all the generous, and noble aspirations of the soul; and your boyhood virtues will richly adorn your royal characters through life.

Boys, you are now rowing, sportively, over the placid sea of a mother's love. Your frail barks are being guided, successfully, through the breakers, of your youthful years, by a father's skillful hand. But, by and by, you must sail out, through the rushing rapids of

the rolling river of self-support, into the great ocean of active, energetic life, beyond thes cenes, and sorrows of boyhood's years. Then you must stand at the helm, and steer your own vessels, as they stem the tides, or drift before the storms of life's trying realities. You will, then, be commanding your own ships. Upon your skill, and discretion will depend, largely, the safety, and success of the eventful voyage of time. Then, study well the chart of life. Reject passion, as a pilot. Place hope at the helm, with a firm grasp. Counsel the experience of age. Seek divine guidance. Shun the wrecks, which have gone down, upon the rocks of skepticism and infidelity; and, with main masts streaming in the breeze, and white sails floating in the winds, your ships will ride triumphantly into the heavenly harbor, at last, amid the welcome hosannas, and sweet hallelujahs of the saints, and angels in glory.

Use boyhood's days, as a watch-tower from which to look out upon the world, as an interested spectator, and listen, and learn its great lessons of light and love. You are now forming characters upon which your future manhood must be built, if built at all. Then rear, within these fleeting years, monuments which will defy the ravages of time. Live with a steady, stalwart aim in view. Dispatch, with a noble daring, whatever you find worth doing; and leave that which is worthless to the idlers, and dreamers along life's highway. Your lives are in your own hands. They will be, largely, what you make them. The warp of life has been placed around the loom-beam for you; but you must weave in the woof yourselves. You must tramp the treadles, with your own feet, and throw the shuttles,

with your own hands. The warp of life has been given; but you are furnishing your own woof. The pattern has been left you; but you are coloring its figures, to suit your own tastes, and making its beauty, after your own liking. Then, bring to your assistance arms strong for the right; working hands, and willing hearts, in the conflicts of life; and live, with eyes upon the dignity of your present existence, and with hearts hopeful of the grandeur, and glory of your future destiny. And, so living, success will crown your, every, worthy effort, and solace be the surcease of all your earthly sorrows.

Boys, grow. You must grow, if you ever make men. You must grow larger, grow wiser, and grow better. There must be mental, and moral development, as well as physical growth, if you ever amount to much in the world. To be capable in business, you must cultivate your mental faculties. To be loved, and honored in society, you must develop your moral forces. And, to be truly good, and great in the world, you must enlarge your spiritual powers. There must be a fourfold growth in order to reach the highest, and holiest type of manhood. Growth, culture, development is the order of the day—the demand of the times in which you live. And, the boy, who fails to grow, will also fail to go to positions of trust and honor. Success will not crown the efforts of his life. Neither will a rich reward await him in the glory land.

Boyhood's years are the preparation period, for the great mission of life. This is the time to lay a firm, and faultless foundation upon which to erect a magnificent edifice in after years. A failure, here, may blast

every fond hope for the future, and destroy, as with a withering simoon of sin, all the high and holy aspirations of life.

Preparation is the price of success in life. Well trained boys are as sure to succeed, as a well inflated balloon is to rise, when the ropes are cut. Their tendencies are upwards; and when opportunities present themselves, they must rise. The boys, who pave their own way to success, will make the men, who will win the prizes in the prime of life.

Boyhood's golden opportunities are on the wing. They will soon sail past. Whatever is done, to improve them, must be done quickly; for time is fleeting. There is a germ in every boy's soul, which, if properly cultured, will bud, and bloom, and blossom into a being of eternal beauty. But, if no preparation, then no prestige; and, if no prestige, then, no pre-eminence among the children of men. Boys should stretch their limbs, and test their muscles, freely, in preparation for the race of life. When manhood begins to dawn, upon such a youth, his muscles will become more solid, his mind more masterly, and his voice, losing the feminine, will assume a masculine tone, which indicates the presence of the nobler qualities of manhood.

Boys have their trials and troubles, in which are imaged forth the sterner struggles, and sorer conflicts of after-life. These early trials are essential to the proper development of youthful characters. They open the way, also, to the earlier manifestations of wisdom, and worth upon the part of our boys. And they are constantly opening wider, and still wider, the portals of their young hearts, so that the rich jewels of their souls

shine forth from their hidden depths, shedding their brilliant luster upon the world, which stands waiting for their light, and their blessings.

Boys should not be, prematurely, bowed down with the burdens of life. Fit the yoke to their years; and they will wear it willingly. Task them, according to their time of life, and they will turn every day to good account. But, burden a boy, unmercifully, and the haunts of the idler, with the lounge of the loafer, will be his fancied paradise. He will envy every silly son of pleasure he chances to meet. His dreams, by night, and his reveries, by day, will all lead him in the direction of a vague, indefinite, aimless life.

But, boys ought to learn to work, if they can not learn to love it. Activity is evidently essential to their continued health and happiness. Disease is at home, in sluggish blood and motionless muscles. There is no place in political economy, or moral science for laziness, levity or licentiousness. They are the triplet offsprings of idleness. Time is on the wings of the winds, and he who would grind his grist, by it, must set the mill-sails at once. For, the loafer shall have no loaf; and the laggard shall lose the race. Neither the wise, nor the wealthy can help him, who will not help himself. So, give your boys good tools; and put them to work, and they will soon take pride in doing their work well. They will soon be self-supporting. But, they must not be too heavily tasked, or over-taxed, lest they tire of it, and rebel against you. In every vocation of life, the agent should be well suited to the action; and the work to the workman.

Boys are imaginative creatures. They are always

building castles in the air. They imagine they will do great, and grand things, when they get to be men. We hope some of them will; for there are many such things which ought to be done. Boys, let the imagination play. Give her full scope, and let her sail. Lend her wings, and let her soar aloft, like the proud eagle, and let her sing as she soars. And, if her muse makes music for the world, by and by, just let the world, entranced, stop and listen at her siren song, so sweetly sung. It is perfectly natural that the glow of youthful hopes should, in the morning of life's promising day, make bright the coming years, with many deeds of noble daring, and grand achievements.

Boys, be not too anxious to know, what future years hold in store for you. This intense desire, which people possess, to lift the veil that mantles the future, and force forward the wheels of time to some coveted data, is no less selfish than sinful. God has wisely ordered, that we should walk in the light of the present, and the knowledge of the past, leaving the darkness of our futures to their own developments. He has promised joy and gladness, all along the line of life. And it is ours to work, as well as watch, while we wait patiently for his blessings, from time to time. The dark problems of duty, and the still darker problems of destiny are solved only in the light of revelation. Faith in the Gospel gives us light enough for the future. But, boys, do not hasten to be men. Give yourselves plenty of time to mature into manhood, ere you desert the ranks of youth, and the files of boyhood-life.

Boys, the first false step is the most fatal step in life. Early departures from the path of rectitude may be as

silent, and slow as the creeping shadows on the sun-dials, yet they are the first movings of a mighty avalanche of sin, which, if not stayed by divine power, will bury your souls beneath an eternal weight of woe. Your young lives should be perfectly free from loafing, late suppers, midnight dissipations and all manner of bad morals. Avoid the first steps, which lead to all these excesses in sin. Cigarettes, cigars and saloons seldom lead to success in life; but often prevent it. Tobacco burns up a boy's future capital; and strong drink destroys his hard-earned fortune, be it great or small. Sin, like a swiftly flowing river, will bear you rapidly down stream, when once upon its heaving bosom; and the farther you go, the less likely you are ever to return. And, the violator of moral law can find no exemption from its penalty, except by miracle, so long as mind manifests itself through the medium of matter.

Boys, do not form bad habits. They are costly and hurtful. They are dangerous and demoralizing. The cigar, or cigarette, costs more than a good periodical. The wine cup is more expensive than a large library. And, the time wasted, loafing, would soon make a first-class scholar of you; and give you an honorable position in the world.

But, these habits are pernicious. They are also very injurious. This is possibly the worst feature in the case. Smoking is a terrible shock to the nervous system—a shock that many persons can not long endure. The use of strong drink is much more terrible. It not only ruins health, but also debauches morals, dethrones reason and destroys its victims, soul and body. It is

DO NOT FORM BAD HABITS.

(See page 74.)

putting the case in its mildest form to say, that the use of narcotics is a foolish, filthy habit, which most men regret having acquired; and that the use of intoxicating liquors is not only demoralizing, but also extremely dangerous to boys.

But, again, these habits, once formed, are often stronger than the strongest wills. In fact, they seldom assert their authority, until they have complete control of their subjects. Their chains are forged, before their charms are felt. If you would not be governed by bad habits, then form good ones; for we are all creatures of habit, and there is no neutral ground between the good and the bad.

Boys, rum leads to ruin. Its devotees soon become prisoners of poverty, and pensioners of want and woe. Then, shun the drunkard's bowl, as you would flee from the sting of the deadly viper. Do not suffer the purity, of your boyhood-life, blasted by its blighting power; nor, the nobility of your promising manhood shadowed by its withering curse. Shun the wine cup, as you would the deadly fangs of the poisonous adder.

Boys, be constantly on your guard. Look well to the entrance to life's citadel. Satan is daily sowing seed, in every unguarded heart. These seed will spring up, some day, and bring forth very bitter fruit, for your souls to feast upon. It will also prove very difficult, for you to learn the lessons, which will lead you to abandon your evil habits in the future. Since, it is much easier, you had far better avoid them in the present. To do this, you will have to be careful about the company you keep. Seek the society of the good, wherever you go; and you will always find warm hearts waiting to welcome

you to happy homes. Ever keep the windows of your souls turned heavenward, if you would have them filled with the joys, and flooded with the light of life. And, you will be extremely fortunate, if you enter manhood with good habits, vigorous health and a fair knowledge of the ways of the world.

Boys, be brave. Be moral heroes. Dare to do the right. March boldly to the front. Challenge your own characters, and conduct to the contest for success. Look not to luck for life. The wheels of fortune seldom turn a coward to the top. Her fickle goddess, fain, would let him fall, lower and still lower, in his follies. The lazy luck-hunters, of the land, are so many leeches, riding through life, upon the bent back of honest industry. You should not crave wealth; unless you are willing to work for it. Fortunes will not be found for sale, in the great marts of the future. They must be won, by the hands of industry or the heads of thought. Brave boys are the order of the day—the wants of the times. Not pugnacious little fellows, who want to fight every boy they meet: but, little moral heroes, who have the courage to say no, when tempted to do wrong, and fortitude to hold the fort, when they are in the right, no matter how fiercely it may be besieged by the enemy. It is a royal road that leads to honor and renown.

Boys, rely largely upon yourselves. Depend much upon your own efforts. Self-reliance is absolutely essential to success in life. Conquer fate, and you have won a fortune. For, fortune's favorite heir is a conqueror; not a coward. It is more manly to work, and make, than to wish, and wait for a fortune. Money, obtained by chance, comes easily and goes soon. Only

A VICTIM OF BAD HABITS.

"The boy who smokes, swears, and loafs on the streets."

(See pages 74, 75, and 81.)

those, who earn means, are likely to keep them long. In their desperate dashes, for fortunes, some men dare to be boldly dishonest, often involving their families in irretrievable shame and dishonor.

Boys, allow me to give you a little good advice. Never boast of your ancestry. It will be better, for you to live so, that your descendants will be proud of you. Select well your words, if you wish to say what you mean; and never mock at another's misery, or misfortune. Do not follow after pleasure, to the neglect of duty. Those who court her, exclusively, lose their reason, and are ruined. He who would free himself, from her vices, must stop his ears to her siren songs, and listen to the counsels of the wise.

Boys, keep the holy sabbath-day. Do not steal time from God. Your bodies need the rest, the sabbath brings; and your souls the religious influences, it exerts upon those who keep it holy. There is no necessity for sabbath-breaking; and no benefit to be derived from its desecration. Deal fairly, with God and man. Do not be a fault-finder. He, who is never pleased, seldom pleases others. Do not cover your vices, with the semblance of virtue; nor conceal your guilt, with the cloak of righteousness. Be frank, and open in all your actions. Toe the mark, at all times. Never dodge an issue. Be a manly little man; and face the music of life, like a hero in the strife. It is what a boy says and does; and not the estimate others place upon him, that measures his attainments, and marks his way up to manhood's years.

Boys, keep out of debt. Pay as you go, if possible. But, if forced to go in debt, meet your obligations

promptly; or render a reasonable excuse for failure, without being called upon to do so by your creditor. If you owe a man, never wait for him to dun you. Be first to speak of it, when you meet him, whether prepared to pay him or not. This will relieve your own embarrassment, and hold the confidence of your creditor, until you can liquidate the debt.

Boys are the material, out of which, the men of each succeeding generation are made. Every event, in boyhood-life, is shaping the character, and fixing the destiny of the coming man. The boys, of to-day, will be the men of to-morrow. The future men, of rank and influence, will come, largely, from the humbler class of boys, who, by the dint of their own energies, will rise to places of honor, and distinction among men: while many of the boys, of wealthy and honorable parentage, will become the degenerate sons of noble sires. The sons, of rich men, rarely ever hold the legacy left them, for any great length of time. Nor, do the sons, of honored sires, often wear the mantles of their fallen fathers. Boys, if you would rise to honorable distinction, cable yourselves, firmly, to the pillars of truth, honesty and virtue: and, then, you may cast, successfully, your anchors of hope; and rest, calmly, amid the storms of life, while others go down to rise no more.

Boys, obey your parents. Obedience is the charm, that warms all hearts. It binds together the obedient and the obeyed. Such boys are kind to their parents. They never add one sorrow to their affectionate hearts: nor, one furrow to their silvered brows. Their conduct, toward them, is such, that when, they are gone to their long homes, the memories of mother, and father will be

the sweetest reminiscences of all the past. But, too many boys soon refuse to walk, in the sunlight of parental advice; and stumble along, in the moonlight of their own beclouded judgments; or grope their way, in the midnight darkness of the evil counsels of others. My son, honor your father, and be affectionate to your mother. Anticipate their wants; and they will be proud of their boy. Deserve their confidence; and you will be sure to have it. Love them; and you will share their love in return. Be obedient to their every command; and they will lighten your burdens. The strongest, swiftest, liveliest boy, of all, ought to bend his back, under the burdens, and subject his will, to the wishes of those whose right it is to direct his ways, and assign his work, from day to day.

Boys, love, and care for your parents. This is your duty. It should be your privilege, and your pleasure. You are under many, and lasting obligations to them. You owe them a debt of gratitude, and love that you can never pay. The older they grow, the worse they will need, and the more they will appreciate your careful attention, to their words and wants. Let the silver hairs, and silent hopes of their helpless years speak loudly to your ardent love, of the parental care bestowed upon you, when helpless, dependent babes. Then, show your grateful appreciation, of their tender watch-care, by many manifestations of filial affection.

Boys, never, so far, forget yourselves as to call your father, "the old man," "the esquire" or "the governor"; nor your mother, "the madam," "the mistress" or "the old lady." Such impudence is shamefully rude. All good people will condemn your conduct. And, you

may, some day, bitterly condemn yourselves, for such disrespect, shown the fathers and mothers whom you ought to honor, and revere until death.

Boys, be kind and courteous to your sisters. Seek to console them, in the hours of sorrow. Come to their rescue, when danger threatens them. Assist them, in times of need. Comfort them, at all times, with your courtesies. Kindness and courtesy, toward your sisters, will speak well for you, boys. The world knows, that the brother, who gives his arm to a sister, as they walk together, to and from the church, will never leave his wife, to wend her way home alone. It also knows, that the youngster, who does not see his sister seated, at public gatherings, when without an escort, may mortify his, neglected, wife, and, perchance, blush himself, to see some stranger extend to her the courtesy, so justly due from her careless husband.

The devoted brother, who kisses his saintly sister, morning and night, as they meet and part, will feel its sacred influence upon his own life, in after years. He will reap its golden fruitage, when she sleeps beneath the sods of the valley, and he has taken a lovely wife to his bosom. For, with a heart early cultured to caresses, he will always have an affectionate kiss to imprint upon her fair cheek. Boys, these little courtesies, to your sisters, are well calculated to soften your own hearts, sweeten your dispositions and greatly increase the domestic happiness of your after-life.

The affectionate solicitude, of a noble-hearted brother, for a loving, and appreciative sister, is one of the prettiest scenes in boyhood-life. It is an exhibition of one of the noblest traits of character, to be found in the hearts

KIND AND COURTEOUS TO SISTERS.

(See page 80.)

of the rising generation. The youth, who deserves to be honored, with the endearing appellation of brother, from the lips of a loving sister, because of his fondness, and fidelity to her, may well be trusted as a lover; and accepted as a husband, for he will prove a worthy, and devoted companion through life.

Boys, stay at home. Spend your evenings, around the hearth-stone. Anchor your hearts, in the home-circle. Not to do so, may prove fatal to your best interests. It would be sure to rob you of many happy hours and valuable lessons. For, the home is a school, for the development of all the Christian graces and virtues. Its wholesome discipline brings many blessings to young, wayward hearts. It furnishes the balm, which pours consolation into young and restless souls. And, the farther we advance, in the science of home-life, the larger, and lovelier are the lessons we learn. But, if the home-circle is not what it ought to be, constitute yourself a committee, of one, and set yourself to work, to bring about a reformation.

The boy who spends, simply, his leisure hours, loafing on the streets, is almost sure to end his life in sin and shame. Then, do not stand around, on the street corners; sit about, on goods-boxes; loaf, around livery stables, or lounge, around saloons. You will learn but little, that is refining, and elevating at such places; but much, that is, both, degrading and demoralizing. And you will gradually become shabby, and slouchy, like the company you keep. Then, stay at home of nights, and improve all your odd moments. Gather up the fragments of time. They are well worth saving. These precious moments make hours; hours make days, and

days make years. They are all-important factors, in the solution of life's great problem.

Immortal destinies are couched, in the golden moments of boyhood-life. Perilous dangers lie hidden in all the by-paths, over which it trends its restless way. Pit-falls are beneath its feet; and halters above its head, in all its wayward journeyings. Death hangs, like a black-winged vampire, over the future history of all boys, who turn their backs upon the sacred influence, of the home-circle, and forsake the highway of holiness.

Boys, be gentle. Be civil, courteous and kind to every body you chance to meet, along the highway of life. The better class of boys are, all, perfect little gentlemen. Boys, be polite. It will make a good impression upon your own minds, manners and morals. A cheerful "good morning" to those you meet, in the daily avocations of life, will prove a means of grace, which will make you a better boy. It will carry with it an inspiration, which will brighten your hopes, and lighten your work for the day. If you doubt it, just try it for a few days. Happy greetings make the wheels of time run, much more, smoothly with us all. Then let us be kind and courteous, under all the circumstances of life. These little civilities and amities are the secret avenues, which lead to much of our happiness. Then, we should be kind, and generous to all we meet. The boy, whose courtesies win him a welcome wherever he goes, always carries about, with him, a heart full of sunshine, with which to make other hearts happy. There is a reflex influence in gentility. It is, even, more blessed to give, than to receive, these little courtesies. May we, all, realize the truthfulness of this statement in our own experiences.

Boys, deal not harshly, with any one. But, especially should you leave off all rudeness, and roughness, in your intercourse with your mothers and sisters. They have the strongest claims upon you, for your kindest words and tenderest affections. They are your truest, and most appreciative friends. They will be certain to reciprocate your kind attentions, and thoughtful acts in their behalf. This reciprocity, of interested affection, is the hidden secret of many happy hearts, and harmonious homes. Such home-life is freighted with the grandest lessons of reciprocal love the world has ever known. And it is this thought, more than any other, that leads us to associate the idea of home with our ideal heaven.

But, genuine politeness, or gentility, is more than mere outside polish. It is the rich perfume of a heart, bubbling over with the purities of life. Nor is chaste refinement a mere renegade virtue. It is the embodiment of all the graces, pertaining to chastity of character—the rendition of the purest, and loftiest type of human excellence. True courtesies are neither forced nor formal. They are simple and sincere. Real compliments come from the heart, just as they fall from the lips. Let your words be free from deception; but ladened with love. Your tenderest sympathies, and heart-felt affection should ever be manifested toward your lady friends. And, be sure your devotion to your mothers, and sisters are real, not feigned. Do not leave them to doubt your love; but let them hear it from your lips, and read it in your lives.

Boys, be chaste. Be pure in thought, word and action. Avoid the use of vulgar and obscene expressions. They will lead to profanity; and pave the way

to more fearful sins. Shun the wrong, you see in others. Follow in the footsteps, only, of the true and the good. Give expression to the good; and there will, always, be development in the right direction. Repress the wrong; and you will constantly limit, and lessen its influence over your lives. Shun the society of the vicious and the vile. Cultivate, only, such virtuous habits, as will be of priceless value, to you, in the practical departments of life.

Boys, your education should embrace the hands, the head and the heart. Its object should be to increase knowledge, create a hatred for the wrong and develop a love for the right. A well developed character is indebted to no accidental circumstances, for its existence. You must keep the essence and essentials; and not the mere incidents, and accidents of life, prominently before your minds, if purity and chastity is the result. Let the purposes of your life be pure; and your actions will correspond with them, in the main. Great actions are the outgrowth of great purposes. Your achievements will be measured by your dispositions to do the right and shun the wrong. Boys, you carry, in your hands, two keys: one opens the door to success, and the other to failure in life. Be very careful which key you use, at all times.

Boys, be honest. Honesty is the only perfect policy. In life's harvest field, we will reap, as we have sown. Honesty will win fame, and fortune for you, ere you reach the riper years of manhood. There is a silent, unseen influence in an honest, upright life, that must be felt for good. This influence acts, and reacts with magic power. In fact, there are many silent, and unseen

forces at work in the physical world. Among these are, the adhesive, cohesive, capillary and attractive forces, none of which are the less potential, because of their silent operations. So it is, with the force of an honest life. It is silent and unseen; but not the less potent, or positive in its matchless influence for good. When minds come in contact, they are necessarily, though it may be unconsciously, effected by each other. And, the visible effect may be separated, by years, from the unseen cause; but still, it is not the less sure to follow. Cause and consequence are inseparably linked together, though there may be intervening years, or even centuries.

Boys, be hopeful. Never give way to despondency. Always expect more to-morrow, than you realize to-day. Live in hope, that time will bring you rich rewards, for all your toils. Labor to grow in favor, and advance in honor with your associates, as the years roll by. Never be satisfied with the attainments of the present. Let the future, ever, be an improvement on the past. Lament any loss of love, and, always, lend a helping hand, with a warm heart, to humanity's woes. You may need sympathy, and assistance yourselves some time, before you reach the end of your race. But, it is perfectly natural, and right, that you should look at life, with your young hearts full of hope. You may build many air castles, which shall fade away from your youthful visions, long before you reach the riper years of manhood. But, if so, just let them fade. They did not cost you any thing; and you can soon build more, just as good, and perhaps better. He, who never builds air castles, is not likely to build any thing else. Hope is, always, on

the wing, and out-flies expectation. He who anticipates nothing, will realize but little. Hope is the light of the future.

Boys, be happy. Let your youthful days be the happiest of the happy. Boyhood-life should be full of sweetest sunshine. Your young hearts ought to overflow with joy and gladness. The happy, buoyant boy bears the burdens of his comrades. His sunshine banishes the shadows from their hearts. We like to see a boy full of fun, and ready for innocent sport. For the boy, who is too lazy to play, will always be too trifling to work. But, the truly happy boy knows, that humility is the most essential element to honor, charity the grandest of all the Christian graces and the fear of the Lord the beginning of wisdom. He has realized that love to the Lord is a living fountain, in the heart, which sends its sacred streams through the whole being, molding, and modifying the character for good, and consequently for happiness.

Boys, be industrious. Do not loiter along life's highway. It is a sure sign of laziness. Work first, then rest, if you are tired; if not, then, play or study. Let the duties of the day be done, at once, then the mind is free, and the lad at leisure. Always dispatch business, in haste, and you will seldom be compelled to hurry. Never think you have all day, in which to do an hour's work; but, do it in exactly sixty minutes. This rule is a sure sign of industry; and will prove to be of value to you through life. The ability, to do something great, grows out of a disposition to do what you can Constant employment will make men of you. Industry is the stepping-stone to physical, mental, moral and

JOLLY BOYS.

"We like to see a boy full of fun and ready for innocent sport."

(See page 86.)

spiritual worth. You should always be doing something useful. We do not advocate degrading, or hard manual labor, as a necessity to success in life: but we do insist upon body-improving, mind-developing, heart-adorning, and soul-sanctifying employments, as being absolutely essential to the highest type of boyhood-life.

But, very few boys really love to work. Most of you have a positive dislike for manual labor; unless it is something quite new, novel, or romantic to you. Or, perchance, if it be something, that you can not do at all, you will imagine you would enjoy it very much indeed.

But, boys, I can tell you what you do like. You, all, like to play. It seldom gets too cold for you to enjoy a good game of base, or ball, though the frost may bite your heels and nibble your noses. It never gets too hot for you to enjoy the liveliest sports, though the sun should scorch and blister your hands and feet; and beads of perspiration should stand upon your foreheads, and drench your bodies. It is play; not work, hence you enjoy it, too much to tire or complain.

Boys, educate yourselves. You can not afford to grow up in ignorance. The object of an education is not, simply, the acquisition of a certain amount of knowledge. It is to prepare you to acquit yourselves like men, in the great battles of life. It is designed to make you good citizens, and useful men in your day and generation. Then you should lay broad, and deep the foundations of grand superstructures, which will supply the necessities, and ward off the perils incident to a painful pilgrimage, across the desert-wastes of time.

Boys, be men, when you attain to manhood's years. Rise above the fatal habits of your fellows. Refuse,

most positively, to place your lives under mortgage to temptation and crime. Inform yourselves well, as to satan's snares, and throw around your future lives all the safeguards of morality and religion.

Boys, self-culture is the fountain source, from whence all truly great achievements flow. You must search for greatness, as for concealed gold. No one ever grew great, without putting forth personal effort. If you are too indolent to read, and reflect, you might just as well bid a final farewell, to all hopes of future greatness: for your social standing is already fixed, and your public destiny forever sealed. Your future position lies far down the vale of obscurity. You must be cultured, if you would tread life's highway with honor, and win laurels, in the active duties of some useful profession, from a busy world. The laurels of life, which adorn the old man's brow, were won during the days of his youth. The crown of glory sits upon the aged head, because the youthful feet remained in the ways of righteousness.

Boys, you ought to improve on the lives of your honored fathers. You ought to make bigger, and better men, since your opportunities are, so far, superior. You can not afford to close your eyes against the light, which illumines your days; and grope your ways, through the dark empire of night. The conquests, of the world, must not be so many blanks to those, who would wreathe their own brows with the trophies of victory. If you would be successful through life, and honored in death, then, you must welcome the light which has blessed the good, and great of past ages. If the world grows wiser and worthier, as the centuries roll away.

noble sons must become more than compeers of their honored sires.

Boys, seek to excel in life's contest. Place your marks high; and, then, aim above them. Live with the noblest purposes, and grandest achievements of life, constantly, in view. Shun, as much as possible, the counter currents of life; and stem, manfully, the surging billows of opposition. You will find it no easy task, to resist all the temptations which beset your pathways, and be pure, noble-hearted boys, during all the days of boyhood-life. There must be a rapid, and symmetrical development of all your mental, moral and spiritual faculties, if you ever ripen into mature manhood. The world is, always, looking to its boys; for they are its hope of future greatness. Its eyes are on you to-day. It expects great things of you in the future. Anticipate its wants, and look well to its highest interests. Accept only some laudable vocation, or calling in life. And, if you would distance your fellows in the race, you must run on a better track, and make faster time than they do. You must contest eagerly and earnestly, if you would win the prize of life. Then,

"Go up higher, noble, true boys,
Do not loiter long below;
You'll be wanted at the summit,
Briskly, bravely upward go.

Go up higher, in your morals,
And in all things, day by day;
And, step by step, climb the stairway,
Till the glory-crowning day."

Boys, study God's word; heed all its solemn admonitions, and claim all its precious promises. Let its triumphant truths be filtered into your young hearts, and absorbed by your youthful souls; and its practical precepts will shape your after-lives, and its preëminent principles determine your future destinies. You should never lose faith in the teachings of the Bible, regarding the ultimate destiny of our race. You should never make ship-wreck of your own souls, by closing your eyes to the onward march of the good, and the great of earth. They make the great mistake of life, who, while young, in the heated visions of infidelity, scorn the heaven-given heroes of earth, who live, and die for the good of humanity. And they will one day realize it; when, with blasted hopes and blackened hearts, they grope their way, through impenetrable darkness, without a single ray of light to cheer them, as they traverse the dark valley, and cross over the Stygian river of death. Then deal largely in truth. It will prove animating, and refreshing to your souls. It will purify your lives; and prepare you for death. For, its epistles are all freighted with virtue, and ladened with love.

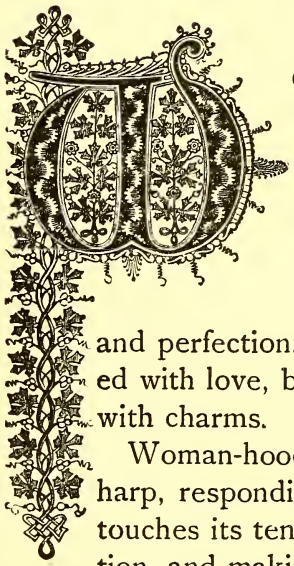
Boys, give yourselves to God, early in life, that you may make men after his own heart. If still in sin, your unbelief makes the Lord out a liar; and there is sin enough in it to damn the whole world. We do not have to lie, or steal, or murder some one, in order to be lost. "He that believeth not, shall be damned." This unbelief has its origin, not, as some feign to believe, in the profundity of the head; but in the wickedness of the heart: not, in the brilliancy of the intellect; but in the blackness of sin-beclouded affection. Then,

never regard it an evidence of superior intellectual power, to reject Christ and his cross. The wisest, and best men, who ever lived upon earth, have honored him with their heads, and adored him with their hearts. Give yourselves to Jesus.

WOMAN-HOOD.

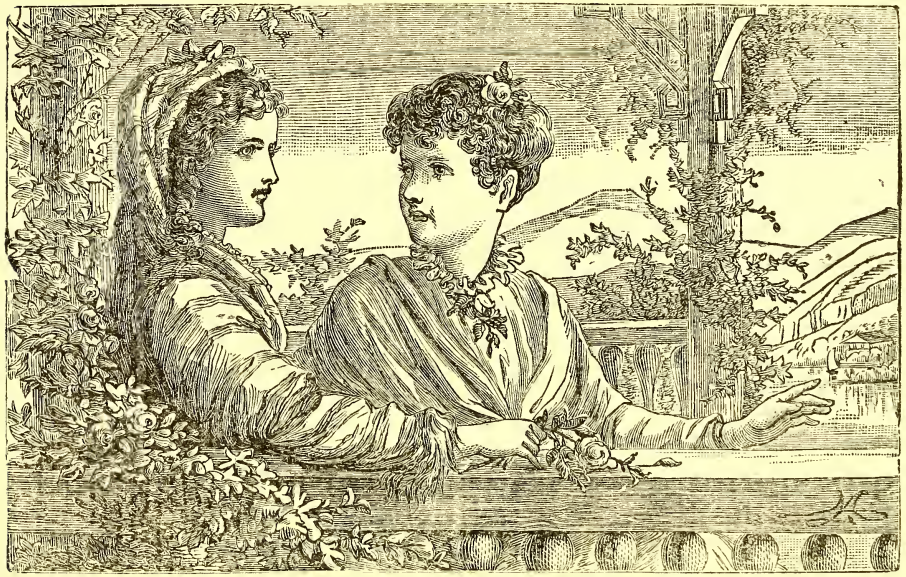
Chapter V.

The woman, with a loving heart,
Acts well, in life, a woman's part.
She wields, o'er all, a magic power,
Felt most by manhood's heart each hour.



OMAN-HOOD is life in full bloom. It is the flower of life, in all its loveliness. It is the red rose of life, in all its beauty and fragrance. It is the magic charm of life, with all its sweet enchantments. It is the beau-ideal of life, in all its purity and perfection. It is life full of light and freighted with love, blooming with beauty and blushing with charms.

Woman-hood is life, with a heart like an Æolian harp, responding to every gentle breeze, which touches its tender chords of sympathy and affection, and making music for the world. Wherever you find woman-hood, properly developed, you have a power that is potent for good. It may be on the bleak sterile coasts of the North, the milder regions of



WOMANHOOD.

"The red rose of life in all its beauty and fragrance."

(See page 92.)

the temperate zone, or on the sandy, sun-burned soil in the sunny land of the South; no matter when, or where it is you will find warm hearts throbbing in unison with the highest, and holiest sentiments of the true, the beautiful, the good.

Woman-hood is the real worth, the wisdom, the genuine wealth which is found embodied in the perfectly developed female character. It is one of the purest, and best things beneath the skies. Its primary elements are not to be found in a woman's worldly accomplishments, but in her Christian character. Woman-hood, then, is more than mere worldly adornment. It adds to this rich legacy, the still richer boon of spiritual endowment; and sits a loyal queen upon its own legitimate throne. It never descends to the low level of humanity, which would make it a toy for man, the idol for his vanity, or the victim of his lust. There is no higher attainment, this side the spirit land, than that of a pure, lofty, Christian woman-hood. Neither is there any nobler being, beneath the bending heavens, than a beautiful, beneficent woman. But all women do not possess the prize of genuine woman-hood. Many of them fall far short of its fadeless graces and crowning glories.

Womanly worth has its origin in the mind, its trend through the heart and its terminus in the soul. A woman, destitute of woman-hood, is a most pitiable object. She is salt which has lost its savor—a light hid under a bushel. Woman-hood itself demands a shield to protect it, amid the dangers of life; grace to strengthen it, under the temptations of time; faith to support it, through the trials of earth, and religion to soothe its sorrows, sweeten its joys and span the dark, and dismal

chasm of its future, with the radiant bow of celestial hope.

Womanliness is one of the chief characteristics of woman-hood. This grace prevents women from aspiring to any virtue, not common to their sex. Woman is man's equal. She should not seek to be his superior, nor consent to be his slave. The world wants a woman-hood that will walk, side by side, with the noblest man-hood, in the battles of life. Its most exalted sphere is at the head of the society for the virtuous, the true and the good of earth. Her ideal should be the highest possible development of the domestic, and social elements of woman-hood-life. A pure, polite and polished woman-hood wields the most powerful influence, felt in the domestic circle.

"Without envy, strife or malice,
Home is woman's throne and palace;
Mightier here, by far is she,
Than king, or monarch, e'er can be:

"In learning less, in body weakness,
But strong in faith and love and meekness;
No warlike hosts, with flags unfurled,
Yet ruling men, who rule the world."

Modest, magnificent, matchless woman-hood is a perfect model of virtue, grace and elegance. Such woman-hood is the admiration of men, the delight of angels and the pride of the Lord. But, society has never been able to build an impregnable barrier, or wall of defense, around the Eden of such innocence and virtue. Nor are there any flaming swords, at her golden gates, turning

everyway to ward off danger and disgrace, save it be those of spotless purity and changeless chastity. For virtue, rather than beauty, is woman-hood's best pledge for safety. It is the golden panoply which overshadows the pathway of innocence, through all its dangerous pilgrimage. The wants of the age demand a virtuous, vigorous, valiant woman-hood, that will shed increasing light upon the surrounding darkness.

Beautiful, bewitching, wonderful woman-hood is queen in all the broad empire of love ; and every heart of man would gladly pay tribute to her righteous reign upon the earth. But, beauty destitute of virtue is at once dethroned. She is a flower without its perfume, a dove devoid of her innocence, a nightingale which has lost her power of song, a queen without crown or sceptre. Virtue is woman-hood's royal dower. It is her richest legacy. A woman may wear a rose without beauty of tint, or variety of coloring ; but she never can possess genuine woman-hood, without purity of heart and chastity of life.

Genuine woman-hood is full of womanly instincts. It is overflowing with unconscious power. She, who wears this royal crown, is the queen of many manly hearts. Manhood, any and every where, readily bows to her gentle sceptre of love. She binds, with a silken chord, and leads, with a silver thread, the strongest, and bravest among the children of men. The silent, and unseen influence, of such women, is molding the character, and moving the generations of men to higher, and holier lives. The prowess, and prestige of female power is looming up grandly, and must be felt, and feared by the enemy, in humanity's battles, for the

reformation of our race. Women excel men in sagacity of perception, moral worth and social refinement. Her every virtue has its influence upon mankind. Each act of her life is a lovely star, in the heavens of her moral firmament. Woman-hood is the unknown quantity, or power, in the solution of the world's most important problems.

Exalted woman-hood is the embodiment of life, in its loveliest forms. Woman's heart is the altar from which religion often goes out on its mission of mercy. She lives over her life, again and again, in the lives of those she loves. Without her benign influence, the lunar light of the world would long since have waned away, into utter darkness. Purity has ever been at home, in her presence. Piety has been her guardian angel from time immemorial. Virtue has always been her crowning grace. Her beauty has been a bounty bestowed by heaven itself. Music has been the melody of her soul in all ages. And her presence has been the herald of happiness, wherever she has gone in the world. Gentle, amiable woman-hood is commissioned to purify society, and anchor the hopes of a wayward world.

Affectionate woman-hood reigns a sceptered queen, over the broad empire of consecrated love. Woman lives but to love. Her love is the emblem, and instrument of her power. Her influence flows from this fountain, in four powerful channels: namely; modesty, mildness, gentility, and tenderness. And, when these currents all strike a man, they strike to conquer. And, when they overflow his soul, he bows an obedient subject to her mild sceptre. Woman as a sister, wife and mother wields a triune sceptre, which renders her peer-

less in power. Her love is man's comfort in sickness, and his joy in health. Her society soothes his saddened soul, and pours balm into his wounded heart. Her mission seems to be to soften his sorrows, and save his soul. To this end, she lives, and labors till her life's work is done.

Fresh, and vigorous woman-hood is always lovely, but loveliest with the first rose-bloom of summer, blushing upon the fair cheek of youth and beauty. Young woman-hood ought always to be strong and vigorous. Its forms ought ever to be full of health and happiness. Its chests should be well expanded, with lungs firm and free. Its hearts should be large and liberal, sending forth active currents of pure blood, ladened with life for every member of the body. We live in the golden age of the world's history. And every young lady should resolve to do something for the elevation of her associates. Helping hands are humanity's most germane assistants.

The world has not yet compassed the true aims, and ends of a fully developed woman-hood. Woman, herself, has not yet realized her own peerless power. She is comparatively ignorant of the wonderful influence she possesses, and might exert for lasting good upon the world. She has been content, hitherto, with too little culture of both head and heart. Her life, in the main, has been comparatively weak and worthless. Her influence, for good, has been so largely counter-balanced by evil, that it has, so far, proved to be but the shadow of what it might have been. Woman is, by right, the mistress of the world; and she ought to assume the authority, delegated to her by the divine Hand.

But, the world is getting better ideas of woman-hood's sphere, and power as the ages roll past. Men begin to recognize the fact, that women have minds of their own, and are capable of thinking, investigating, forming and expressing opinions for themselves, worthy of the world's sincere consideration. They also begin to recognize the fact that women have a right, and are competent to take an active part in the advancements which are being made for the civilization, and Christianization of the race. But women's tears are often their tacit, but most convincing arguments. They touch the hard hearts of tyrants; and thus women rule the men who rule the world.

Woman is wonderfully made. She is delicate in structure, and beautiful in form. She is subtile in thought, and serene in mind. But just look into her devoted heart, and you will find the watch-work of love. This is her time-keeper. She runs and regulates her life by the beatings, and battlings of her loving heart. With it, she wins her empire, hoards her wealth and rules her household. Devoted love is the life-sphere of a true woman. She stakes her all upon the affections of her heart. Love is the instrument with which she overcomes the most trying ordeals of life. With it, she makes all her conquests sure; and gains complete ascendency over the heart of man.

Woman is the world's best type of beauty. To her belong earth's rarest charms and richest graces. Her form is finished in symmetry. She is beauty's brightest shadow. Her features are fashioned in perfection's molds. She is a life-gem of beauty. Her movements are the most artistic, and graceful the world has ever

known. She is a mirror of beauty. Her voice is the melody of winning words, set to the music of a loving heart. She is a mine of beauty. Only let her life-character embody the essence of spiritual worth, and she reigns beauty's fairest, and loveliest queen.

Fair young ladies, the Creator has clothed your forms, and features with a beauty so rich, rare and ravishing, that it softens all hearts and subdues all spirits. It renders it, almost, a necessity that men admire, and love you. Your beauty wins, for you, flowery paths along life's highway. It is a rich legacy. It wins admiration from every beholder. It gains favor from every admirer. It disarms the bitterest enemy. It weaves the golden links in friendship's sacred chains; and paves the way to the highest seats in the gift of loyal loving hearts.

Female beauty is a rare, and priceless gift, which brings its possessor under special obligation to God. She should prize the gift most highly; and manifest the greatest gratitude to the Giver. She who revels in the raptures of realized beauty, should be most devout in demeanor, loveliest in life, holiest in heart and most charming in character. For, one of the most ungrateful beings, in the world, is the hopelessly haughty, and heartless thing of beauty, whose head is lighter than her heart.

Beauty, itself, is lovely, and ought to lead to virtue and happiness. It should always administer to one's pleasure and usefulness in the world. But young ladies, though fair to look upon, you need not weigh your beauty, of face and form, against genuine womanhood; for you will always find it, woefully, wanting. Physical beauty is worse than worthless, without a

cultured Christian character, to acompany it through life.

Beauty, like wealth, is a dangerous legacy. It has ruined its devotees, by the thousands, in all ages of the world's history. It makes some persons gay and giddy. It renders others silly and senseless. It turns others selfish and sensual. It, too often, leads to vanity; and vanity is the bane of woman-hood. It reigns but to ruin. Beware, then, ye deluded devotees how you bow at beauty's shrine, ere you become the hopeless victims of heartless vanity.

Man's ideal woman-hood is always beautiful and lovely. Her figure is faultless, her movements most graceful and her manners most charming. This ideal woman-hood once mellowed into a ripe, rich fruitage is never wanting in any of the elements of a lovely, laudable life. Then, do not let your love of personal beauty be linked so much with earthly desires, as with heavenly aspirations, and it will ever prove a refining, and elevating influence upon your lives and labors; and your characters will be the outgrowth of spiritual beauty and loveliness.

There is a beauty which all women may possess. This beauty is seen in every honest face. It shines out in every generous act. It is a part of every perfect character; and the charm of every charitable life. This beauty sweetens the voice of sympathy, softens the hands of charity and crowns the brow of fidelity. It is the beauty of a soul cared for and cultured. It is the beauty that will give a polished finish to all your actions, a refined sweetness to all your manners and an outward loveliness to your person and life. It is spiritual beauty.

This beauty of spirit is the most charming grace of cultured woman-hood. It is a beauty that will win, and wear the fadeless laurels of life. And she, who possesses this rare grace, is a crowned queen who moves, like an enchanting spirit, among her loyal subjects.

Then, young lady, if you can not be a star of beauty, be at least a star of light—a star of love. Let a halo of glory encircle your brow, and hover round your pathway through life. Be a star of hope, to some benighted soul—a polar-star to some wayfaring wanderer, out upon life's tempestuous sea.

The truly beautiful woman is a mystery, a metaphor, a miracle. She is a bud, in prosperity, full of sweetest odors, perfuming the day. In adversity, she is an angel of light, ministering in the darkness. Misfortune does not daunt her courage. Pestilence does not quench her love. And poverty does not blast her hopes. Everywhere she goes, her presence proves a blessing, and her helping hand a healing power. Her affections, as a wife and mother, furnish an inspiration which makes her energies equal to any, and every emergency of life. If, under the broad sunlight of a prosperous, and happy voyage, the dark cloud of misfortune overshadows her husband, she at once becomes his comforter and supporter, abiding with firmness the bitterest winds of adversity. So, often, she, who was but an ornament and an expense in his prosperous days, is his solace and support, when smitten by sudden calamity, or overtaken by lingering disease.

But, the first woman was beautiful, and fair, indeed, to look upon. She was fresh, and lovely as she dropped from the Creative Hand. There was no mark of sin to

mar the contour of her fair face and faultless form. No tear had ever dimmed the luster of her sparkling eyes, or trickled down her blooming cheek. Her red, rosy lips had never quivered in the agony of despair, nor curled in the bitterness of scorn. She was heaven's first, best gift to man. She was an ideal beauty. Love was the law of her life. She was free from sin and all its fearful consequences. She was a model wife, standing, in all the innocence of her beauty and purity, the compeer of a perfect man. Her hand was soft and white. Her head was the home of intellectual thought; and her heart the seat of woman's purest, and fondest affections. And Adam passed the grandest compliment on Eve ever passed upon beautiful, affectionate womanhood when he said, The woman whom thou gavest to be with me, she gave me of the tree, and I did eat. Beautiful, affectionate Eve! so fair, so sweet, so lovely, thou art the legator to the world of many millions of fair daughters and noble sons. All honor to the fair, but unfortunate, mother of our fallen race!

Men prefer pretty women to almost anything else that you can give them. Please pardon an illustration, of this fact, from ancient mythology. The goddess Discordia threw down, among the other goddesses, an apple of gold with this inscription upon it—"Let the fairest take it." Whereupon there arose a quarrel, among them, for each one thought herself the most beautiful. It was finally agreed, however, that the apple should be awarded, by Paris, to one of the three superior goddesses. So he was called, and they each courted his favor, with a special promise. Juno proposed to reward him with power, Pallas with wisdom; but

Venus promised him the most beautiful woman in the world. It is hardly necessary to say that Venus was pronounced the fairest goddess, and awarded the golden apple. Paris soon sailed to Greece, with a great fleet, and brought to Troy Helena, the world's most beautiful woman, who was betrothed to Menelaus, King of Sparta; and hence ensued the fatal, but famous Trojan war.

Woman is the central figure in every happy home. The domestic circle is her lawful domain. Here she reigns, a genuine queen, over the hearts of those who cluster around her gracious throne. The home is the capitol of her boundless kingdom. It is the center of her wide sphere of usefulness. She is peculiarly fitted, by nature, to preside over a happy home. And, she will ever reign an honored, and much beloved queen over its rich and far-reaching realms. In its studio, she will continue, while the world stands, to carve the model statuary of her moral heroism. At its altar, she will ever be found painting her peerless pictures, of spiritual beauty, upon the tablets of other hearts. As a mother, she becomes the gentle guide, the gifted genius and the gracious guardian of her little loved ones. She is, then, the hand, the head and the heart of her happy home. Her hands are ever administering to the wants of her household. Her head is always filled with domestic thought. And her heart is constantly overflowing with anxiety, and affection for her family.

Woman is the mistress of the model home. She is its crown, and its glory. Here, she reigns, without a rival, over all hearts. The joys of the model home depend, not so much upon the place and its surround-

ings, as upon the character, and conduct of its inmates. You might have a marble mansion, a beautiful park, a lovely lawn and an exquisite flower garden, all surrounded by a sea of luxuries, and yet the essentials to home-happiness might be wanting. In the ideal home, peace-offerings must be brought, to the family altar, by each member of the household, love-flowers must bloom and blossom, in every heart, and charity's rarest fruits must ripen, in every life. This ideal home is usually a quiet, secluded spot, beautiful without and harmonious within—a place where loving hearts are linked together, by the strongest chords of domestic life.

This happy home-life has many lessons of love, for young ladies. Like them, it is both delicate and sensitive. Its springs of action are both secret and subtile. The weight of a breath will snap its tender chords. The slightest rudeness will bruise its delicate flowers. The least bitterness will extract much sweetness from its richest enjoyments. Home-hearts are armorless. They have no covering to shield them, from the arrows of those who ought to love, and protect them through life. Deep, and deadly is the wound inflicted by a brother or a sister, a parent or a child.

Woman is the primary element in social life. She is the center of attraction, in the social circle. She should make her influence, here, felt for good. She should let love handle the social harp of life; and its music will fill, and thrill all souls with delight. And, she will soon find herself surrounded, by a host of loving hearts. Woman should make the most of all her opportunities; and tax all her powers, in order to exert the strongest possible influence over those with whom she is associated

in this life. She should never forget, that it is cultured woman-hood which wields the sceptre of social, and sacred influence over the hearts of the children of men. And in order to exert this hallowed influence on her social circle, a woman's society-life must be but the reflex of her home habits. She need not attempt to deceive the world, with reference to her real character, for she will not long succeed. The opaque mask will soon become transparent. If she would stand long, and high, in the better circles of society, her public character must be but the counterpart of her home-life. Such woman-hood is a matchless power, for good, in the social world. And, the higher, and holier the woman-hood, the wider, and wiser the current of social influence, which finds in it a pure, perennial fountain head.

The social circle is a young woman's throne. Here, she may reign, supreme. Her influence, here, may be more potent than that of princes. Here, she may exercise sovereignty, no less powerful than that of potentates, but much more elevating, and ennobling to humanity. Young ladies, the social circle furnishes you with a wide field for usefulness. Then, give much of your time, and talents to social life. It will arm you with a mighty power for good. It will give you a strong hold upon hearts, that you ought to lead to the cross of Christ. Your line of duty lies, largely, outside the realm of literature and the fine arts. Human beings are naturally more inclined to sociability, than they are to intellectuality. Be preëminently social and you will win many hearts. Remember, the queen of the social circle is not always the beau, the belle or the beauty; but often the charming little lady, who warms, and wins all

hearts, with her kind words, and evidences of personal interest.

Young ladies, you should always have the moral courage to reprehend the vices, and recommend the virtues of social life. However, your social conclusions, you will find, are often at variance with your conscientious convictions. But, we are some times compelled to condemn, socially, when our hearts are full of commiseration, and charity for an unfortunate victim. We will not say, that this is as it should be; but, the good of society seems to demand retribution, in most cases, where its wholesome laws have been violated.

Woman reigns, a peerless queen, in the moral realm. Her influence, and opportunities, in this sphere are truly, and sublimely grand. Truly cultured woman-hood is the hope of the moral world. To it may be ascribed the very highest order of moral worth. A good woman possesses a power which, when properly developed, renders her potent in her influence over man.

Young women must cultivate good morals, if they would exert a benign influence over their male associates. Their behavior must be becoming, their manners modest and agreeable, their conversation chaste and refined and their general deportment easy, graceful and dignified. There should be a fitness in all they say and do, if they would be truly good, and great in their moral lives. But, if their manners seek for premiums, simply in the shape of compliments; and their morals have an eye, only to social standing, their want of moral worth will soon be made manifest, and their moral influence will gradually wane to naught, if it does not sink below zero.

THE CHRISTIAN WOMAN.

"This is the grace that gives her greatest power over others."

(See page 107.)

Young men have erected a very high standard of morals for young ladies, in comparison with their own customs and habits. They will not recognize one of them as a lady, if she chances to use tobacco, swear or get drunk, much less will they countenance, or keep company with her, if her character is questionable. Young ladies, you ought to raise a standurd equally high for young men; and then cut short the acquaintance of all who can not measure up to your righteous standard. We have always heard that it was a poor rule, that will not work both ways. And the good, of both sexes, demands a reform along this line. The fact is this; young ladies, who smile with levity upon the looseness of the lawless, the licentious or the libertine, will themselves lower the dignity of their moral womanhood, and soon loose caste, and standing in society, even in the eyes, and estimation of the vulgar and the vile.

A consecrated, Christian woman is a spiritual queen. Women are, naturally, much more religiously inclined than men. Loveliness of spirit is the emblem, and instrument of a woman's gravest, and grandest conquests. This is the grace, that gives her the greatest power over others. She who possesses it, in the highest degree, carries in her bosom a charm that will change the mind of a murderer, bind in bonds, softer than velvet, the soul of a lover and enthrone her queen of the spiritual sphere in which she moves. Such a spirit throws a spell of enchantment over all kindred spirits, and softens the hardest hearts wherever its sacred influence is felt.

Woman is the more attractive, in the eyes of man, as her heart is cultured, and her soul brought under the

saving, and sanctifying influence of divine grace. And, so man is elevated, in woman's estimation, as his moral faculties are developed, and his spiritual powers consecrated to the service of his Saviour. And, the two mutually exert over each other a higher, and holier influence, as they advance in the divine life.

Young ladies, who are pure at heart and lovely in life, naturally wield a wonderful influence over their gentlemen associates. Consecrated, Christian wives, also, exert a benign influence over their wicked husbands. They restrain their evil tendencies, check their unholy desires and subdue their dominant passions. So, a sainted mother's influence may effect the life, and destiny of her sinful son. In fact, every womanly virtue, and grace has its sacred influence upon the world. And, the vaulted heavens will one day ring, with woman's praises, as they fall from the lips of those she has led to Christ, through the influence of her spiritual life.

A truly pious woman is, the brightest star that shines in a man's moral firmament. She is more—she is a sun in the spiritual heavens of all, who bask in the sunshine of her gracious influence, or walk in the sacred precincts of the sunlight of her spiritual life and love. A man may well turn to such a woman, as the perennial fountain of his purest, and sweetest earthly joys.

Every worthy Christian woman, with her heart-wealth and life-work, makes the world wiser and better. It is not enough, that such a woman should pity the poor. Her helping hand is trained to heed the pleadings of her pitying heart. It cheerfully administers to the needy, and destitute around her. It is as soft as silk to the fevered brow of the sick, upon whom it is lain in

love. Her words are ladened with comfort, for the despondent; and her heart full of hope, for the unfortunate of earth. She lets a sense of duty sink deep into her sincere soul, and runs her life through on that line, exerting at all times a salutary influence upon the lost souls, of men and women, with whom she is associated in this world. She lets her own hope rest, securely, upon the Rock of Ages. She proves as true to her Saviour, as the sun to his course in the heavens; and the world necessarily respects her person and honors her life. It awards her a place among the great, and the good of her sex, and she takes her stand, along by the side of the leading women of her day, beautiful, and lovely in her spiritual life and power.

Woman-hood's purest, and most potent powers, then, are the outgrowth of mental, moral and spiritual culture. A woman is a reigning queen, only, when the mind is clear, the heart pure and the soul sufficiently sanctified to lift it to a throne of light and love. Cultivation, that carries us away from our fellows in point of interest and affection, is neither refined nor genuine. True culture gives sympathy, and encouragement to every form, and function of a laborious life. And, a soft, silvery voice, giving orders to a servant, indicates a well-bred woman; while a meek, and modest spirit, and bearing toward all persons, point to a truly cultured, and refined lady.

The sexes are closely related. And, this relationship is broader, and deeper than we are likely, at first thought, to imagine. The masculine, and feminine elements are the two grand, primary, principles in human beings. These elements are absolutely essential to the existence of our race. They mutually electrify, elevate

and refine each other. Men, and women live for one another, rather than for themselves, or for those of their own sex. This was doubtless the design of the Creator, when he made them male and female. For, many of the most potent, and benign influences, brought to bear on human lives, grow out of this mysterious relationship of the sexes. Generous manhood naturally, and necessarily bows, with due deference, before female worth and consecrated woman-hood. And, instinctive woman-hood, just as naturally and necessarily, looks up with reverence, and devotion to the magnanimity, and manliness of noble manhood. This is true alike in civilized, and savage life. However, the influence increases, with the progress of civilization and Christian culture. The noblest of men, and the most noted women in the world, are most powerfully influenced by this sexual relationship. They recognize, most reverently, each others presence; and entertain the highest regard for each others well-being and happiness. At the same time, every thought, with reference to each other, is both pure and chaste. The matronly woman, who has drained the full cup of life's richest experiences, adores man, as the best image of his Maker to be found on earth. While the magnificent man, at whose feet the honors and trophies of the world have been placed, turns away from them all to worship at the sacred shrine of a worthy, wifely woman-hood.

The influence of the sexes over each other, then, is potent for good, in proportion to the degree of moral refinement, and spiritual culture which exists. Man's ideal woman-hood is found, neither in the fair saint, nor yet in the fancy sinner—not in the drudge, neither in

the toy—but in that cultured companionship which gives him a helpmate, who is his equal, in all the elements essential to their highest mutual enjoyment. In her, he finds all the wonted graces, and perfections which adorn the character, and honor the life of exalted woman-hood.

This accounts for the special influence which the sexes exert over each other. All young women ought to possess sufficient force of character, to enable them to exercise an influence over their male associates, strong enough to keep them from becoming lawless, reckless rowdies. So, every wife ought to wield an influence, over her husband, potent enough to redeem him from all the vices, and vulgarities into which he may have fallen. And, every mother ought to hold her sons so closely, and firmly to her maternal heart, that she might shield them, at all times, from the snares, and pit-falls which beset their pathways on the right and the left.

Young ladies should watch, with anxious solicitude, the progress of young gentlemen, in the respective vocations to which their lives are wedded, and upon which their fate, fame or fortune is suspended. A word wisely spoken, by one of them, is well calculated to animate the inactive, encourage the despondent heart, and lead to success, where failure would otherwise be inevitable. The hours which a young lady spends, in the society of a young man, should prove an inspiration to him. The influence she exerts should tend to elevate his morals and refine his manners. And the words she speaks, to him, should make him more active, and energetic in the laudable pursuits of life.

Every wise young woman will exert a wonderful in-

fluence over the young man, to whom she is betrothed for life. She will encourage him, in his intellectual pursuits, electrify his efforts to obtain wealth, second his endeavors to rise to worldly honors, throw the whole weight of her boundless influence upon his moral nature and, angel-like, through her humble petitions, at a throne of grace, enlist heaven in the interests of his immortal soul. Such a young lady is crowned with the royalty of true woman-hood; and she will never rest contented, until her lover wears the badge indicative of his loyalty to all the claims of noble manhood.

The wife, who understands thoroughly her husband's business, and is deeply interested in the same, is a constant inspiration, forcing him to act well his part on the stage of life. In fact, all women exert a powerful influence over some one. The influence of a servant-girl may be just as potential, in her sphere, as is that of a queen, in her more exalted, and enlarged circle of society. Women are weak creatures; but they wield an influence that is potent for good, or evil wherever they go. Their influence is absolutely wonderful. This influence wants to be clothed with executive authority, then, it will exert the resistless power of full grown woman-hood.

Woman-hood is on the up grade in this country. The ways of women are advancing, with the progress of the age. A lady must, now, have force of character, or she is, sadly, deficient in one of the most essential elements of modern woman-hood. The education of women is rapidly improving; and they are fast entering new fields of labor. Our best colleges, and universities are opening their doors to them; and all the learned professions

are inviting them to enter, and compete with their brothers for the honors, and emoluments of life, which they offer to the successful of both sexes. These changes are, constantly, calling for the culture of new forces in the female character. Women are wisely, and rapidly entering the arena of literary life. Hence, their latent energies find ample scope for activity and enlargement. In the broad realm of education, woman has already left the secret imprint of her head, and the sacred impress of her heart.

Every young lady should determine to do something, for the advancement, and elevation of her sex. She should, at least, resolve to possess the rarest virtues, and richest graces of true, and exalted woman-hood. It is not enough, that the young women of any generation be what their mothers were. They must be more than their equals. The spirit, of each successive age, demands of woman a higher order of character and life—a more vigorous, virtuous and valiant woman-hood. The princely car of progress, bearing woman to a higher life and a holier destiny, rolls grandly on, with many a sweep, and curve toward the terminus of time.

To young woman-hood, the future is ever radiant and fair. The rain-bow of hope hangs, visibly, upon the brow of all life's gathering storms. But, she, too often, finds life, like a lovely lane through which we hasten, hoping to reach fairer scenes beyond, only to pass out, at length, into a bleak and barren waste. To woman, the voyage of life is most uncertain. Reverses in fortune, or deprivation, by death, may leave her, at any time, to the mercies of a heartless world. She ought to be prepared for any, and every emergency of life.

She should have something to which she might turn her hands, successfully, at any time, for a livelihood, if it becomes necessary.

Health is of paramount importance to woman-hood. All the active duties of life are dependent upon physical strength, for their performance. There is but one way, for a woman to use the force of a faultless character, to the best possible advantage; and that is through the medium of a well developed physical body. There are just five avenues through which the enemy may enter, and capture the citadel of life. These are the brain, bowels, heart, lungs and urinary organs. If any of these parts are weak, or diseased, give them special attention, and you may prevent premature death. Wisely used, the world will use women well. It will make them healthy, happy and useful. It will lead them where angels keep watch, and ward over them in every good word, and work in which they engage.

Dress is a reforming, and refining agent, when not carried to excess. It adds much to the beauty, and attractiveness of women, when worn in modesty. They owe it to themselves, and their friends to dress neatly and nicely. And, if able to afford it, it is proper, and right that they should dress handsomely, or even elegantly, if they choose to do so. The Creator is a lover of dress. The beautiful robes, with which he has adorned nature, attest this fact. Every flower has its rich, and varied hues; every fowl of the air, has its lovely shade of coloring, and every star, in the heavens above us, is veiled in the brilliancy of unfading glory. In fact, all nature is mantled in matchless beauty, and crowned with radiant glories.

But, women should dress becomingly, and comfortably, so as not to injure the body, corrupt the morals, or degrade society. Ladies, if you have any concern about your health, and happiness in the years to come, do not suffer the damp winter winds to bathe your bare arms, kiss, wantonly, your naked necks, or visit, rudely, snow white bosoms, veiled only in gossamer gauze. Do not wear heavy weights around your slender waists, if you would be free from weak backs, and wakeful nights in after-life. Young ladies, keep your feet warm and dry, the head well protected from the damp dews of night and the entire body comfortably clad, on all occasions, and you may be healthy, and happy for years to come. If women would always dress thus, the bloom of youthful beauty would linger, lovingly, upon their fair brows, and the roses of health remain, long, upon their blushing cheeks.

Women want to learn, that dame fashion, with all her gleam and glitter, is no crown of glory ; but the queen of folly, who numbers her subjects by the millions. The votaries, at her shameful shrine, are from both sexes ; and their numbers are legions. There is but little, if any real pleasure for her deceived devotees. Her victims may be seen, among the suicides, on every hand. Remove the false mantle which has fallen, like a glittering, gorgeous canopy, over the fashionable world, and you will find aching voids in the bleeding hearts of the millions of crushed, and criminal sons, and daughters of old dame fashion.

All women want to be happy. It is the one prevalent desire of the female heart, in which all other desires center. It is, with too many persons, regardless of sex,

the sum, and substance of life. They seek for it, as for fine gold. But, as a rule, when happiness comes, at all, it comes unsought. The most favorable circumstances, and the most faultless lives do not, always, bring this coveted prize. Its existence does not depend so much, upon our environments, as we are likely to imagine. Women, in the humbler walks of life, often possess richer minds, exhibit sweeter spirits and manifest much more magnanimity of soul, than do some who revel, the year round, in the luxuries of wealth and the most magnificent surroundings. Women simply want to make the best possible use of life's opportunities, in order to be holiest here, and happiest hereafter. They want to make happiness a secondary consideration, through this life, that they may be infinitely happy, in the life to come. They want to cultivate a cheerful, buoyant, hopeful spirit at all times: for, the most morbid and moody minds are, under all circumstances, unfitted for earthly enjoyment; much less are they prepared for heavenly happiness. Such people drown present pleasures, in the sad memories of past miseries, or the dread anticipations of future misfortunes.

And yet, happiness is not all reserved for heaven. Our hands, and heads are full of means calculated to compass the end; and our hearts, and homes ought to glow with joy, and gladness here on earth. The true philosophy of life is found, in the faithful discharge of every known duty; and happiness follows, as a legitimate result. To forget present duties, in future and far-off visions, is to forfeit enjoyment already at hand, for anticipated happiness, which may never be reached.

Enjoyment will not always make its appearance, in

the way we wish it to come. Our plans, and purposes must often be defeated; and our hopes, and harvests occasionally blighted and blasted, before we can be completely happy. The legitimate labors of life, alone, will bring unalloyed happiness. And, those, who are not willing to pay the price, need not hope to win the prize. We may all be happy, if we will only buckle on the whole armor of life, and let no misfortune weigh us down to the earth. The happiest hours, of womanhood-life, are its holiest hours. The days which bring most light, and sunshine, to a woman's soul, are her busiest, and best days on earth. The swift-winged years, which fill our own lives fullest of joy and gladness, are those in which we shed most light upon the pathways of our fellow pilgrims, as they cross, with us, the desert wastes of time.

The truly happy woman has a warm, and welcoming heart, that lights her fair face with sunshine, amid the darkest scenes, and softens her helping hands to tenderness, in the most trying ordeals of life. She always has a pure, serene spirit; chaste in thought, calm in conduct and submissive in manners. She has a heart that melts at others' woes: and a soul that rejoices in the joy of others.

Human life is always in motion. Its movements should ever be in harmony with the surrounding scenes, which are calculated to drive back the drifting clouds of gloom, and light up the soul with the radiant glories of the noon-day sun.

But, some people are never happy. In fact, they are very unhappy, because they multiply a few molehill troubles into myriads, then magnify the same, into

mountains; and sit down in their dark shadows, to weep, and wail over the woes of their own melancholy imaginations. Do not allow yourselves to look on the gloomy side of life. If the sun is down, then look at the moon and stars. If the earth is dark turn your eyes toward heaven. Others are unhappy, because they are unhealthy. Sorrow reaches the soul, through the afflictions of the body. And, the chidings, and fears of the spirit, like the chills, and fever of the body, shake, and shatter our vital powers to their very center. Health, and happiness, as a rule, go hand in hand. A woman must be hale, and hearty, if she would be cheerful and happy.

Happiness, when sought for its own sake, is a coy bird, always near, but ever eluding your anxious grasp. Follow it up; and, like the rainbow it recedes as you advance. Attempt to lay your hand hastily upon it; and it bounds away, like the wild gazelle of the mountain. You can never capture it. You need not expect to enjoy its blessings, save in the discharge of life's arduous duties. The only way to obtain happiness is, to seek for holiness. They are twin sisters, and as inseparable as the three graces, faith, hope and charity. Then, live a holy life, and you will be supremely happy; if not in this world, then in the world to come.

All women ought to be industrious. Laziness leads to ignorance and effeminacy, neither of which can make a woman more womanly; or, in any way, add to her real worth, or elevate her ladyship. The active domestic duties of life, faithfully discharged by a young woman, do not render her unlady-like, in the estimation of sensible people; but they rather add grace, and

dignity to her nobility of character. Every young lady should acquire a perfect knowledge of all domestic duties. They should be able to order, or cook a good meal, at any time, without stopping to consult their cook-books or annoy their neighbors. But, too many young ladies are leading lazy, listless, lounging lives. Such idle, indolent creatures can never develop into a virtuous, fruitful, and generous woman-hood. Work, in a great measure, makes the woman. The fearless women, who have dared to do, with their might, what their hands found to do, have been the strong, brave and honored women, whom the world has recognized among its greatest benefactors.

Work is the primary element in woman's success : it is the grand, molding influence of her life. There are many means which she may use, as secondary elements to right living ; but constant employment, in some suitable avocation or profession, is, preëminently, the primary essential to permanent prosperity, and happiness for woman. Her fairest virtues bloom, and blossom only in the cultured garden of ceaseless activities. Her choice fruitage grows, only upon the bended boughs of ardent industry. Her richest, and rarest treasures are to be found, only in the hands of life-long laborers. Women should not be slaves. Toil demands too much of a woman's time. Hardships burden her heart too heavily. But, legitimate labor lengthens her days, and crowns her life with glory and honor.

A woman, with nothing to do, is simply the shadow of what she ought to be. She is doffing her nobility of character, day by day ; her strength of mind is constantly growing weaker, and she will soon be a helpless

imbecile, with her hopes all hanging upon the charities of others, or lying forever blasted, at the shrine of passion's controlling power. Such women, too often, allow the world to steal away their heedless, and hollow hearts. Young woman-hood wants strength of wing, and power of endurance to enable her to bear life's long, and lofty flight. And, intellectual, and manual labor are absolutely essential to the acquisition of this power.

Woman's work is both arduous and unending. She can always find something else to do. There are a thousand and one things which draw upon her time and energies, that are never taken into consideration by the majority of men. Hence, the general impression, among them, that women have a comparativety easy time housekeeping. Let the man, who thinks his busy housewife's work light, and of little importance any way, just change places with her for a few days, or even share, daily for a time, the many burdens she bears, and he will soon sing a softer song, that will soothe, rather than sadden her aching heart. The industrious housekeeper eats but little idle bread. We have just returned from the garden with a mess of peas picked with our own fingers, made up the bed and straightened up the room, with our own hands, and we are ready to testify to the fact, that woman's work is no child's play, to say the least of it. But industry, upon the part of woman-hood, is one of the safeguards to virtue, with all its kindred graces; while idleness is an open door to vice, with its long line of vulgarities. The spindle, and the distaff have shielded many a fair maiden, from the fatal snares of the tempter.

Every woman should have some means of self-support. This would give them more independence. Such women would not feel forced to accept the first offer of marriage, for fear the second chance would never come. The best way for a woman to be of real service to the world, when denied the privilege of being an honored wife and loving mother, is to devote herself to some useful calling or profession, which promises a support for herself, and a surplus for those who may be dependent upon her. With her hands, her head, or her heart, she ought to be prepared for any, and every emergency of life. But, so far, woman has been denied the privilege of entering many fields of activity, and usefulness for which she is eminently qualified, by her natural endowments. There are over two million wage-working women in this country, who support themselves; and some of them, their husbands and children, with their own hands. Many of them might make a living much easier as clerks, book-keepers or school teachers, if they had only prepared themselves for these positions.

Women were made to love, and be loved. The strength of a woman's affection is naturally very great. She often loves with an irresistible force or impulse. Her entire being is involved in her affections. Her love should be as the love of an angel. Her bosom should beat, only, in response to worth of character, beauty of soul and excellence of life. She should not waste her affections on worthless objects. She should not allow herself to love the impure, or immoral of either sex. She may pity the corrupt, pardon the offender and sympathize with the unrighteous. She may also

admire elegant dress, charming manners and personal beauty. But, a true woman's love is too precious to be wasted on anything short of its legitimate object—wealth of mind, and worth of morals. Such a woman will not flirt, but deal fairly with her lover. She will manifest a candor that will win his confidence, and an integrity that will never betray his trust.

Woman wants a cultured heart. Her wealth is treasured there. Her secret power lies hidden there. Only let her heart bloom, and blossom as the rose, even in the bleakness of winter, and she will prove to be a beautiful oasis, in the dreary desert of life. And, just as she cheers, and comforts other hearts, will she win the admiration of those around her, and wield her matchless influence over the lives of the worldly and wicked. A woman, without love in her heart, is like a world without a sun; or, rather, like a night as dark as a myriad of nights in one. Love is life's ruling element. Without it, faith is wanting, hope is aimless and man is miserable. Love is humanity's sun, bright and beautiful in the morning; warm, but welcome at the noon-tide, and soft, and soothing in the evening of life's long, and yet lengthening day. Love blends young hearts in blissful unity; cements the same in middle age, and seals them one forever, as they near the peaceful shores of eternity.

Woman-hood, destitute of love, as a religious principle, is necessarily imperfect. The sentiment of love may be well developed; and love, as a passion, may reign supreme; but without the sacred influence of divine love, in the heart, and over the life of a woman, there will be but little sunshine, and many shadows across her checkered pathway through this wicked world.

Young woman, be a sister to your brothers. Let them feel the full force of a sister's life. Be a social sister, and they will seek, rather than shun your society. Be their guardian angel, and they will always honor your presence. Be a loving companion, and they will give you their confidence, and love in return. Mutual good, as well as mutual pleasure, must be the result of such sisterly interest. If your brother chances to be younger than yourself, then prove to be his tenderest, and most sympathetic friend; and he will readily accept you, as one of his wisest, and most worthy counsellors. Do not hesitate to take him into the very best circles of society; and then see that he forms the most desirable acquaintances. Cultivate, in this way, his manners, if you would not, in after years, deplore his morals, and mourn over his follies and misfortunes. But, best of all, young men believe that the best sisters make the best wives. And they are exactly right.

An affectionate sister's charms, over a dovoted brother's life, are both subtile and sublime. Then, sister, shield your brother from the sinful of your own sex, with the sweetest, purest example of woman-hood-life. Let him find, in you, the grace you would have him seek in another. Let your life so elevate his ideal of exalted woman-hood, that he will select a perfect queen for his wife.

Women ought to exercise a great deal of common sense in all the ways, and walks of life. More of this valuable article would, wonderfully, improve the conduct of many of them, regulate their tempers, and keep them within the limits of prudence and propriety. Common sense gives a woman self-control. Every young lady,

in the land, should mount this throne, and reign a queen over her own passions and powers, if she ever hopes to reign successfully over the heart, and home of another. The struggle for self-control may be severe; but, if so, the victory will only be the greater and the grander: and the chief glory of woman-hood can never be yours without this victory. The true mission, of the young woman, is a high and holy one; and she should not spend her precious moments in the idle frivolities of the day. She should make her life radiant with every social virtue, and beautiful with those simple adornments, with which nature is so prolific.

Women ought to move, through the world, like a band of music, making melody for all they meet on the highway of life. They should move with as little friction as possible. Heated bearings are hard on the minds, and hearts of women. They soon wear away a woman's feeble energies; and a break-down is the reasonable result. The wheels of life must be kept cool, if we would run, on heaven's schedule, over the track of time. Women should move, like golden lamps on the silvery sea of space, if they would have their lives shine like morning stars and melt the hearts of others, like songs sung by sainted seraphs. Worth, and wisdom are two golden wings, upon which such a woman may sail successfully over the sunny, or sombre sea of life. If sorrow beclouds her pathway, out of the darkness will come jewels to crown her brow, beacons to guide her feet and stars to light up her pathway to the better world. The gathering clouds will often roll back, before the sunshine of her presence, and the shadows flee away, chased by her animating smiles. Her

courtesy is a coin, current in all countries. It is more valuable than much fine gold. It is the circulating medium, among friends and strangers, in every land on the globe.

Virtue is a woman's crowning grace. It is her chief ornament. A virtuous woman is the guardian genius of unprotected manhood. The victims of vice are always wanting, either in the quantity, or quality of their virtues. There is a loose, lazy sort of virtue which courts vice, and then too readily yields to its vile seductions. And, when such an unfortunate one falls, she is too often shunned by her sisters as a viper, while they receive her vile seducer, into their society, and laud, and lionize the heartless libertine, who would just as willingly rob them of their virtue. But, there is a virtue which always commands respect—a virtue that readily subdues, and conquers vice. It is the virtue of a pure, generous, devoted, spiritual woman-hood. Such virtue will vanish the enemies' every overture; and strengthen its walls of defense, in every victory.

The wisest, and best women in the world want to marry. It is right that they should have such desires. God intended that they should become wives, and mothers of their own choice. But, they know that marriage is one of the most important steps a woman ever takes. Hence, they are very careful in selecting companions for life. They are sure the spring of ardent affection has been touched, by the finger of a congenial, loving spirit, before they consent to enter the alliances of matrimony. This is indeed the manifestation of wisdom, upon the part of any woman.

Young lady, when you find a man, whose life's de-

meanor fills your ideal of manhood, and whose soul responds to the yearnings of your own true love, you have found a man who will make you a good, kind husband. Your characters will blend in perfect harmony: your lives will mingle together, like two streams of running water, and flow on with a common purpose, toward a similar destiny. Such a union is replete with the richest, ripest joys the earth can yield.

The marriage day throws its sunshine, or shadows far down the pathway of a blessed, or blighted life. Wedding bells, too often, ring out the funeral dirges of happiness, rather than the merry peals of consummated love. United hearts should always beat in perfect harmony. For, where the music is discordant, love will never rule the wedded life. There must be harmony, if there is happiness, in this sacred relation. The married life ought to be the purest, and happiest of all lives. The married relation is the nearest, and should be held as the dearest relation we sustain to each other on earth. Its debts are the most binding, and its duties the most sacred pertaining, solely, to this life. The two lives should sweetly blend together, in a love in which they would both be lost in one.

The wise wife has no secret to conceal, from her husband. She always admits him to her fullest confidence. Neither will she ever betray the confidence he reposes in her, or whisper to others the little wrongs of which he may be guilty.

The newly married couple stand in the vestibule of real life, anticipating, it may be, the joys of the near future. Marriage will take them, by the hand, and lead them into life's great temple of active duties, where the

lavishings of love will soon be followed, by the discipline of distress and the experience of self-denial. In this relation the two stand, face to face or side by side, in the great battles of life. Their passions, and their powers come in daily contact. Their inclinations, and aspirations lie side by side; or else, they cross each other, in the struggles of life. Their propensities, and prerogatives press against each other, to please or plague, to cheer or chide, to help or hinder in the race of life. Their tastes, and tendencies will either blend in concord, or rankle in discord. Their union will either be congenial, and a happy one; or it will prove an unnatural, and a disagreeable one.

If a young woman wants stability, and force of character, a man might as well trust the winds, bestow his affections upon the vanishing rain-bow, or wed the swiftly flying clouds, as to hope for happiness at her hands. While, on the other hand, many of the fairest, and purest blossoms of woman-hood have withered, and wasted their sweetness, on the desert air, simply for want of a true hand to pluck, and a faithful heart to praise them through life.

In selecting companions for life, human heads should always wait the propelling power of loving hearts. Then, there would be fewer divorce suits in our courts. The heart, as well as the head, must be consulted, if the union be a desirable, and happy one. Let love lift her silver voice, and manifest her sweetest spirit, in every department of married life, and that life will be blessed, and blissful beyond its own power of expression. The duties, and obligations, growing out of this sacred relationship, should be carefully studied and faithfully

discharged, by all who would share its richest rewards, and enjoy its choicest blessings.

A woman is seldom happier, and never lovelier, than when decked in her bridal robes. She is then the center of attraction, to the young and the old, to friends and strangers. She is the gayest of the gay, and the happiest of the happy. Her life, at length, is crowned with love's gilded bow of promise. Her snow-white brow is wreathed, with the garlands of fairest beauty. And her happy heart beats high, with hope, as she anticipates the rapturous joys of coming years. None are happier now, or more hopeful as to the future of life than she, save it be the fortunate bridegroom, who knows that he has gotten the best end of the bargain. But, why not be happy and hopeful! She is indeed a being of beauty, and of promise. Her sweet spirited face, in its wonted innocence, her dark brown eyes, with their silken lashes, her rose-bud lips, and teeth of pearl crown her the queen of beauty. Her form, and features are all those of a buoyant, beautiful bride, upon whose soft, and gentle brow sits a coronet of love.

Women ought to read a great deal. They can not afford to do otherwise. The young lady, who leaves school, with a fixed purpose to devote her time, and talents to the further development of her mental, and moral faculties, will gradually gain strength, and force of character, by reading good books, until she will finally take her place, among the truly learned, useful and honored women of her age.

Young ladies, read much; but do not read solely for pastime. Read rather for profit—for information. Read history, science, medicine, law and theology, if you

would feed the mind and soul, and develop a pure, exalted woman-hood. But, in all your reading, do not neglect the Bible. For, of all the good books, it is the best adapted to the culture of both the head, and the heart of woman-hood. And, there is nothing deeper, broader, fuller or more comprehensive than the glorious Gospel of Christ, in which there is such infinite power to strengthen, and sustain nobility of character and purity of life. Shun novels, as you would the dark shadows of the deadly upas tree. They are but the advance guards of an invading army, which will kill out every generous emotion, and womanly instinct of the soul.

That reading is worse than worthless, which does not teach one to think, establish opinion, deepen sentiment, form character and give direction to the general current of life. Then, young ladies, do not give the golden moments of your young lives to the silly, senseless novels of the day: but rather aspire to something nobler and grander; and store your minds with the great lessons of life, which are absolutely essential to the existence of true, noble and generous woman-hood. The day is coming, and may not be far distant, when women will be no less proud of having never read a useless novel, than some men are, to-day, of the fact, that they were never under the influence of intoxicating liquors. God speed the dawning of this desirable day! A woman's life should not be a tragedy; neither should it be a farce; but a grand and glorious reality. The books you read will give course, and current to the thoughts, and purposes of life. The fewest of novels are pure and good; while most of them are positively

pernicious, and demoralizing in their tendencies. The indiscriminate novel reader is, or soon will be, a nerveless, nonsensical nuisance, fit neither for the position of wife nor mother.

Women should learn to converse well. She, who cultivates her conversational powers, will be a leader in society circles. For, in all the broad realm of social culture, there is nothing that will yield a richer reward, for the amount of capital invested. Cultured, oral discourse is freighted with the most exquisite pleasure; and its entertainments are far superior to any enchantments, brought about through the devices of art. The accomplished conversationalist bears a passport to the best society, wherever she chances to go. But, the oracles of the lips must instruct, as well as amuse, if they prove beneficial, and give us a hold upon the hearts of our hearers.

The gift of gab, or a game at gossip, is not cultured conversation. Conversation, properly so called, is a special blessing, to those women who cultivate it; for it is theirs to teach the talkers of the world how to talk; and then, they enjoy it supremely themselves any way. Improved conversational powers widen a woman's field of influence, and lengthen her lease on life. Words are the invented vehicles of thought; and thought is often delicately tinged, in its shadings, or beautifully tinted, in its colorings, so that a sound judgment, and a clear perception are absolutely essential to the successful selection of suitable words to convey fully, and forcibly certain important ideas. Oral utterance, destitute of clear cut ideas, is shorn of its wonted strength; and rendered comparatively powerless, though

it be brim full of music, and sparkling with scintillations of light. Ladies, be earnest, and sincere in your conversations, and you will be effectual talkers. Express yourselves with ease and elegance; and you will be listened to with interest and admiration. Avoid, scrupulously, the use of slang words and phrases; and it will give an air of refinement to your conversations, which will elevate you, in the estimation of all your hearers. Do not confine yourself, too much, to your own calling, or occupation, lest it should become monotonous to your auditors. People will not long tolerate a monopolist, in the social circle; so, be sure to give others an opportunity to talk a little, while you talk much.

Vanity, egotism or selfishness will spoil a woman's conversation more than a want of talent, or deficiency of utterance. They render her tedious and wearisome, even to her best friends, and unendurable to all others; and, hence, such a conversationalist is usually left alone, as soon as courtesy will permit, to be avoided as much as possible in the future.

Every woman should be well educated. A woman's education is the polishing of a rough diamond; or the purifying of fine gold. The mind, of a truly educated female, is a treasury of priceless gems. Her heart is a flower-garden, with many roses of love in full bloom. And, her soul is a richly freighted cargo of Christian graces. Woman only wants this trio of powers, properly cultured, and she is an angel of light, love and life on the earth.

There is a broad field for the women of the future, who wish to enter the literary world, if they will only prepare themselves for their work. There is no reason

why they might not take the lead, ere long, in letters For woman's intellect is strong and vigorous; her perceptive powers quick and penetrating, and her genius lofty and daring. There is a wide difference, it is true, between the male, and female minds; but, this difference is found in the nature, texture and quality, and not in the faculties themselves; nor yet, in their several relations to each other.

The average strength of every mind is the sum total of power found in its several faculties. The intellectual faculty, as a rule, owing to a more extensive cultivation, is much stronger in man, than it is in woman. But, the same may just as truthfully be affirmed, of woman's superiority over man, when reference is had to the moral faculty. In fact, we also find woman far in advance of man, if we refer to the social, and religious faculties of the mind. Then, when we sum up the whole matter, we find woman's mind, as a rule, stronger, and much more reliable than man's. Hence, a woman's judgment is not only more intuitive, but also more comprehensive than a man's, other things being equal. She summons, to her assistance, a sanctified conscience; so that, when facts are stated, she at once receives her impressions, of right and wrong, and readily reaches her fair, and final conclusions; while he, too often, leaves conscience, in the background, and relies, solely, upon a long course of logical reasoning for his uncertain conclusions, which may, or may not be the legitimate offsprings of false premises.

A sound judgment, a symmetrical character and a sanctified life are, all, dependent upon the proper culture of each, and every faculty of the mind; so that, no one

of them will hold a balance of power. In this respect, woman is man's peer. She has erected many monuments, to her genius along this line, which will stand the test of ages. Her mind has mastered, readily, the most abstruse sciences, led to victory the most valiant armies and governed, successfully, the mightiest nations of the earth. Woman has, also, shown a clearness of foresight, a quickness of perception and a solidity of judgment, which makes her opinion, among business men, a matter of gravest importance. A wife's intuitive acumen, to many husbands, is the utterances of an oracle. They will never disregard the advice of their wives, when great interests are at stake. The fact is this, a woman's plans are usually practicable. The first-class woman has a well balanced judgment, a rich store of common sense, an ample fund of ready tact and a large capacity for successful management.

Woman, then, is not a worthless being. She speaks, and angels lend listening ears to her soft accents, of love and mercy. She wields her magic pen, and the world hangs enraptured, with the music of her song. She acts the part of a loving sister, and the most grateful benedictions rise from the couch, of the sick, and suffering of earth; and heaven comes down, to crown her the honored queen of charity's lovely empire.

But, above all, women should be religious. While you are making preparations for time, you should not neglect the more important preparations for eternity. While you lay up, so much, for this life, be sure and treasure up something for the life to come. When you start for heaven, do not look back, with a longing heart; neither linger, nor loiter by the way. Religion

is not merely renunciation—it is much more. It is not simply negative; but also positive good. The Gospel, in its purity and power, tenders life for a look, to the lost of earth. And faith's first view, of the Son, saves the soul, and seals it God's for time and for eternity. "He that believeth hath eternal life." Ascending faith finds its counterpart, in descending life.

The essential thing, in the religious life, is to be sure and safe. We can not be too certain of our acceptance with God. It is better that we live in doubt, when there is no danger, if such a thing be possible; than that, we die in despair, self-condemned and self-doomed. An experimental knowledge of its acceptance, with Christ, is the only safe landing for the soul, that is, at sea, sailing upon the troubled waters of life. We want a personal acquaintance—an experimental knowledge of Jesus, "whom to know aright is life eternal." Reader, do you know Christ, personally, in the pardon of your sins? or, are your hopes of heaven all to prove visionary, and your dreams of happiness to vanish forever, as the mists of the morning?

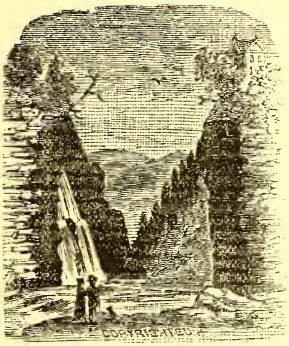
Feeling, as well as faith, is an important factor in our religious life. It is well that we should be both hopeful, and happy in our services of love. For otherwise, we lay on our own hearts, the heaviest burdens of life. We weigh ourselves down, and wear ourselves out worrying over ills we can not cure, or evils which will never overtake us. The load on such a shoulder is light in comparison with the burden on the heart. The mission of the Gospel is, not so much to lighten the loads of life for the mind and body, as to lift the weights of sin, and grief from our aching hearts and burdened souls.

Religion comes with rest for the inner, rather than for the outer man. It brings peace to the heart, rather than pastime to the hand. It tenders rest from worry, but not from work. It bids us rest in God's ways, and work out his will, that we may be happy here, and get home to heaven hereafter.

MANHOOD.

Chapter VI.

The manly man, of moral worth,
Stands peerless among the powers of earth.



MANHOOD is life, in its meridian glory. It is life, in the zenith of its power. It is life, crossing the vernal equinox of time. Manhood is life, in its most active, and energetic works. It is life, fully launched upon its mysterious voyage across the uncertain sea of time. It is life, with sails spread, pennants hoisted and vessel well manned, moving out grandly over the ocean of time, toward the eternal shores.

Human life is a stern reality, embodying much more of fact than fiction. It is not merely an earthly existence. It is a golden thread, running through the warp of time and eternity. Life, in its unregenerate state, is beset by dangers on every hand. Evil haunts its pathway through time; doubt shrouds its swiftly flowing days in darkness, and an uncertain destiny stands

sentinel, at the end of its race. But, the Christian life, like a book of fiction over which we laugh and cry, rejoice and remonstrate, grows more, and more mysterious, as it nears its finis; but finally winds up, just as we would wish it to close. God's ways are wonderful, and his works past finding out. He measures manhood by its merits; and rewards it accordingly: so, none of the real gains of life will be lost in death. Life's progress for time and eternity, then, is in proportion to our meek, and manly efforts to live right, while in the flesh.

Man's earthly life is a dangerous voyage. The sea he navigates is strewn, from shore to shore, with shipwrecked souls. No man knows just what the future has in store for him. Unexpected dangers may lie at the very door-way of the next dawning day; while anticipated troubles may recede, like the deceptive mirage of the desert; so that, we will not overtake them, through all the long journey of life. Time bears us on, like a swiftly flowing stream, toward the great ocean of eternity. The silver, or sombre sea, over which we sail, is both deep and wide; but wisdom will win, for us, a successful voyage. Only launch your vessel, wisely, with Jesus as her Pilot; then, give her wings to the winds, and let her sail in triumph for the heavenly harbor.

Life is a battle. Foes beset us, on every side. We must wage a continual warfare, against the powers of evil; if we would win life's grandest victory. Evil passions must be controlled. Evil habits must be subdued. Evil principles must be overthrown; and life, itself, consecrated to the highest, and holiest aims and ends, if we are ever crowned immortal victors, and

welcomed, conquerors from the conflicts of earth, to the courts of heaven.

We stood, one day, upon the brow of Lookout Mountain. The vision was magnificent, beyond description. The queen city, of the South, lay in fair view to the North. The smoke from her hundred furnaces, and factories rose in graceful wreaths skyward. The lofty steeples, of her many magnificent churches, pointed their glittering spires heavenward. Her golden glories glittered, in the bright sunlight of a lovely day. The Tennessee River, in her horse-shoe bend, rolled grandly by, on her swiftly sweeping journey to the ocean of waters.

> On this historic mount, one day,
> The boys, in blue, met the boys, in gray,
> And fought, amid vollies long and loud,
> The famous "battle above the clouds."

This is a fit emblem of life's best fought battles. They are fought most successfully above the clouds of sin; and beyond the shadows of doubt—far up the spiritual mount, whose brow is ever crowned with the golden light of the Sun of Righteousness, where the soldiers of the cross can look out, without an intervening cloud, upon the fair prospect of the future, and read their titles clear to mansions in the skies.

The true Christian man has the heart, of a moral hero. This is the fountain, whence flows his real nobility of character, and worth of soul. A heroic heart is a host, in fighting life's bloodless battles. There is no victory, but sure and sore defeat, for the moral cowards of earth. Only let the Christian warrior wield the word

of God, as the weapon of his warfare through life, and heaven shall be his home, when he passes beyond the chilly river of death.

The earth is full of unfinished battles. Many true principles lie prostrate in the dust, to-day, which will assert their power, and shine with their wonted glory to-morrow. Life is a ceaseless warfare. The din of carnal, and the clash of spiritual arms are to be heard, in every soul struggling for victory over self and sin. Terrible conflicts are being waged, within and without. Armies of virtues are being swept from the stage of action, by the death-dealing siroccos of vice. And, in their turn, the minions of vice are falling, before the victorious armies of virtue and truth. The battle of ballots is, often, more important, than the battle of bullets. It takes moral heroes to gain a glorious victory, over the concentrated powers of evil, at the polls.

This wicked world is a great battle-field, of warring interests. Hopeless defeats, and triumphant victories are the events of the ages. Every inch, of vantage ground, is hotly contested. But, still the world is, constantly, growing better. It is making some long, and many rapid strides toward the dawn of its brightest day. In this age of periodicals, the wickedness of the world is laid bare to our inspection: it is even paraded before our eyes. And, this is doubtless the reason some people conclude, that it is growing worse, all the time; and lose sight of the good things of the present, in looking to the receding past, for its golden age. Such persons are blind to the fact, that this happy period lies, somewhere, in the heaving bosom of the hopeful future.

Young man, to-day finds you just entering upon the

threshold of active life. Real life, or life in earnest, lies just before you. But, the volume of the future is sealed to your eyes. On its massive lids, you may imagine you see the pretty pictures of fancy, fame or fortune. From its gilt edges may gleam the golden dreams of your fondest hopes. But, all in vain you will strive to loosen its silver clasp, and read its unknown contents. Time, alone, can reveal its many mysteries, and interpret, or translate its prolific pages. And, none but God can reverse its sentences of life and death.

The vivid imagination, of young manhood, naturally paints the most charming pictures, upon the lovely canvas of the fair future. Life, to all such sons of pleasure, is too apt to seem but a pleasant pathway, under sunny skies, amid silvan shades and through the most enchanting scenery. But, in order to a promising future, young men must manifest certain essential elements of character. They must be intelligent, to command esteem. They must possess integrity, to win public confidence. They must be industrious, to accumulate wealth. They must practice economy, to save their income. They must display energy, to surmount obstacles. They must give evidence of efficiency, to prove themselves equal to their opportunities. With these characteristics, they can not be inferior men: neither can their lives be failures. As sure as effect follows its legitimate cause, so sure will such a character bring, to its bearer, a bright, and glorious future. Such men must win a commanding influence; and rise to social superiority, among their fellows. A man must be rated by his relative character; for without character, his manship is gone. He is a savage, without sympathy—a man, without moral man-

hood enough to raise him above the low level of the animal creation. With such a person, policy is more potent than principle. Young men, do right, though it subjects you to social ostracism, and exposes you to the anathemas of your former comrades. A good character is a thing of special promise. It is a tree covered with the fairest foliage, and freighted with the richest fruitage.

Life's moments are fleeting. They come, and go like the fast falling snow-flakes, which melt ere they light upon the earth. Young men, these golden opportunities ought to be well improved, as they pass. There is entirely too much drift-wood, on the ever rushing tide of time. Much refuse, and waste material is borne down, by the ever surging stream of time, from regions remote to realms unknown. Every man's life consists of two parts—the past, a dream—the future, a hope. And every life has its mile-stones, which mark into epochs of special interest, to the individual, the pilgrimage from the cradle to the grave. Manhood's years roll, rapidly, on toward the bourn, from whence no traveler ever returns. This is the most fleeting period of our earthly existence. Then, do not live, as though you had a long lease on life; but, as if every day might be your last on earth.

Life, like the leaves of the forest, has its time for fading. But, only let it wear the glory of autumnal grace, in its waning hours, and there will be no occasion for regrets. We should rather rejoice, when the setting sun throws back his beams of beauty on a life crowned with glory and honor, at its close. The hopes of a harvest have been realized; and there should not be a murmur. A home in heaven has been gained; and there should

be no lamentations. There are just three wicks in the lamp of life—breath, blood and brain. Mash the head, stop the heart or close the lungs, and every wick is darkened; and the lamp of life has lost its last ray of light. But, it is the province of grace, if we will but use it, to whiten us for the harvest, ere Providence thrusts in the sickle, to reap us down in death.

Life is a volume full of lessons, well worth our perusal. But, it requires much time, and more talent to solve, successfully, some of its most difficult problems. This book records many failures, which might bring fortunes, but for the forgotten fact, that some other vessel was wrecked upon the same treacherous strand. Experience is a most excellent instructor. The garnered experience, of ages, constitutes the sum of human wisdom. But, the fool fails to learn even in this school. The wise man profits by the failures of his fellows; and avoids the repetition of his own follies. The book of eternity will doubtless reveal the fact, that myriads of souls have been lost, because they closed their eyes to the light of life, held up to them in the experience of others, who went down to death, along the same line over which they traveled.

Life is freighted with lessons of love. We need only look, listen and learn. Every thought leaves its imprint, on the mind. Every emotion modifies the spirit. Every evil passion paralyzes the soul. The world beats its grand, onward and upward march all around us; and we should seek to learn every lesson it leaves on record, for fallen humanity. They will teach us to make the best possible use of our leisure moments, which are gems of gold, when properly garnered. They will stock our

storehouse of knowledge, with articles of inestimable value. They will teach us to think for ourselves. Thought is necessary, to the successful solution of the profound problems of life, in every age of the world's history. Thinkers are always in demand. Thought is the power behind the throne.

Life carries, with it, the most sacred obligations. All men are duty bound, to think certain thoughts, to speak certain words and to perform certain acts, during life. No man is exempt from filling a useful, and honored mission in this world. We can neither face, nor fly from a consciousness of obligations disregarded. Like the Omnipresent Spirit, a sense of duty is always present with us. No matter where we go, or what our environments may be, still, it pursues us to the end of life. Though the wings of the winds were given us, that we might speed us to the uttermost parts of the earth, even there would a sense of duty discharged, or of obligations disregarded minister to our pleasures, or mock at our misfortunes. Should we flatter ourselves, that the darkness of death will cover up these neglected obligations, it will be but to find the blackness of night, as the light of day, to quicken our consciences to a livelier sense of duty performed or neglected, which comfort or condemn us, in time and through eternity.

Nothing adds more to the beauty, and grandeur of a human life, than the conscientious performance of all its sacred obligations. The lofty flights of genius may be more rapid and romantic; the forerunners of fortunes may be more facetious and fascinating; but they are both incomparable to the worthy achievements of a fervent, and faithful devotee, at the shrine of his

conscientious convictions of duty. The hastily gathered garlands of genius will soon wither away. The fame of fortunes, found in a fortnight, will as speedily turn into vanity. But, the ever ripening fruits of the conscientious character-builder, and duty-performer will never perish. They will be a source of constant enjoyment in this life, and bring a rich reward in the life to come.

Infinite is the sphere of life's arduous duties. Every honored station, and honorable calling is full of them. And the manliest thing, a man can do, is to faithfully discharge all the obligations which rest upon him. And, he who deviates from the path of duty, to hang his hopes upon the smiles, and flatteries of the rich and aristocratic, or the fickle favors of the masses, richly deserves the doom of the dishonored, and despised of earth. The sweet associations around us, the providential environments of the age, in which we live, and the over-arching heavens above, all, invite us, through the discharge of Christian duty, to higher and holier lives.

Purity of life is absolutely essential, to the higher order of manhood. The wheels, within the clock, must be in good order before the hands, on the dial plate, can point out the exact hour of the day. So, the heart, within a man, must be pure and holy, before the actions, without, can move, as proper index fingers, around the great dial of time. He is happiest, whose heart is holiest, and whose hand is most charitable. He is wisest, who treasures up holy truths, and lays up heavenly treasures.

Every young man should have a definite purpose, and a well matured plan for action, in life, before he is twenty-one. Then, each day something should he done,

in the execution of his well-laid plans, and the promotion of his long-cherished purposes. And, all his energies must be utilized, with accuracy, if he would not defeat the efforts of his own life. He must recognize the facts, that experience, and perseverance are the prime secrets to success; that prosperity is the offspring of industry and frugality; while caution is man's ablest counselor, and hope his guardian genius; conscience his most faithful monitor, and a noble purpose his conquering power.

Young men, be progressive, in your ideas and efforts. But, remember, that progress must contend against prejudice; that passion lies across every upward path, and that ignorance stands, in battle array, at every entrance to the temple of truth. Reformation tends to righteousness; but the road, leading to peace, is red with the blood of contending foes. There will be conflict, until we reach the realms of glory, and rest together, on the banks of eternal deliverance.

Young man, seek, early, to know your calling for life. Then, devote yourself to a thorough preparation for its arduous duties. If you decide to be a farmer; resolve to be a first-class tiller of the soil. If you choose the mercantile business, be a merchant of the first waters. If you practice medicine, be eminently proficient, in your profession. If you enter the law, be a legal light, in your practice at the bar. Or, if you are called to the Gospel ministry, prove yourself a worthy workman, properly presenting the sacred truths to saint and sinner, in season, and success will crown your efforts through life.

Manhood is the embodiment of many of the nobler attributes of humanity, well developed. Character is

the object of all true discipline. Hence, that occupation, or calling is best for a man, which strengthens most all the weak points of his character. Any honorable profession, or laudable vocation, if properly filled, will give strength, and grace to all the essentials of true, and tried manhood. The elements of a desirable character, then, should be cultivated, early and earnestly, by all men, no matter what their environments may chance to be. Manhood must have a firm foundation upon which to erect a grand symmetrical character. For, character has reference to a man's heart-life. Only let the young man stand forth, in the beauty and strength of his Christian manhood, and he will soon be crowned a moral hero, and his character will be unimpeachable.

Our ideal manhood is a trinity in unity. It is three in one—a perfect body, a well-stored mind and a sincere soul, all, consecrated to Christ and his service. He who represents this model manhood must, himself, be a man among men. He must possess that pageantry and power, which alone are subservient to the more manly, and generous deeds, and developments of life. Many a man is ranked as a noble man, who cares far more for his own comfort, than he does for the discomfort of others. But, our ideal manhood regards the rights of others, even, in the most trivial matters. All well-bred persons think of others occasionally, rather than of themselves exclusively. And, while servility may be the shame, genuine politeness, and manly courtesies are the glory of young manhood. Such gentility has patience, discretion, judgment, and moral principle to stamp it with lasting stability, and over-arch it with gems of staunch and sterling value.

Young man, be manly. Do not go whining, and whimpering through life, like a spoiled lad. The world laughs at such men. Do not be disappointed, if you are occasionally defeated, in the battles of life. Be, only, the more independent and self-reliant. In this busy, bustling world, learn to lean, largely, upon your own strong arm, for success in life. Be willing to work wherever the Lord of labor bids you toil; and, ere long, fortune will favor your efforts. But, the fate of the fault-finding coward is already fixed. Fortune will never smile upon his ugly sneers and snarls.

No man should murmur at his lot in life. Murmuring makes sweetness bitter, and intensifies bitterness. The murmurer mixes Marah with all God's mercies. A man had much better be cheerful: for cheerfulness has a charm, which is, to character, what motionless moonbeams are to the peaceful waters, of the placid sea. But, circumstances have more, than principle, to do in shaping the character of many men. Some, however, rise above their surroundings; while most men succumb to their environments.

Manliness means more than mere manners. It has to do with motives, morals and manhood. We like a manly man—a moral hero—one who can look upon the banner of the advancing foe, listen to their martial music, and then meet the war-like hosts, in deadly conflict, with the firmness and fortitude of a moral monarch, among men. Such a man will seek to satisfy the demands of his own cultured conscience, rather than to please a precarious world.

The manly man will manifest a manly bearing, toward all men. He makes the best of every thing, as it

comes. He meets the morning, as a wakeful friend; and greets the evening, as a warning watchman. He welcomes the night, as a refreshing angel, and hails the day, as another opportunity for grand achievements. He salutes the sunshine, as the harbinger of wealth; and faces the darkest cloud, with a cheerful smile, as he views its silver lining.

Young men, you may expect to be judged, more frequently, from your outward bearing, than from your inner life. Your manners will mark the estimation, in which you are held, by the world. The world is prone to take a man, for what he feigns to be, rather than for what he really is, any way. It too often views, simply, the superficial, rather than the solid contents of men. And, from this imperfect view, it forms its estimate of them. So, you see, young man, that your chances for success, in either case, will, of necessity, depend, largely, upon your manly bearing toward others.

But, the manly man, the earnest, generous, noble man, always, draws on our admiration, and merits our warmest congratulations. His manliness of spirit, nobility of bearing and gentility of manners, place him before us, as the highest, and holiest type of Christian manhood. For he is the manliest man, of all, whose mental, and moral worth is supplemented, with supreme love to God, and a world-wide charity for his fellow-men. Nature links her lines of grandeur, to those of grace, in crowning such a character, with innate manhood, wonderfully developed. The noble traits, of this model character, like loadstone, never lose their attractive force. And, like the beauties of nature, should always prove a means of grace.

Young men should cultivate the loftiest sentiments, and harbor the purest thoughts. Such, only, will contribute to their social standing and moral manhood. They must be the champions of virtue and truth; if they would stand, the confessed benefactors of their fellows. The Waterloos and Thermopylæs of earth are fought, largely, by the souls of men, in their struggles, for victory, over sin, the most deadly of all foes. Moral manhood demands the highest, and purest type of moral heroism. The bravest soldier, on the field of carnage, may prove to be the most dastardly coward, found upon the great moral battle-field of life. The grandest heroes of earth, are those who contend most nobly, and fight most bravely upon life's great moral battle-fields.

A man, wholly destitute of morality, is worse than a savage, without sympathy. A dark cloud of sin hangs, as a deepening, dismal shadow, upon his dejected brow. His manhood is all gone. He lives, no longer, under the sacred influence of the Holy Spirit. This merciful messenger strives with him no more. The glow of hope will never return, to grace his cheeks. The beam of faith will never, again, brighten his eyes. The smile, of love, will never more gladden his lips.

A man's associates bespeak his moral status. Character, like water, seeks its own level. If your morals are not what they ought to be, it is your privilege to reform. Such a reformation will meet its, strongest, opposition, in your own appetites and passions. It will require, some, moral heroism, to accomplish this work. But, it can, and must be done; or, soon your passions, and pleasures, will overpower your purposes and control

your lives. The sooner this work, of reformation, is accomplished, the easier the task, and the more satisfactory the results. But, all reformations, which stop short of a religious life, fall far below that ideal picture, which heaven presents, as a model after which all men should copy. Life, to the mere moralist, must be a constant struggle, between the powers of good and evil. The battle is always raging, and the result is ever uncertain. To-day he may conquer; but, to-morrow he suffers defeat. To-day he is the victor; to-morrow he is the vanquished. To-night he sings the victor's song; but, to-morrow night he beats a coward's, shameful, retreat. He, only, is morally safe, who is religiously strong. But, do not become discouraged, if you do occasionally fail: only, try the harder, to succeed the next time. Temporary defeat, often, paves the way to permanent victory.

Be a man of positive convictions. Do not be controlled by human passions and impulses. Noble, native manhood, once bent upon good deeds, holds to its generous purposes, placing a meager estimate upon the offers, and eulogies of the world. Always have the moral manhood to shun the social customs, which have dragged so many young men down to darkness and to death. Integrity is one of the central pillars, in the stalwart character of upright, moral manhood. Be a man, at all times, under all circumstances, and in all places. Always be a man. Mix, and mingle with men, only, to make them wiser and better.

We love to see a young man, in the freshness of youth, with sparkling eye, and elastic step, making his way to an honorable position in the world. We rejoice to see young men standing up in defense of the right;

and, if possible, defeating the wrong. True manhood demands much moral courage. The moral man is a hero, with magnetic power. He carries, with him, a coherent, and commanding influence, that is contagious among men. His fortitude inspires the weak, and wavering ones to deeds of noblest daring. And, hence, he soon marshals an army of heroes for the right; who, under the banner of truth, march boldly to the front, and lend helping hands in lifting higher, and still higher, the moral standard of the world. A leader, like this, pours the light, of his life, upon other hearts, that they may look to the right; and gather comfort, and courage, in their struggles, for the mastery over sin, self and satan. The truly moral man, in his panoply of truth, is armed for the conflict. His faith is in fair dealing, with men, and firm devotion to God.

Manual labor has developed some, of the finest, specimens of manhood, the world has ever known. In fact, manhood's cardinal virtues are but the outgrowth of legitimate, and long continued burden-bearing. Many of the noblest traits of human character can, only, be acquired, and properly developed, in the actual experience of the work-shop, or its equivalent. Men, who have never bowed the back, under the actual burdens of life, know nothing of the purpose, patience, promptness and perseverance which ought to characterize all men, in their struggles for victory, in the battles of life. Nor, have they ever learned the all-important lessons of self-control, self-denial, self-encouragement and self-preservation, with a score of other lessons no less valuable, which can, only, be learned, in the self-taught school of experience. The school may make the scholar; but,

work makes the man, whose purpose is never puerile, and whose heart never loses hope.

There is a world of work for some one to do. Young men, will you husband your energies, and lend a helping hand; or, will you stand idly by, with folded arms, and look on while the industrious millions of earth move the mighty machinery, which draws the world on, toward the golden dawn of a brighter, and better day? Young men, it would be wise, in you, to utilize the powers you possess; and use them only when, and where they will prove a blessing to mankind, and an honor to God.

Man is a mental being. He may well magnify the might of his mind: but, he should not forget the author of his existence. Mind is the mightiest power known to man—possibly the only power in existence. We mean, by this statement, that all powers are possibly traceable directly to the uncreated mind, of him, who created, and controls all matter, as well as all other minds; and hence is the true source of all power. The material organs of the body, employed by the mind, are mere mediums of communication, by which its manifestations are made susceptible to the material world. The human body is influenced by four kinds of forces—chemical, mechanical, vital and mental. The chemical and mechanical forces are essential, and powerful in their ministrations, to the efficiency of the other powers of our being. But, the vital, or life force, is a distinct power, in the body; and the true source of its preservation, growth, and reproduction. While, the mental force determines the intellectual, moral and spiritual status of the man. Our thoughts govern our actions; and our actions fix our destinies.

Thought and action are the massive pillars, upon which our characters, and lives are resting. They are the sure, or sandy foundations, upon which our hopes of success, in life, are built. They are the inevitable forerunners of fortune, or failure; of victory, or defeat in this world. The mind, then, should always be master to the man. Then, he may hope to obey the laws of his being. For, he, who scrupulously follows the dictates of his own conscience, is ever advancing toward his own ideal of righteousness. Such a man will prove loyal to his convictions of duty; fulfill faithfully his contracts, and meet cheerfully all his obligations. He thinks, and he thinks with precision. Then he acts, and acts from conviction. And, he who thinks wisely, and acts well his part in life, is moving, with the mighty currents of faith and hope, toward the lovely land of Beulah.

The mind wants to be receptive, and retentive, in order to prove available and valuable to its possessor. Brain-force requires a reserve of power, to give buoyancy to its exercises, and rhythm to its richest, and rarest productions. Mental functions require nerve-tension. Agreeable employment stimulates the nerve forces, while it taxes the physical, or mental powers. Hence, the power of endurance is, so much, greater, when the task is a pleasant one. The head may be trained, and treasured with good things, just as readily, and successfully, as either the hand or the heart. A man's actions may be worse, but his life is never better, than his thoughts. The mind is the man, in miniature. The one is the outgrowth of the other. The mind is, also, man's beast of burden; and his success, on earth, depends largely upon the manner, in which it is driven

along the highway of life. But, the wise man need not be arrogant. He should not regard himself, as the depository of knowledge. Let him recognize the rights of all men; and do homage to the judgment of his superiors. Yet, we should all think for ourselves. We should be the custodians, of our own capital stock. We should have thoughts of our own, and dare to utilize them. A man's thoughts are his agents. And his words are vehicles upon which he conveys them to others.

Man should be a close student. He should learn the practical lessons of life, from every passing event. He should study nature, in the dewy eve; under the light of the silver moon, and beautiful stars, as well as in the broad sunlight of the day. The leaders of thought, on almost every line of investigation, have unlocked, with their silver keys, the golden gates of knowledge: and they bid us follow them, through the labyrinths of ancient, and modern lore, until we are numbered among the learned of earth. The man, of thought and research, soon stamps indelibly, upon his own features, the evidence of intellectual greatness.

Young men, seek wisdom, as you would search for fine gold. Be wise, and you will be great and good. It is true, the heart, rather than the head, is the seat of true wisdom. Yet, there must be a union of head, and heart-power to give vigor, and vitality to human character. The mind must act, in harmony with the heart, before the full force of the soul can be manifested. Those who have large heads, usually, have loving hearts. Men, who are truly great, are most liberal in their views, and charitable in their feelings. They are

entirely free from that narrow-minded bigotry, and eccentric egotism, which always brands the brainless man. The wise man recognizes the fact, that wise men, often, differ in opinion. He knows, that opinion is the offspring of thought; and, like its progenitor, must forever roam, in the realms of the free, to be fruitful of good. Opinion can never be chained. It is a child of freedom. Expect others to cross your opinion; for they will be sure to do so, any way. Honor them for the manhood of free thought, and the fearless expression of their own views. This great diversity of opinion demands universal charity, in all our dealings, with our fellow men. Let the heart, that is hasty to condemn others, halt, and hear the sentences passed upon its own conduct and conclusions. Then it will be better prepared, to throw the broad mantle of charity over the frailties, and frivolities of mankind.

The wise man will take in the meaning of the vast movements of his day, and keep well abreast with the times in which he lives. He will grasp, with a master's hand, the real import of passing events; look into political platforms, and study well the religious creeds of the world, and thus become a leader among the masses. The noblest manhood consists in the broadest, and most comprehensive views of life. Just, and generous manhood goes abroad, governed by the wisest, and most philanthropic principles, to bless mankind, at large, with its light and its love.

But, after all his research, man knows but little at most; and, his limited knowledge is very imperfect. The sage, himself, is but a sedate signal, without a sequel, in wisdom's wonderful temple. The wisest of men

do not, even, know themselves to perfection. Phrenology is doubtless a true science; but none can interpret, definitely, all its mysterious hieroglyphics. Life, itself, is undefinable; and death one of the darkest mysteries to man. Yet, they are among the most solemn realities of time. Young men, never reject the truth, then, simply because your feeble minds can not fully comprehend it. There are a thousand things that you must accept, without perfectly understanding them. Your food is digested; but you can not tell how. You can sail, serenely, over the sea; but you can not fathom its forlorn caverns. The compass conducts you across the pathless ocean; yet, you can not explain the secrets of its magnetic attractions. Just so it is with the divine chart, and compass given to guide us across the trackless sea of life. We can not fathom all its sacred truths; though we may sail successfully by its light, into the haven of eternal life. The mind of man is neither enlarged, nor enriched, by rejecting revealed truth, though the seal of secrecy may not be broken, to unbosom to him the whole of infinite wisdom.

Young men, make money; but be sure you make it honestly. If the manner of operation, and the means employed be proper and right, money making is perfectly legitimate. There is, however, a foggy region lying right between fair, and fraudulent dealing, which is always tempting, and dangerous to money makers. Beware of the slightest departure from the rules of rectitude, and right suggested, by your better informed judgments, and urged, by your highly cultured consciences. A man must labor for means, before he can properly appreciate them. As a rule, money, that comes

easy, goes soon. Fortunes, usually, go as they come. Most men of worth, and wealth have been, early, given some useful employment. Many of these were orphans, whom want forced to work. In early life, they buckled on the laborer's armor; and won great victories for themselves, in their respective vocations. And now, they are among the wealthy, and worthy men of the world.

But, young men, be not over ambitious to gain wealth. Ambition is a blessing, if all its purposes are honorable, and all its ends legitimate. But, if there be sordid and selfish motives, prompting to action, it is a great, and grievous curse. For, all our actions are formative influences, tending either to meanness, or manliness of character. Our manhood must not be sacrificed, to money making, but, built up, along with our fortunes. The two should rise, side by side; but, if either fails let it be the fortune; for character is, infinitely, more important than wealth. Earthly riches can never compensate, for the forfeiture of spiritual blessings. But, many persons, like the rich young ruler, who came to Jesus, prefer the trifles of earth, to the treasures of heaven. The riches, of time, have more charms for them, than the rewards of eternity.

The wheels of fortune, ever, move with the rolling years. Do not make haste, to get riches. Be patient. Plow and plant, water and weed, work and wait for the harvest. But, do not fail to enjoy the blessings of to-day, in your, intense, anxiety to reach those of to-morrow. Do not envy those, who outrun you, in the race of life. Jealousy is a green-eyed monster. It is the deadly upas of, both, the social and business circles.

It poisons the, very, atmosphere we breathe, and extracts many of the sweets, from all the vocations, and callings of life. Be above, and beyond these petty little jealousies. They would rob you, of your manhood; and embitter your whole being. Like the cancer, they eat and grow fat, on what they consume and destroy. Grow wiser, as you grow wealthier.

Young men are the wheels upon which the world moves. They are the prime factors of success, in every age of the world's history. When the young men, of any generation, fight manfully the battles of life, their labors tell, for good, upon the progress, and prosperity of the years which follow. Young men are, rapidly, being ushered into positions, of great responsibility; and places, of the most sacred trust. They, already, sustain the most important relations to society, at large. They are just on the eve of assuming the reigns of government. They will soon be at the helm of the ship, of both church and state. The interests of humanity demand, that they be able to fill, with credit and honor, the several positions, to which they may be called. Young men, you can not attach too much importance, to the proper qualifications for the positions, toward which you are, so rapidly advancing. The possibilities of young manhood are, now, within your grasp. The paths, which lead to honor and renown, are still before you. Do not throw away the one; and forsake not the other, that you may sow a few wild oats, and reap a harvest of tears.

The noblest purpose of young manhood is a fixed determination to leave the world better, as a consequence of having lived in it, for a few fleeting years. To do

this, young men must not circumscribe their benevolence; or chain their charity, to the church of their choice; but, send them abroad, on their missions of mercy, over this wide, wide world of want and woe. Young men, only resolve, in the strength of your vigorous young manhood, to go forward in the right, and you are sure to succeed. Allow no obstacle to impede your onward march, or side-track your through train, and you will find imaginary mountains dwindling into insignificant mole-hills, as you approach them, in your manly march toward the goal of manhood's noblest achievements, and grandest victories. Never become discouraged. God will remove all the difficulties, which cross your pathways, as you approach them, in the name of his Son and your Saviour. He will bridge every river, that you can not swim; tunnel every mountain, that you can not climb, and plant an oasis in every desert, that you can not cross without his interposition, in your behalf.

Young man, the world moves; and you must move, with it, or be buried, in the fossil remains, of your own failures and follies. Changes, for the better, both in church and state, are constantly occurring. Progress is the world's watchword, and the voice of wisdom warns every young man, to keep well abreast with the times in which he lives.

Young men, shun not, neither despise, nor disparage manual labor. It is a blessing to our race. He, who shirks or shuns its tasks, can not share its full benefits. Many of the beatitudes of life are the offsprings of drudgery. Leisure, and luxury bring, with them, a combination of circumstances, which the strongest are, often,

powerless to control. These environments may lead their subjects, to excess in all manner of sin. But, a man's failures, in life, are not always attributable to his environments. They are, often, the result of a shiftlessness, which fails to make any thing out of its surroundings.

Young men, appearances do not cultivate true worth, or noble manhood. It takes realities to make a man, the world over. Nothing, short of nobility of character, is entitled to this honorable appellation. True manhood does not consist in figure, form or fashion. Its make-up is of entirely different material. It consists, chiefly, in contents, conduct and character. There is far more genuine manhood in what a fellow really is, than there can possibly be, in any thing which he may merely appear to be. Then, young man, live a life, whose privileges are peerless; and whose purposes are paramount to all appearances; no matter how great the sacrifices required, or how unremitting the toils to be endured. Such a life lies through noble deeds; leads to honorable distinction, and, ultimately, ripens into venerable old age.

Manhood's real worth lies in its innate nobility, and not, as some imagine, in birth, wealth, rank or power. These are all naught, without a reliable character. It is the man who dignifies the office, not the office the man. It is true manhood, which consecrates wealth; and not wealth, that honors manhood. Neither is a man's character to be found, wholly, in the powers of the head. Its chief functions are found, in the affections of the heart. Neither is it the external, so much as

the internal, that defiles, and degrades the man, robbing him of his fair name and prospective fame.

It is not manly to praise oneself, even, if praise is justly deserved. It bears the semblance of conceit; and lowers one in the estimation of others. Let your neighbors laud your good works; then strangers will give credence to the truth. Do not always be harping, that you may hear the echo of your own voice. It becomes burdensome to others; and they will not give you credit, for what you have done. Let your works praise you; and no one will question the truthfulness of their words.

Young men, make no false pretensions. For, time will tear the musty mask of hypocrisy, from the shoulders of every vile pretender. The coming judgment will reveal the hidden secrets of all hearts. Eternity will search the souls, and right the wrongs of all men. Heaven is the grand center, toward which all our thoughts, and affections should constantly gravitate. Only let the head-light, of the Gospel, shine brightly upon our pathways, through life, and our steps will lead us to glory, and to God.

This world is a mirror, in which every man may see himself, as others see him. If his face is turned toward the world, aglow with love and sunshine, this mirror will give back its compliment of peace and good will. But, if he frowns upon every body he meets, it will simply reflect his own sour, surly visage back into his own eyes. Let a man laugh at the world; and the world is going to laugh back at him: or let him enter into sympathy with it, and he will find it in sympathy with him. Love is the latent lever of life. It will win, and lead the

world. It moves, unseen, the most cogent forces of time. It is far superior to tact, or talent. But, people are not always what they feign to be. Every virtue is counterfeited; and many vices are whitewashed. Let yours be a lovely, untarnished life.

A man's character ought to be the counterpart, to the boy's catechism. And, unless he changes his creed, the one will be a faithful exhibition of the other. Character is the image of the inner man. Reputation is the shadow of the outer life. Yet, a man's character, and nature are not identical. Neither are they always alike. Character may be developed, either, along the line of one's natural inclinations, by giving expression to such inclinations; or, in the oppisite direction, by opposing, and repressing the primal nature, of our selfish impulses. So, you see, two similar natures may be developed, into widely different characters. Or, two dissimilar natures, into similar characters. So, character may be better, or worse, than the nature from which it is developed. It may prove itself, by an artless expression of the natural tendencies, where they are good; or improve itself, by a wise repression of the same, where they are evil. Neither is a man's outer life, always, in harmony with his reputation. Men are often reputed to be, what they are not. They have a name to live, when they are dead. And some times, a man's reputation will sink below zero, when the thermometer is held in the hands of jealous, cold-hearted enemies, though his outer life be, comparatively, pure and good. Reputation is what a man appears to be; but, character is, just, what he is.

Man is his own architect. True, he is an earth-born being; but, not, necessarily, a subject of circumstances.

He need not fall a victim, to his own environments: but, may become the victorious architect, of his own decisive destiny. A man's surroundings may blight his highest hopes, wither his innate ambitions; and rob him of the last vestige of his noble manhood; or, they may be made subservient to his best purposes, and grandest achievements in life. They may become stepping-stones, upon which, by the dent of his own manly exertion, he rises to reach the lofty pinnacles of fame, fortune and favor with God and man. Circumstances, apparently, the most favorable, often, fail to lift young men, into seats of usefulness; while surroundings, thought to be the most forbidding, frequently, elevate them to places of honorable distinction. He, who wills to be good and great, can always find a way, to carve out, for himself, a grand, and glorious destiny.

Young men, certain lines of conduct lead, inevitably, to success in life; while others, just as surely, end in failure. For instance, you may always depend upon honesty, industry and economy to bring you a fortune; but you can never trust to trickery, chance or strategem for, even, the necessaries of life. You should be honest, from principle; and you will find it the best policy, in the end. It can never be true expediency, to sacrifice the right to the wrong. Nothing is expedient, that is not strictly legitimate. Expediency is the offspring of right —the rule of rectitude, industry and economy.

Young men, keep out of debt. If possible, pay as you go. If you find your business involving you, call a halt. If you can not make the landing, safely, do not begin to borrow money; but stop at once. To dive deeper, in debt, will only increase your difficulties, in the

near future. Indebtedness is a hard master to serve. It is, indeed, a cruel, and tyrannical despot. The debtor is often a slave to his creditor. His very life is, sometimes, in his hands. Nothing, that he has, can he call his own. He labors; but is not allowed to live, off of the fruit of his own toil. He sacrifices his own, and his family's comforts, to fill the coffers of another, and receives no thanks in return. You should be industrious; and use economy, in all things, if you would prosper, and lay up something, in store, for after-life. Waste nothing, and you shall never come to want. A failure, anywhere along the line of life, may forfeit your fortune; unless, you take advantage of your mistakes. They furnish, favorable, opportunities for improvement. It is futile, to look, longingly, to the past, and grieve over your follies. The future is, still, before you. Utilize it, as it passes by, on tireless wings; for it, too, will soon be gone. Be prompt in business. This will insure confidence, and lead to success. You can not afford to be negligent, or indifferent, in the, smallest, affairs of life.

Decision is an important trait of character. It is the presiding judge, over every personal court. It is the chancellor, who settles all questions of personal doubt; and maintains order, and decorum in the mental "sanctum sanctorum." Decision receives, and bestows innumerable, and inestimable favors. Without it, we would starve, with our coffers full of gold. We would perish, without it, while life is offered, without money, and without price. Indecision is man's disparaging adversary. It weakens his purposes, and wastes his time; loses opportunities, and accomplishes nothing. It is an

enemy, to his best interests. Then, decide, promptly, the questions of life. Promptness places us on time, to grasp every opportunity, that presents itself. A lost opportunity is a worthless thing. Decision, energy and dispatch make the world move. The man, who possesses them, will make his mark among men; no matter what his calling, or environments may chance to be.

Activity is an, essential, element to success. The arduous duties of life demand the orderly, and earnest exercise of all our latent energies. Order, and earnestness mean efficiency in action; and inevitably lead to success in life. Work for wealth; and wait for results. Never grow impatient. Plant, and plow, and trust the Giver of all good, for the increase. Remember, God has his century-plants; and they will bud, and blossom at his bidding. He, often, holds, the best laid schemes of men, in check for a time, that his own divine hand may be, the more fully, recognized, in the bountiful harvest that follows.

Industry is another essential to success. Young men, be industrious, if you would obtain wealth. The lazy man's gold is in the rainbow; his silver is in the moon, and his mansions are, all, castles in the air. His hopes take wings and fly; his resolutions run away, and his expectations die. Laziness never did have any luck, except that of the loafer, or the lounger. Luck, and labor are antipodes. They have no affinity, for each other. Luck is a lazy, lying loafer, lounging around, waiting for a legacy, he has never merited. Labor is a lovely lad, who lays the heaviest loads upon his broad shoulders; and his industry leads to leisure, and luxury in after years. Luck looks to chance, and is sorely disappointed;

while labor leans on character, and realizes his most sanguine expectations.

Honor is an, essential, element in manhood. He, who possesses it, bears about, in his soul, a priceless jewel. His faults, and follies are few, and far between. Honor is founded upon principle; not upon personal interest, and is the outgrowth of virtue, rather than the offspring of vice. Virtue, and honor were Roman gods; and the temple of honor could only be reached, through the temple of virtue. A high sense of honor is an, unmistakable, evidence of genuine manhood. But, if not virtuous, then never proclaim yourself an honorable man; for honor is anchored to virtue. You must be virtuous, if you would be honorable. A noble, virtuous life is the beau-ideal of the truest, purest and most honorable manhood. In such a life is found a loving, loyal heart, that ever beats true to its solemn vows.

Young man, bend every energy of your being, in carrying out your honest convictions. Get in the line of work, for which you are naturally fitted; and then, let the heavens fall rather than leave it. Be diligent, and you will be delighted in your life-pursuit. But, you should not be buried in business. A part of your time, and talents belong to the Lord. Do not overestimate wealth. It is not the most valuable thing you can possess. It confers neither peace of mind, nor purity of heart. Do not overestimate your own ability; and never take, to yourself, the honor belonging to another. Be not over ambitious, or avaricious; for either will stint your soul, and sap the substance from your manhood. Do not galvanize your actions; or whitewash your works.

If they are pure gold, their value will be reduced; and, if counterfeit, they will be valueless still. Be not egotistical. Egotists are too ignorant, to know their own littleness. Be cheerful, through life. You are not the denison, of a dark dungeon. The dignity, and destiny of your manhood may meet the divine approbation. God gives you the sunlight of life; and you ought to be happy. The charm of cheerfulness is, to a changeless character, what the motionless moonbeams are to the peaceful waters, of the placid sea.

Young men, read neither novel, skeptical nor infidel literature. It will only inflate your heads, and poison your hearts. It can make you, neither wiser nor better; but may blight your lives, and damn your souls. Shun these little, yellow-backed novels, as you would the poisonous tarantula, or the deadly adder. They will soon sap the mental manhood, from your heads; the moral, from your hearts, and leave you worthless wrecks, wedded to dime novel reading. Most novels, like many Sunday papers, are not censors of public morals; but caterers to the perverted taste of the public. These nasty, naked novels; and this obscene, and obnoxious literature, the vile productions of skepticism and infidelity, like so many lewd, and licentious devils, are to be seen floating, leisurely along down the sin-polluted stream of time, toward the yawning gulf of perdition, with their millions of devotees. Read, only, such books as will have a tendency to develop the mental, elevate the moral and enrich the spiritual faculties of your immortal souls. A man may make his own fortune, or mold his own future. He may account his life a fact, or a fiction. He may see more in the fables of Esop,

than he does in the feasts of the Gospel. But, God's laws are, both, inviolate and immutable; and he, who aspires to the highest type of manhood, must keep his commandments, and walk in his precepts.

Young men, be temperate in all things, and at all times, if you would develop the highest type of physical, mental and moral manhood. For, perfect manhood forbids excess in any thing, at any time. Nervous power is absolutely essential to all bodily functions; and, if wasted on one or more, it must, of necessity, be deficient in all others. Do not indulge, even moderately, in the use of strong drink. With all the restrictions which are thrown around the liquor traffic, in our country, it is the great evil of the day. It is the deadly Upas-tree of the world, that is throwing its withering, blasting, blackening, damning shadows over all the nations of the earth. Give free license to the liquor traffic, and it would soon drench, and doom, and damn our entire race. Young men, rally around the Prohibition standard, where, alone, there is safety for yourselves, and others; and spare, oh spare! your beloved country the shame, and disgrace of strong drink, coming generations the evils, and infamy of being the offsprings of a nation of drunkards and heaven itself the melting tears of blasted hopes.

All men exert, more or less, influence upon their fellows. Silent influences, are, often, most potent. The wordiest people are not always the wisest. A world of wisdom lies, beyond the world of words. The sage, often, means more than he says. The stillest waters are found, in the depth of the sea. The burdens of the heaviest hearts are borne in silence. The deepest

love flows slowest, but longest. Silent lips are sometimes most impressive. The purest joys are the under currents. Kindness, and contentment are the soft, silent showers, which refresh, and invigorate the growing soul of generous manhood.

Every man exerts an influence, for weal or woe, upon some one else. We are all touching our associates, on every side of life. And we may be helping to shape the characters, and fix the destiny of some, who are entire strangers to us. A man's plans, and purposes may all revolve around himself, as a common center; and yet, within and without their orbits, will appear concentric circles, enclosing other agents, and effecting other interests. His influence may be as silent, as the sunshine; but, that will not make it the less salient. It may be unconsciously exerted; but, that will not render it the less potential. We are all surely, though it may be silently, saturating the very atmosphere, around us, with the secret, and subtile influences of our lives.

Young man, be social. Society has claims, upon you, which should force you to enter her circles, and help to wield her golden scepter, for good, over all classes, and conditions of the human family. The very best young men should take the lead in society, shrinking from naught, but bad morals. Pay society your just dues; and you will be amply rewarded, for all your sacrifices. Do not demand social recognition, until you have placed society under some obligations to you. Scorn to be a beneficiary, where you have conferred no favors. But, let the society, you enter, be free from vulgarities. Let it be pure and potent, seeking to elevate and refine,

rather than to pet and to pamper. Let it feast its guests, on the rarest, social dainties, rather than fill them, with the choicest culinary viands. If you would be a potential element, then be social; but, if you want to be a powerless factor; just exclude yourself from society—be a helpless hermit.

Simplicity is a crowning grace in the manners, and movements of cultured young gentlemen. The aspiring young man can neither afford to be foolish nor foppish, in the display of his mannerisms. The exterior acts, and artifices, of the true and trustworthy gentleman, are but fair exponents of his inner, and artless life.

Young men, be modest. Modesty is the main-spring of a manly character. It gives evidence of motive, and manliness in our conduct. Manhood's manliest mien is molded, in modesty, and clothed with mercy. You would do well to adorn your characters, with all the gentler graces of cultured refinement; for along with the stronger, nobler, grander graces, they are indispensable to the highest, and purest type of modern manhood.

Gentleness makes a great man greater, and a strong man stronger. Subdued strength, always, embodies an additional element of power. There is a reserve force in it, that gives confidence, and insures success. Serenity of soul is the outgrowth of severe discipline—the offspring of self-control—and not, as many suppose, a constitutional characteristic. Any one may become gentle, in manners, and lovely, in life, under proper self-restraint, and continued discipline. But, in the development of the highest order of manhood, every talent must be well cared for, and every grace properly cult-

ured. Natural ability may grovel in the dust; but cultivated genius will revel among the stars, and commune with the angels.

Young men, be gallant. Your sex is naturally more given to gallantry, however, than to generosity or judgment. Remember, these make a good mixture; and this mixture makes a marvelous man. But, where men are wanting, in any of these essentials to true manhood, we ought to be generous enough to attribute it to empty heads, rather than to evil hearts.

Young men, be brothers to your sisters. Give them your first, and best thoughts. Show them that attention, and courtesy that you do your sweethearts. Let the interest, you manifest in their welfare, be the measure of your affection for them. If a sister is just entering the social circle, see that her associates are gentlemen, of pure minds and perfect morals. Constitute yourself the custodian of her good name; and shield her from the temptations, of the vulgar and the vile, who are attempting to counterfeit virtue, in their social lives. Always, enter into their enjoyments, as far as possible; afford them the assistance of your judgments, in all matters of interest, and accompany them, on all public occasions, unless they have suitable escorts. These little acts of courtesy, to your sisters, constitute the poetry of life. Their memories will tune your hearts, in after days, to heavenly harmonies. Such manly conduct, toward your sisters, is calculated to quicken your throbbing hearts, and unseal the deepest fountains of their latent love.

Young men, seek the society of your sisters. Court their friendship and confidence. Spend a great deal of

your leisure time, in their presence. These associations will be two-fold, in their effects. While your presence, as guards and guides, shield, and protect them from the wicked, and wayward of your sex, their influences, over you, will be constantly reforming, and refining your characters, and introducing you to the best society of their sex. The society of pure sisters, always, tends to make virtue more lovely, and vice more loathsome, in the eyes of truly devoted brothers. Many of our purest, and most perfect men owe their escape from the temptations, incident to young manhood-life, to the affectionate companionship of their pious, and devoted sisters.

Young men, be virtuous, if you would be great and good. You owe as much to your female associates. Your own personal interests demand a virtuous life. Virtue may be far below par, in the estimation of the vulgar and the vile, who would lower the standard of morality, to a level with their own vicious, and depraved natures: but, a strict adherence to its precious principles must, ever, command the highest encomiums of praise, from the good, and the great of earth.

A misuse of this world makes men miserable, both here and hereafter. Gain, in gold, does not, necessarily, give joy, and gladness to the soul. Happiness is a coy maid; whom, you must not appear to woo, if you would be sure to win. She ever eludes the grasp, of her flattering pursuer. She will not be wooed, for her wealth; nor won, for her own worth. She will consent to be yours, only, at wisdom's shrine, where all is laid upon the altar of duty. She will become your bride, only, when you use wisely the good things of this world,

in preparation for the world beyond. Then, if you would be, comparatively, happy here; and, supremely, happy hereafter, cultivate, assiduously, all the Gospel graces. Let the grand principles of sincerity, integrity and fidelity shine out, in your lives; and shun, as you would the worst of enemies, deception, duplicity and infidelity.

Be charitable, young men. Be not merely passive; but, also positive characters. Give, as well as receive, blessings. To be good is noble; to get better is nobler; but, to do our very best, in the battles of life, is the noblest thing of all. Let us do all the good we possibly can. Charity's deeds often double, in their doing; and when they do, the larger share, always, comes back, to bless the doer. In fact, there are two blessings, in each gift of charity; and the greater is for the donor, if given in the proper spirit. He receives the largest blessings, who most liberally bestows blessings, upon others. He finds most solid comfort, who, most willingly, comforts those around him. He experiences the sweetest joys, who, constantly, brings joy to the hearts of others. And, he is happiest of all, who never loses an opportunity to make others happy.

Remember, young men, that the pathways of others, though not parallel with your own, are not the less rugged; that their tasks, though lighter than yours, are not the less laborious to them. Such reflections are well calculated to increase your patience, lighten your loads and double your charity, for other people. In fact, the more a man mingles, among his fellows, the more cosmopolitan he becomes. He is the more disposed to show a kind regard for the rights of others.

Charity adopts a much more comprehensive creed, and a more concise code of morals, than is to be found elsewhere. She grants the greatest liberty, without license; but demands equity, at the expense of justice. Charity has a large heart, and a liberal soul.

Man is, naturally, an affectionate being. He may not love so tenderly, and devotedly as woman: but, his affections are certainly not less intense or vigorous. A man's love, for a woman, is simply unconquerable. He will ride, recklessly, upon the billowy bosom of the mighty deep; climb, fearlessly, the rugged mountains of ice; traverse, heedlessly, trackless forests; cross, cheerfully, burning deserts, and, bravely, face danger, disease and death, that he may share her love, and comfort her life. Young men, prove faithful in your love affairs: for, nothing lingers longer, or lies heavier, on the human heart, than a load of lost love.

Young men, get married. It is not good for a man, to live alone.

The bachelor's life is one of strife,
Anger, tumult and toil;
And, hard is the way of those, who say,
"We'll not give our gold for a smile."

But, happy the man who, if he can,
A loving wife provides;
And, in this way, the toil of the day,
And the labor of life divides.

Think, dreary bachelor, when all alone,
How changed your lot might be;
If you'd but essay, to let in a ray,
That would cause wan darkness to flee.

Now, just relent, you'll never repent
The act, that sets you free;
For, with love inlaid, the hands of a maid
Golden floods will lavish on thee.

He is but half a man, at best, who has no wife to share his joys, divide his sorrows and throw sunshine, with her love, into the darkest scenes of his life. Young men, marry early: for the best years of your love will be, the years of your youth. Gain the love of a good woman; and retain it through life, and you will add, to your own moral force, a power that will be felt, for good, wherever you go. Bachelors seldom, if ever, make a success of life. They live, with no one to love them, and die, with none to lament their loss. And men, who have bad wives, are almost sure to prove failures. A man can easily make the mistake of his life, in selecting a companion. So, choose wisely, if you would choose well, the wife of your youth and years.

Young men, by all means, accept Christ, as your personal Saviour. Your highest interests demand as much. A man's final rejection, or acceptance of Christ forecasts the verdict of life or death. In this sense, he writes his own sentence, for the final judgment; and thus becomes the arbiter, of his own eternal destiny. The trouble is this, men add reason, to reason, still rejecting Christ; while women, simply, believe and are saved. Christianity is a, common-sense, system of moral ethics. It does not require a philosophic mind, to solve its practical problems, or master its spiritual lessons. Its principles become peerless; and its precepts priceless, when accepted, by faith, to the savage as well

as to the sage. Young man, your future weal, or woe hangs pivoted, on the decision of a moment. Happiness here, and heaven hereafter, if you decide for Christ: or revelry now, and ruin eternally, if you reject him, to the end of life.

The Christ, who comes to save you, comes as a living, loving Saviour, human in sympathy, but divine in power, to lift all the burdens of sin, and sorrow from your aching hearts, and set your souls at perfect liberty in his love. The religion, he tenders you, is a divine reality. It is something that can be felt, in the hearts, and seen, in the lives of his followers. The possessor can truthfully say, "I know in whom I have believed;" and, the observer can see the brightest evidences of faith, in such a soul, as clearly as the sunshine can be seen, mirrored on the face of the crystal waters, beneath, or above him. But, the most brilliant career, of sin, will inevitably end, sooner or later, in shame and disgrace; while the pathway, of the just, shineth brighter, and brighter, even unto the perfect day.

A man should not receive truth enough to save his soul, ten times over; and still live in sin. He should not give the assent of his mind, to the truths of the Gospel; and, then, withhold the acknowledgment of his heart. He should not hold the truth, in unrighteousness, but in holiness. Such men approve of the way of life; but continue to travel the road, that leads to death. Their own consciences condemn their actions; and they will be forced to say amen, to their own condemnation. The seed of Gospel truth, lodged in the mind of man, wants to be quickened, by the warmth of the Spirit; and moistened, with the dews of divine grace, if it ever

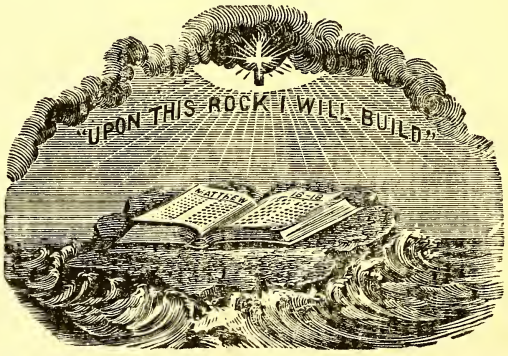
germinates, springs up and bears fruit, to the salvation of the soul, and the glory of God.

God's revelation, to man, is four-fold, in its mode of communication. The spirit breathed into him, at his creation; the unfoldings of human history; the teachings of nature, and the gift of the Bible constitute a full, and perfect revelation, which leaves our race without excuse, if they reject the Christ of the Gospels. But, if men would, only, heed the admonitions of their hearts, and the overtures of heaven, they would all accept Christ, and be saved. The law of conscience is fundamental. It underlies all other laws. Without it, the execution of statutory law would be impossible; and constitutional law would be a dead letter. The heart is a judgment hall, where the conscience arraigns its subjects, and forces them to hear evidence, for and against their conduct, as it chances to prove good or bad. And from its just, and righteous verdict there can be no appeal.

Young men, you ought to love God supremely. The gift of his Son voices the love of the Father to the world. This love shines, like the light of life, to all men; for, it is the union of all the heavenly graces, in one divine element. This element of love, as a great religious principle, is the very essence of our holy religion; the parent of all its graces, and the citadel of its strength and glory. When this love is deeply seated, in our hearts, its fruits are, always, manifold in our lives. It reveals a warm welcome, to every heart; and sends a flood, of light and joy, into every home it enters. It gives, in the same grateful spirit, that it receives. It is the hope of human hearts, and the life of longing souls.

To the consecrated Christian, love is the normal condition of life. He ever lives in an element, and breathes the atmosphere of love. He grows, with its growth, and matures, with its maturity. His life is perfected by love.

When we contemplate Jehovah, as our just Judge; and the avenger of all sin, we can but fear, and fall before him, crying for mercy: but, only, let us see him, once, as our heavenly Father, and our fearful forebodings are banished forever; and, in our hearts, are kindled the sunlight of heavenly hopes. He walks wisely, who is guided by God's law, and guarded by his love. Such a man deals fairly, and faithfully with his Maker. He makes equitable returns, and annual settlements with the Lord, as a wise stewart. He is religiously just, lest he should be found guilty of gross embezzlement, in the day of final accounts. In his love and devotion, to God and man, he rears a monument to his manhood, lasting as eternity, and high as the Heaven of heavens.

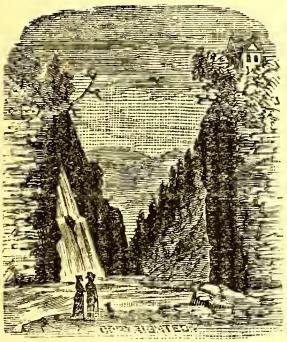


MOTHERHOOD.

MOTHER-HOOD.

Chapter VII.

The mother, with maternal devotion,
Has a love, as deep as the depth of the ocean.



MOTHER-HOOD is life lost in love. It is life in its fruitage. It is life multiplied. Maternity brings, with it, a joy of the sweetest, a love of the purest, and a care of the tenderest type, known to the human heart. Mother-hood carries, with it, a sacredness peculiarly its own. The happy mother smiles, in calm contentment, upon the tiny infant, which lies cradled in her maternal arms.

Mother-hood is the child's ideal heart-home, where virtue dwells, the graces reign and love-flowers bloom, and blossom the whole year round. It is the consecrated altar, upon which noble sons, and devoted daughters, daily, place their peace-offerings of love and devotion. The mother sways the empire of young hearts; and guides the crafts of young lives. Her mission is one of love and mercy. She, who rocks the cradle,

helps to rule the world. The mother's heart should be a sacred refuge for her beloved boy, from all the snares of life; for, that same heart is the holy sanctum for her darling daughter, who is ever shielded by its love and watch-care.

Mother-hood sits on the throne, at the fountain-head of life; and presides over the first years of our existence. The world is cradled in maternal arms. The race is matured on the maternal bosom. The mother holds, in her hands, the secret springs of influence, which govern the nations. She molds the minds, which move the world.

Around the word, mother, cluster many of the tenderest, and most hallowed associations of life. Mother is, and ever has been, a most sacred word, to the children of men. It lies on the heart of childhood, like dew-drops on the rose of summer, only to refresh and invigorate. It lingers, in the memories of after years, to develop, and sustain the virtues of its own planting, in early life. It links the cradle to the crown, when age stands, hopefully, on the brink of time, anticipating a happy reunion, with sainted mothers, in the glory land. We all love to think, of a mother's tender watch-care—her long night vigils; and her marvelous, and matchless love felt for us; for in this love, we find a full fountain of life, that is truly refreshing, and invigorating to our souls. All the glories of manhood, should bow, in reverence, before the sacred memories of a sainted mother's consecrated love.

The mother sustains one of the most responsible relations to humanity, at large, known to Christian civilization. Her influence, through her sons and daughters,

soon tells, for weal or woe, upon the destinies of empires. Her heart is the charming center—the fixed focus of human affections. And, the last, and lowest step taken, by a prodigal son, is the loss of love for the devoted mother, whose heart, still, bleeds over his worthlessness. The boy should never forget his mother's love. A grateful son has a strong hold, upon the maternal heart. He is the mother's pride, and promise through life. He may be her first-born, the son of her happier days. It may be his privilege; and should be his pleasure, to provide for her, during the evening of her earthly existence. But, oh! how terrible the thought, and how wretched the lives of those sons, who, by their profligacy, have drained a mother's cup of happiness, to its very dregs; and so embittered her life, as to make her long for death, to release her, from the shame, and disgrace, which their sins have brought upon her. Midnight, sometimes, mantles the mother's soul, in the very noon-tide of life; and her, long cherished, hopes are, forever, blighted and blasted, because of the fall of her first-born son. The somber scenes, of sorrow, surround her, on every side; and her soul refuses to be comforted, because of his sinlul life, or shameful death.

The mother gives her infant, its existence. She receives it to her beating bosom, when it enters the world. Her affections are, at once, entwined about her darling babe. Under her gentle influence is molded, its personal character. She superintends the development, of its young life; and the unfoldings of its immortal mind. The consecrated mother, often, does the important work, of her life, unseen, and unsung by the world, save in the nobility of her sons, and the superior-

ity of her daughters. She is passed by, little heeded, in the busy marts of life; but, when she sleeps, beneath the sod of the valley, these polished shafts will rise up, to call her blessed; and, then, the world will revere the name, and honor the memory of the good mother.

There is no love like that of the young mother's, who bows, in silent sympathy, over the suffering form, or bends, in joy and gladness, over the sunny face, of her first-born babe. The soft sunshine, of her maternal love, seems to foreshadow the silvery stream of life, down which the innocent infant shall float, to the shoreless ocean of endless joys. Such a mother's fondest hopes, often, lie cradled, in her maternal arms; and her most sacred moments are spent, in its behalf, at the foot of the cross of Christ.

The young mother, watching tenderly over her dying child, as its little life slowly, but surely ebbs away, or plaintively mourning, over the new-made grave of her first-born babe, is one of the saddest scenes, in the dark catalogue of human woes. The silent shades, of death, have mantled the cherub brow, of her innocent baby, and the young mother mourns, with streaming eyes, and a bleeding heart. Her sweetest memories were her saddest mementos, of her darling babe. But, she will soon realize, that she is but the richer, in hope, for having loved, and lost an offspring. For, God will answer her, oft-repeated, prayer; though it be in a way, she did not anticipate.

"Oh! keep, then, my darling, sent down from above,
'Neath the arms of thy mercy, the wings of thy love;
So pure, in life, so meek, and so mild;
May it ever be thus, with my beautiful child."

THE CHRISTIAN MOTHER TRAINING HER CHILD.

(See page 183.)

The Christian mother, begins, early in life, to train her children for heaven. She seeks, earnestly, a heavenly Father's assistance. She spares no pains, to gain all the vantage ground possible, while their hearts are young and tender. The health, and happiness of her offspring is her daily care. The weal, or woe of their future lives bears, heavily, upon her loving heart. She teaches them, that the road, leading to the throne of grace, lies open to all; and, that the gate, to eternal life, swings wide upon its golden hinges, at the slightest touch of the penitent's hand.

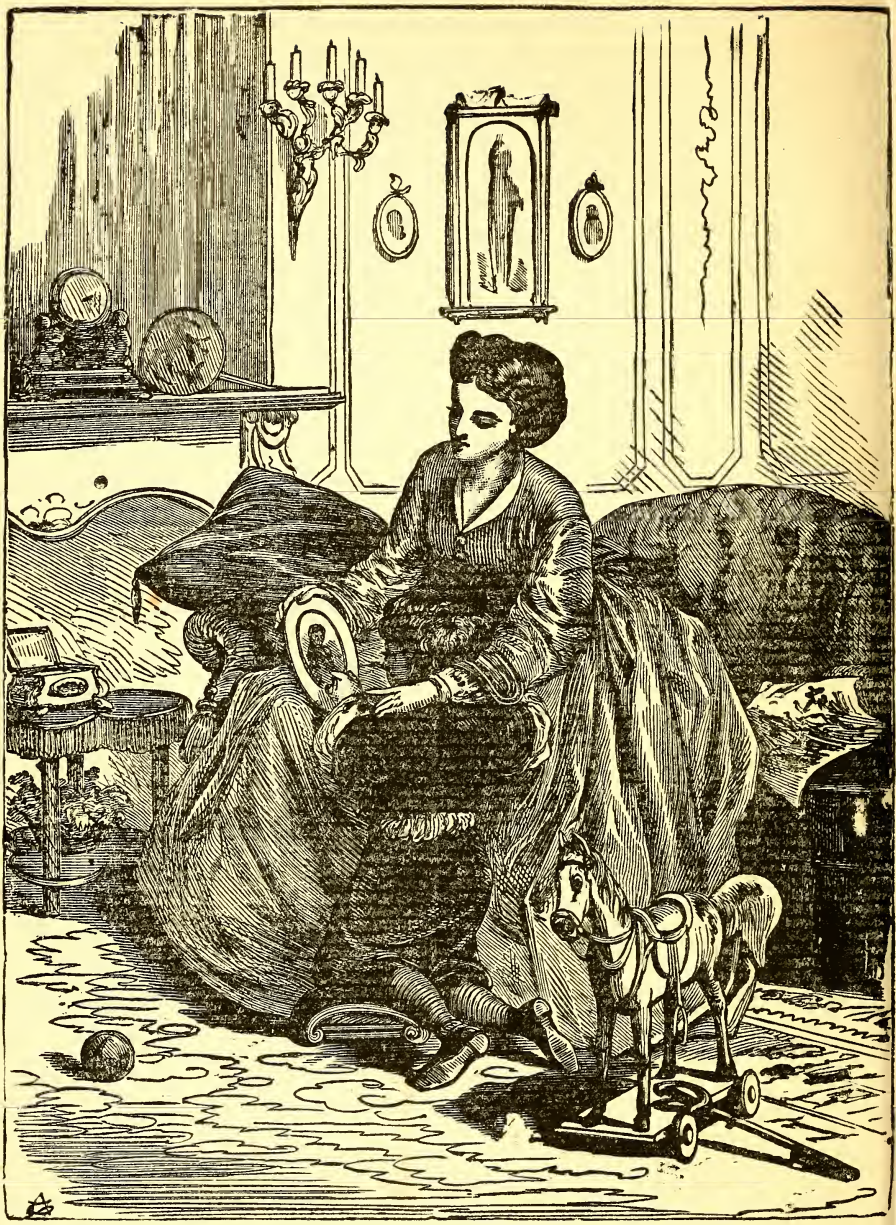
Christian mother-hood embodies in itself, and exerts, sooner or later, even upon the more reckless sons and daughters, a salvable influence. The wild, wayward boy wanders far out, in the ways of a wicked world. He, even, learns to scoff at religion. He grows hard, and heavy in sin: but, at length, sickness overtakes him, and sorrow comes in upon him, like a flood. His soul is dark and desolate: then, like the vision of an angel, the image of his sainted mother stands before him. Her soft hand is laid, once more, in love, upon his fevered brow; her tender voice falls, again, upon his listening ears, and the precious memories, of yore, bring a flood of tears to his weeping eyes. At last, a mother's prayers are answered. For, her lost son has sought, and found pardon from his mother's God.

But, equally powerful, for evil, is the example, and influence of a wicked, worldly-minded mother, over her tender, confiding offspring. Such mothers lead their children, into the broad, deep, rushing current of worldliness, which empties into the bottomless abyss of eternal woe. There are many cogent reasons, why moth-

ers should all be Christians. They are the fountain-heads of the households, of our country. They ought to be exemplary, and Christ-like, in all their lives. Mothers must live religious lives; if they would go to heaven, and take their children with them. Heaven pity the home, with a Christless mother! It is a lost paradise; or an earthly pandemonium. Mothers do much to make, or mar the characters of their children.

The true mother is every thing, to her helpless, little children. She shrinks from no duty; is equal to every emergency, and willingly becomes nurse, doctress, teacher, companion and guardian to her tender offspring. Most mothers are faithful, in the discharge of maternal duties, along these lines of life. In fact, many of them go far beyond what duty, or even the highest interests of their children demand; and become absolute slaves, and drudges for boys, and girls, who ought to be lightening their heavy burdens, with helpful hands, and cheering their aching hearts, with welcome words, rather than lounging round the house, or loafing on the streets. But, mothers are, often richly rewarded, for all their fidelity and watch-care. For, every step taken, in after-life, by the gallant son, or queenly daughter, which reflects honor upon the mother, sends a thrill of joy, through the throbbing, maternal heart, that proves a perfect feast to her soul. It is a right royal honor, to be the noble mother of an illustrious son, or a fair, far-famed daughter. Such a mother may well be proud of her offspring. The best proofs, of her own royal worth, are most readily seen, in the greatness, and grandeur of her honored children.

But many mothers are faithful, in the discharge of



THE BOY WILL BE WHAT HIS MOTHER MAKES HIM.

(See page 185.)

maternal duties, in proportion to the pleasure, which they derive therefrom. While some are, wholly, incompetent, for these arduous duties. They absent themselves, entirely too much, from the home-circle. They are ignorant, as to what their children eat, wear and read, as well as to character of company they keep. The result, often, is tainted purity, spoiled manners or polluted souls; and, hence, silly, saucy or sensual boys and girls, who prove a nuisance to society, or a curse to the world.

The history of the world proves, that the bane, or benediction of nations rests, largely, in the hands of the mothers of their rulers. For, her wise, and good kings, the world is indebted to the good, and wise mothers: but, for the wicked, and wayward rulers, to the wayward, and wicked mothers, who gave them birth. Then, the mothers of the land have much to do, with the peace, and prosperity of any people. The cradle rockers have, ever, been rocking the world. They have rocked it into many, bloody, revolutions; as well as through many, glorious, reformations. And, they will continue to rock the world, for weal or woe, till time shall be no more. They ought to rock it in hope. They ought to rock it for Jesus. They ought to rock it, roundly, for heaven. Mothers, let all your cradle songs be but the sweetest lullabies of love, and life to the world; and it will soon be won for Christ. The mothers, who are rocking the future rulers of the world, rock, at the same time, the destiny of future ages.

Mothers ought to be wise, and well-informed women. The helpless, and dependent state of their children gives them grand opportunities to mould their minds,

and shape their destinies for good, if they are, only, competent to the task. There is a great difference in children. One child is naturally timid, and should be encouraged to greater activity and assurance. Another is full of energy; and a little too much inclined to be forward; and needs to be tamed down, and taught the importance of good deportment. One requires a reward; the other demands discipline. The rod would be ruinous, in one case; but it is the, only, means of salvation, in the other. Maternal discretion is, absolutely, essential, to the successful government of children. Mothers must be discreet; and always on the alert, to know just how to control their households well and wisely. They must be well abreast with the times, to meet the wants, and administer, successfully, the laws of maternal love. It requires tact and talent, nerve and energy, to properly develop, and successfully discipline the opening faculties, of a growing family of promising children.

The model mother is a crowned, and sceptered queen. Her reign is unrivalled. Her empire, of influence, is eternal. Her presence is a constant inspiration, to her children, while she lives; and her memory is most sacred, when the beautiful flowers bloom, above her sleeping dust. Her queenly graces are reproduced, in the lovely characters of her cultured daughters; and the force, and fervor of her life finds its counterpart, in the famous lives of her kingly sons. Her maternal love is a magnetic power, which always attracts her child homeward and heavenward. Her loving smiles are the sunlight, of its existence. She may die, during its infancy; yet, that love will live, and charm its heart, amid all the

varied scenes of a long, eventful life. The child's vision, of mother, let it be in fancy, or in fact, never fades from the soul. The wayward wanderer, in all his journeyings, never passes beyond the over-shadowing arch, of such a mother's benign influence. Let him roam, through the waving forests of the western wilds, sit down, amid the silent glaciers of the distant north-land, or stand, upon the gentle slopes of the sunny South, yet, ever and anon, thoughts, of a mother's love, will steal softly into his soul; and, in the reveries of memory, he lives, over and over again, the happy days of his childhood-life. Now, he feels the warmth, of the maternal cheek, against his own fair brow. A mother's fond kiss is imprinted on his little, rosy lips. The tender embraces, of her loving arms, draw him closer to her beating heart: and all the hallowed associations, which environed childhood's happiest days, seem more sacred to him than ever before. But, when he wakes from his reveries, to realize that he has been dreaming of the past, the dearest of all, to his aching heart, are the many precious memories of a model mother's life and love. The estimable character of this model mother, as a rule, perpetuates itself, in the lives of her offspring. Her gentle graces live in, and adorn the lives of her devoted daughters, long after her consecrated head has been pillowed, in the dust of death.

The mother's ministry is one of mercy. It should be a most sacred one. She should shed rays of light, and love all around her hearth-stone. Her daily ministrations should be so many blessings, to all the hearts in her happy home. Her home should, ever, be a house of mercy. And realizing, in a measure at least, in her

maternal ministries, the merciful ideal of mother-hood, she will certainly reap the rich harvest of her fondest hopes.

Fond mothers make the saddest mistakes of their lives, when they propose to sacrifice everything, for the pleasure, and happiness of their daughters. They are sure to rue the day, when they took upon themselves all the hardships of domestic life; and denied themselves all the social, intellectual and religious privileges afforded them, that their daughters might appear to better advantage, in the, so called, higher circles of society. Such mothers soon become servants, if not slaves, to silly, selfish, hateful and haughty misses, whose ladyships have lost all love, for their toil-worn, and self-sacrificing mothers. This is not as it should be. The mother should remain mistress, of her own house and home. She should retain her position, as the lady of the household, at all hazards; and maintain her authority, with becoming dignity, and honor to the last. Then she would be recognized by the daughter, in her true light. She would doubtless be owned, and revered, as her guardian angel, not merely from a domestic standpoint, but more especially, in the social, literary and religious circles of life. This would be far better, for the mothers; and infinitely better, for the daughters of our land.

There is nothing comparable to a true mother's love, for a prodigal son, or a disgraced daughter, except our heavenly Father's love, for a lost, and ruined world. There is, in this type of maternal love, a tenderness truly pathetic; and an endurance, that transcends all other affections of the human heart. Selfishness can

not chill, worthlessness can not weaken, neither can base ingratitude stifle the affections of the, ever loving, maternal heart. The true mother will surrender every pleasure, sacrifice every comfort, endure any hardship and share the deepest disgrace, if need be, for the sake of her dishonored son, or degraded daughter. The father may disown, brothers and sisters may desert the disgraced one, but the mother's love lives on, and lives ever, hoping that her lost child will yet be reclaimed and saved. She remembers the sweet innocent smiles of infancy, the merry chants of childhood and the opening promises of youth; and it is impossible to convince her, that her boy, or girl is wholly unworthy of her maternal love and solicitude.

None but a mother's heart can sympathize with a wayward, wandering boy: and none like a mother's love can lead, or lure him back again, to the paths of peace and safety. The devoted mother holds, in her gentle hand, the mystic key, that unlocks the prodigal's hard, and stony heart. She carries, in her bosom, the charm, that enchants his seditious soul. She embodies, in her life of love, the sequel of a better day, and a brighter destiny, for her subdued son, than any one else ever anticipated. None, except orphans, know the loss of maternal affection. They live, to long for the love of a sacred, sanctified, celestial mother-hood.

The devoted mother's love is majestic. It is sublimely beautiful. It is heroically powerful. It never cowers, nor wavers before any foe; but grows stronger, where man's love falters and fails; and over all the wastes, and wants of worldly fortunes, or misfortunes shines on, like a radiant star from heaven. Such maternal love has

saved many a sinful son, from sin's deepest, and darkest stains. Oh, how earnestly such a mother longs, and labors for the rescue, of her prodigal boy! Mighty motives move the mother's heart, for her long lost son. She yearns for his return. She besieges a throne of grace, in his behalf. Such a mother wields a wonderful influence, over such a son. His sober, good sense forces him to yield obedience, to her maternal prowess; and her unfaltering faith binds him, firmly at length, to the risen Christ of all her hopes. The love, we should bear such a mother, should not be measured by the flight of time, annihilated by distance, nor lost, when she sleeps in the dusty bed of death. These sacred fires, of filial affection, should burn on, and burn forever.

The dear, devoted mother is a queen, who will reign, over the hearts of her obedient children, for evermore. And, he is but a child again, though time has furrowed his cheek and silvered his hair, who recalls, with softened heart and subdued spirit, the gentle chidings and cherished devotions, of a mother's consecrated love. It is the mother's province to develop the mind, and direct the thoughts of her child, in all that is truly beautiful and good. It is her's to impart the first little lessons of life, to teach industry, honesty and virtue; and to instill, into its young life, all the graces necessary to the rounding out of a grand, symmetrical character.

The consecrated mother, often, loses sight of herself, in the love she bears her offspring. She waits and worships, at the shrine of maternal devotion. Around love's altar, she breathes the purest, and most fervent prayers of her life. At this consecrated shrine, she gains renewed strength of body and spirit, whichenables

her, the more successfully, to prosecute her maternal mission of love and mercy. And on love's altar, at last, she lays her life, a willing sacrifice to the best interests of the souls, and bodies of her much loved sons and daughters.

Mothers are the first tutors of their offspring. They shed, upon their opening minds, the first rays of mental light. They teach them the earliest lessons, they learn in life. To be a successful instructor, the mother must live the lessons, she would have her children learn from her lips. She must offer, in example, what she would urge by precept. The sunlight of heaven will reveal the sacred imprints, of such a mother's lessons, upon the lives, and destinies of her children. It is the mother's exhalted privilege, to instill, into the young, and tender hearts of her children, lessons of life, which time itself can not eradicate—lessons, which will lead her daughters up to woman-hood, as bright ornaments in society; and her sons up to manhood, as models of moral worth, and positive powers for good in the world.

The culture of their children is in the hands of mothers. That their task be well, and faithfully performed, they must possess a good degree of intelligence and refinement. They should be well posted, and apt to communicate. The finished characters of their children depend, largely, upon the manner in which their minds, and hearts are cultured, while wholly under maternal management. This culture must be comprehensive, to prove efficient. A well cultured mind, supplimented by a massive moral character, would make but a poor impression upon the world, if imprisoned in the weakness of a worthless body. Physical strength is just

as essential, in the battle of life, as either mental, or moral power. And, with all these powers well developed, a man is a mere pigmy, without spiritual culture.

Mothers, select, carefully, the literature your children handle. Every thing they read will make impressions, either for good or evil, upon their young minds. Some thoughts will enter their very souls, to give shade, or sunshine to their entire lives, and help to shape their future destinies. Good thoughts will flow in upon them like a sacred influence, purifying their young hearts; while evil thoughts will troop in upon them, like a withering simoon, to blight, and blast all their hopes of happiness and heaven. Thousands of boys, and girls are growing up, to-day, into mercenary manhood, and worthless woman-hood, the poisoned victims of pernicious literature. A single sentence may switch the soul off of the right track. A motto may mould a life, for weal or woe. Proverbs may prove more powerful than potentates. And maxims may become mightier than monarchs. But, in the better literature of to-day, we have the golden thoughts of the wisest, and best thinkers of all ages, borne to us in their most attractive forms. Let the mothers cull these life-gems, from the great storehouse of thought, for the perusal of their sons and daughters.

Mothers are character-builders. This is a fact of fearful, and fathomless import. You are constantly forming characters, for time and eternity. It is your privilege, to chisel forms of grace and beauty, out of the material, which God has furnished you. Remember, the child's character seldom rises above that of its mother's. This is very natural. Hers is the fountain-head; and its is

the teeming rill. The mother, in her own life, is expected to outline her child's character, while its soul is soft, and impressions are easily made, upon it for good. She should be very careful, then, to use most skillfully, at this period, the pencil of personal influence, in filling up its life-chart, with all the essential elements of a noble, and generous character.

Mothers have their joys and sorrows. The sunshine, and shadows of life fall, overlapping each other, across their checkered pathways. They, often, weep for joy; and, sometimes, rejoice in the scenes of their deepest grief. But, maternal joys are largely secret, simply because they can not be expressed. Words fail, to paint the pictures perfectly. In fact, they give but dim outlines of the realities. The joys, far, exceed the means of communication. Like the joys of religion, they can not be told; but are only the sweeter, and better felt. Many of the mother's griefs are, also, sacred. She keeps them locked up, securely, in her own bosom. Her sorrows are, sometimes, mingled with the shame of a son, or the disgrace of a daughter; and she can not tell it. She will not unbosom the burden of her beating, throbbing heart, to the gaze of a wicked world, when it would bring to light the character, and conduct of her dishonored offspring.

The crushed, and bleeding heart, of a dishonored mother, must be the heaviest, and hardest of all burdens to bear. This seems to be the darkest cloud, that ever overshadows a mother's fair brow, or mantles her maternal soul, with the ebon hues of an endless night. Such a season of sorrow, sometimes, shuts the sunshine of hope out, of the mother's heart, forever.

But, sorrow, borne in patience, subsoils the soul; and brings to light its richest, and rarest blessings for humanity. The better manifestations of the soul spring, largely, from soil mellowed, and cultured by the plowshare of grief. Most of our historic heroes have been, but, the outgrowth of suffering. Even, our Saviour, the Man of Sorrows, was made perfect through sufferings. The very life, and inspiration of our American literature are the legitimate offsprings of soul sorrow. We should not be too ready, then, to hang our harps upon the weeping willows. And, we should wait until we get into a strange land, before we refuse to sing the cheerful, soul-stirring songs of our beloved Zion.

The home, over which a loving mother presides, ought to be the happiest place, on earth, to all her family. It should be the center of attraction, to all its inmates. Purest affections ought to reign supreme, in such a home circle, making the family associations the most delightful this side of Paradise. Yea! such a home is the center of domestic felicity. It is the true source of earthly pleasure—the fountain-head of a mother's purest, deepest, and strongest tides of joy. Let each member, of the family circle, be greeted, oft, with expressions of tenderest affection. Let none be strangers, to the sweetness of words of endearment and love. Let the home be dedicated to truth and love. Let its inmates be perfectly devoted, to all that is pure in thought, tender in feeling, kind in word and generous, and noble in action. And children, blessed with such a home, when they grow up, will leave the parental roof, with deepest regrets, to return, often, in after years, as pilgrims to their holiest shrine.

But no one, save a mother, knows just what it costs to see her sons, and daughters marry off, and leave the old homestead. For she, only, must constantly look upon the vacant seats, made so by the long absence of her loved ones. To her heart, alone, it is the next thing to a final separation on earth. Then, children, when you leave the parental home, for one of your own, do not let new loves, and labors wean you off, too suddenly, from parental hearts, which will feel so keenly your absence, and, even, more keenly, it may be, your long silence. Remember, they have no new objects of love, like yourselves, to take the place of the old ones; but still look, and long for the lost love, of their absent boys and girls. If near, visit them often. If distant, write to them frequently. They will always enjoy your visits, be they ever so short; and, they will ever appreciate your kind letters, if they but contain the welcome salutation, "*Dear Parents;*" give the health of the family, and close, with the sweet assurance of your filial affection. But, these little manifestations of love, on your part, will not only gladden parental hearts, by furnishing food for parental souls, while father, and mother linger in the old homestead; but, by and by, the sacred memories, of such devotion, will water your own hearts, and sweeten your own lives, when pilgrimages to the parental home shall have ceased; and you journey on through life, with but the fond recollections of maternal love and paternal care, all repaid, by your acts of filial devotion, while they lived.

The fond mother is the light, of every truly happy home. Without her presence and love, there can be no real home, for the child's heart. She is the home's

central figure—its mainspring of action—the royal regulator, around which all its wheels of love revolve, in happy harmony, day and night, year after year. Every well regulated maternal home is a moral vineyard—a garden of virtue—a religious nursery; where the faithful mother prunes off the errors, weeds out the vices and nourishes, and cherishes each and every vine, and flower of her own maternal planting. She recognizes the fact, that immortal souls have been entrusted to her care for keeping and culture. She knows, that, in the persons of her offspring, private worth, and public influence should go forth, from her sacred home, to assist in blessing, and saving the world. Around the sacred altar, of such a home as this, cling many of the sweetest, and dearest memories of childhood-life.

A truly happy home is a little heaven on earth. It is an empire of love; and the devoted mother is its royal queen. It is her province to make home-life so happy, and harmonious, that her children will not think of seeking enjoyment elsewhere. She knows, exactly, how to treat, and train them so that the most trivial events, in home-life, will contribute to their health and happiness. Her heart of love is a great storehouse, to which helpless infancy, and happy childhood learn to look for every needed blessing of life. Oh! what is a home, without a mother?

The harmonies of home-life are, largely, in the mother's hands. The happiness, of the entire family, depends, mainly, upon her character and conduct. The mother can leave no richer legacy, to the lambs of her fold, than the ever fragrant, and life-long memories of a happy, and harmonious childhood, spent under the over-

shadowing wings of maternal love. The sweet, and sacred memories, of such home-life harmonies, touch, in after-life, every vibrating chord of the human heart, as with the soft, and silent fingers of an angel from heaven. And naught but death can break the magic spell of the soul, saved by its sanctified influences.

In an ideal home, maternal love must be the chief dictator. In fact, all hearts must be brim full of love; and all lives overflowing with smiles of joy and gladness. Kindest words, like loveliest flowers, full of freshness and fragrance, must fall from loving lips, to make glad hearts and happy homes. But, best of all, these hallowed home-influences perpetuate themselves, from generation to generation. The sweet spirit, and gentle graces of the model mother, often, live again, to bless other ideal homes, in the lives of her devoted daughters, long after her life-work has ended. Yes, clouds of sorrow finally over-hang the happiest homes; and the sunshine of maternal love is, at last, shut out of the happiest hearts; for our mothers can not stay with us always. They have a happier home in the skies, where sorrows never come.

It is the prerogative of mothers, to govern their children, especially, while they are young. They can not afford to fail, to exercise proper control over them, while under their care. To do so is to bring constant annoyance to the maternal heart; and also to ruin the child, perchance for life. Children should never be governed by fear, or force alone. These should always be seasoned with sympathy and love. If mothers would have their children honor them, when they are grown, they must make them respect them, while they are

young. Make your children obey you. Disobedience tends to dishonor, on the one hand, and to disgrace, on the other. Their own good, and your happiness demand filial obedience.

The child's affections should be electrified—sur-charged—with the sweetest spirit of filial tenderness and obedience. The purest love, and the deepest reverence, for the mother, should pervade the whole heart, and penetrate the entire being, of those for whom she lives and labors. Each hour should bring, to the mother's anxious, aching heart, some rich token of gratitude, from those to whom she gives her life and her love. Every patient watch-care, every heaving sigh, every longing solicitude, born of maternal anxiety, should meet the most cordial response in the hearts of all obedient and loving children. The mother's matchless, and undying love should be repaid, in every possible way, by an affectionate, and faithful offspring. For the saddest, and sorest trials of life are those, which assail the maternal heart; and leave it pierced and bleeding, by the arrows of filial ingratitude.

There is a tender chord of love existing, between the fond mother and affectionate daughter, that naught, but death, can ever sever. Their loving hearts, always, beat in unison with each other. They are contented; they are more; they are happy in each others society. This devoted daughter is the pride of the family. She is regarded, as a sort of priveleged character. Yet, much is expected of her, in the daily rounds of domestic life. She is to second her mother, at least, as house-keeper; and act as hostess, ordinarily, for the entire household. These facts should secure, for her, a liberal education,

with plenty of good books, and other means, of making herself entertaining and attractive.

Mothers, rear your daughters, first, with reference to the practical duties of life. Train them, with some great, and good end in view. Teach them to live, for a great mission, and a grand destiny; and the world will be richer, in all that embellishes chaste society, and ennobles Christian civilization, because of their lovely lives. Remember, culture is manifold, in its parts and powers. Æsthetic, social, mental, moral and spiritual culture are all potential; and are very important factors, in every well developed character. A highly cultured character, always, gives a woman position, and power in the world.

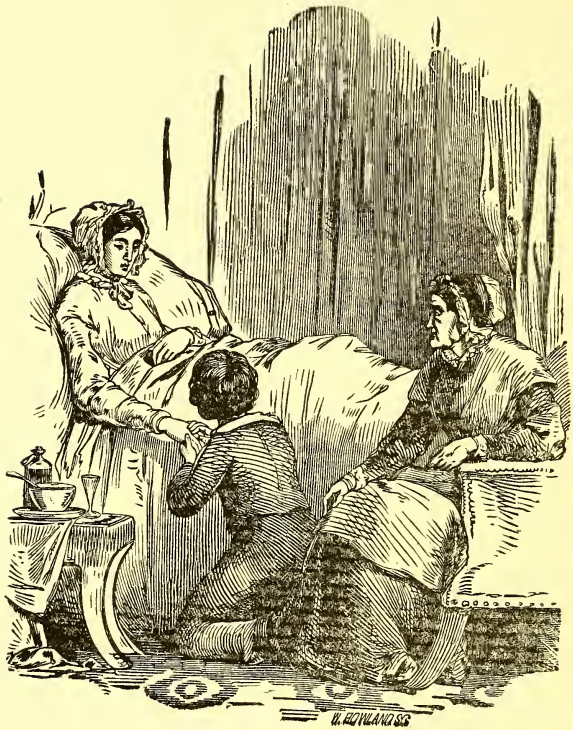
Mothers, your daughters will, likely, love to talk. Do not worry over this very natural proclivity. They, doubtless, came by it honestly. Just teach them how to talk, and what to talk about; and let them talk, as long as they enjoy it. It is perfectly charming, to listen to a little miss converse, if her conversational powers show signs of cultured development. We seldom, if ever, tire of such music, as the sweet intonations of her soft, silvery voice mingle with the pure, and lofty sentiments of her serene, but sensitive soul.

Mothers, do not put your daughters on the market, before they are fully grown. Do not allow them, to make haste to be women. Give the rose-bud plenty of time to bloom, if you would enjoy its richest fragrance. Wait for the full development, of the first elements of woman-hood, if you would see your daughters honored among women. Remember, that an energetic, thorough-going girl is of priceless value, in any home: but, that

a little, would-be, woman is a worthless creature, any and every where you find her.

Mothers, anticipate the fact, that your children will likely want to get married, by and by: and, when the time comes, meet the emergency calmly and coolly. Do not object, seriously, to the choice your son has made, after it is too late to change his mind. If matters are bad, policy would dictate, that you make the best of it. But, it may prove better than you imagine. Again, never force your daughter to run off, with a man to whose attentions you, at first, made no serious objections. These midnight marriages are very unfortunate affairs, any way. They cast cruel reflections, on one party; and throw dark shadows, over the other. They frequently alienate the two families, and keep up a constant unpleasantness, sometimes, for years. Never object, when your child is of a marriageable age, and, in the estimation of others, is getting his, or her equal.

Mothers, allow me to make a few helpful suggestions, for your consideration. Do not go slip-shod, or shabby before your daughters, if you would have them appear neat, and tidy in society. Let your heart meet the hearts of your children; and let your tears mingle with their tears; and let your joys flow into their joys; and let your prayers blend with their prayers, if you would keep them in the paths of peace, which lead to happiness and to heaven. See that your children keep good company, or none at all, if you have any concern for their manners or morals. Control your temper, in the presence of your children, as you do, when company is present. The anger of a high-tempered, contentious mother, when not controlled, kindles, and cracks like



MOTHER IS DYING.

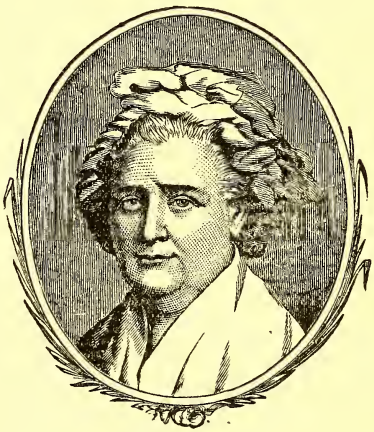
(See page 201.)

flax in the flame, without cause or provocation. Be sweet, and amiable, always, in your dispositions. A lovely spirit is more valuable to a mother, than much fine gold. It begets a similar spirit, in her offspring, and brings happiness to the whole family.

But, mothers sometimes die, then, sorrow fills sad hearts and silent homes. It is, then, that the dark wings of the death-angel are tinged, with the ebon hues of the most sable night. It is when mother lies lifeless, in her new-made grave, that the somber curtains, of death's dark folds, are most impenetrable. My mother's voice was silenced in death. The grave hid her lovely form from my view; and left me, an orphan boy, with only the sacred memories, of a sainted mother, to inspire me for good, and restrain me from evil. Blessed memories! They have often warmed my heart, and waxed my hopes, amidst the stern, and stormy conflicts of life. Thank God, good mothers are special blessings, living or dead. In fact, they, sometimes, prove to be greater blessings, after death, than while living. Prodigal sons, and wayward daughters, often, resist the strongest appeals of maternal solicitude and love; but yield, most readily, to the silent solicitations of the sainted dead. The heritage of love, that such a mother bequeathes, at death, to her sinful son, or depraved daughter, often proves to be the richest legacy, of all their after-life.

Simple, sacred, sainted, sublime, immortal motherhood; let us cherish its hallowed memories, cling to its priceless legacy, and bow, humbly, before its sacred shrine, with fondest filial affections, for evermore. And, where memory is silent, let fancy enshrine the images

of our sainted mothers, with all the charming graces, virtues and perfections, of maternal love, which ever clustered around the sacred altar, upon which consecrated mother-hood has offered her sacrifices, and peace offerings for centuries past. Farewell, mothers! but not forever: we will meet in heaven.



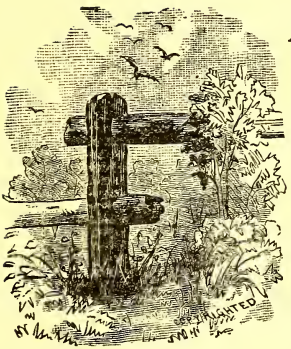
FATHERHOOD.

(See also page 31.)

FATHER-HOOD.

Chapter VIII.

The fond father is happy—the first-born is a boy.
If the next is a girl, he'll be shouting for joy.



FATHER-HOOD is life, in a new relation—in a changed state. It is life, looking upon its own offspring—its own reproduction. It is life, filled with joy, and thrilled with hope. It is life, in the midst of anxiety and care. It is life, surrounded by great possibilities; and burdened with grave responsibilities.

Father-hood, gradually and greatly, increases the burdens, and responsibilities of life. But, when these responsibilities are met, and these burdens borne, with paternal affection and fatherly fortitude, they always bring an increase, of domestic joy and conjugal love, to the fond father's affectionate heart.

Fathers, love your children. Paternal love gives no license, to lawlessness. It rather moves the heart, of the governed toward the governing power. It is the

oil, that lubricates all the machinery, of family government; and makes it run, smoothly, without frustration or friction. It is not logic, nor learning, but love, that moves the world. Love, like light, emanates from one source. It is a unit, in its nature; and a power, in its operations. Our holy religion, in its essence, and influence; in its effluence, and effects is the very embodiment of love to God, and love to man. Parental love forges no fetters; burdens no hearts, and sinks no souls; but lifts many a lad, from a lowly position in life, to a seat of usefulness, and honor in the world.

If fathers are paternal, in their feelings, their children will love them, at a very early age, with a peculiar, filial affection. There seems to be in the child an inherent love, and loyalty to the father. Its puny arms are ever ready, to fight his battles. Its little tongue, will, always, defend his good name. He has a seat, along by the side of mother, in its affections. The little child loves its father. And, so the fond father loves his young, and tender offspring. He feels a deep, and an abiding interest, in their well-being and happiness. He looks on his little ones in love; and his heart beats high with hope.

Most fathers love their children; but, some of them, fail to give expression to their affections. The little fellows are, too often, left with a forlorn feeling, which will question the paternal love, that refuses to give expression, to its own existence. If fathers would have their children feel that filial love for them, which secures prompt, and cheerful obedience, coupled with unselfish devotion, they must, first, love their children; and manifest it, in a way that they will feel the warmth, of

their affections, drawing them, powerfully, toward the paternal heart.

But, the fondest father does not, always, love the most: neither does the doting father, always, gain the strongest, and most lasting devotion, of his children. Nor does paternal severity, always, secure successful family government. Parental authority must be tempered, with parental affection; the reins of discipline must be held, by the hale, but harmless hands, of a loving father; and the correcting rod must be laid on the lad, in love, if we rule our children in righteousness.

Fathers must learn, that fear, and force are not the sole, or most successful agencies, in parental government. The child's will needs to be subdued, controlled and properly directed, by its divinely appointed guardians. But, it should never be broken, by the brutal treatment, and tyranny of a fiendish father. The child's will is expressive of its final worth. This forms the foundation, of its future character. If it associates duty and obedience, with fear and force, alone, its character will be correspondingly base and vile. But if, with these, it links parental love and filial liberty, its character will just as necessarily rise, in point of purity and refinement.

Fathers, encourage your children, often, by words of approval, when they do well. They will appreciate it, very much; and it will stimulate them to do still better, in the future. A love of approbation, in children, is highly commendable. It is among the strongest, and purest of human passions. It furnishes a powerful incentive to right-living, while one is young; and, fre-

quently holds in check, for a life-time, the lower and baser passions of humanity.

Fathers are the models, after which sons are inclined to pattern their lives. They think, over, the father's thoughts. They speak, again, the father's words. They perform, once more, the father's acts. They live, a second time, their father's life. They are, simply, the reproduction of the father. Hence, it becomes the father, to be on his guard, at all times; and to set worthy examples, for his sons. If he is neat, they will, in all probability, be neater. But, if he goes unkempt, and unshaven before them, they will take but little, if any interest, in their personal appearance. Paternal honor serves as an alarm bell, for the boy, in times of temptation. The father's kindly feelings, and manly bearings, often, find their echo, in the courtesy, and nobility of the son, who wears his mantle, and honors his name, long after he has closed his earthly career.

From the ideal father flows forth, the benign influence of a great, warm, charitable heart. These sacred influences are the natural offsprings of a paternal love, which must manifest itself, in the tenderest acts of kindness and compassion. It is but natural, that the manly bearing of this genial, noble-hearted father should live, long after his days on earth are numbered. His fatherly fidelity will find its following; and his nobility of character its counterpart, in the life of the son, who rises up to fill the place of his honored sire, in all the ways, and walks of life.

Fathers, let the Good Shepherd lead you, daily, through the green pastures of his love, like the happy herds, moving through the rich meadows of new-mown hay, or

the verdant valleys of waving grain, if you would lead, successfully, your own little flocks, along the ever lengthening line of life. It is your prerogative, as a father, to act the part of a shepherd, to your little flock. And, in the discharge of this important duty, you should imitate the example, left you by the Good Shepherd; and transmit the tenderest affections of a warm, sympathetic heart, to all your children.

Parental influence is, often, silent; but not the less powerful. Children are imitative creatures; and they glory, in saying and doing, what papa, and mamma say and do. They learn, much more rapidly; and remember, much longer, the lessons of love, taught them by example, than they do those, taught them by precept. So, if the father would have his boys be polite and chivalrous in their conduct, towards their sisters, he must give them an example, worthy their imitation, in his kindly attentions, and affectionate deportment toward their mother. Boys much prefer, to be led by good examples, rather than to be driven, by the best of precepts. You must use the lever of love, freely, if you hope to move the hearts of your children, to cheerful obedience, and filial devotion.

Fathers, be kind and affectionate, to the mothers of your children. Never cause the fond bosom, whose happiness was all committed to your keeping, to doubt, for one short moment, the fervency of your affections, for one who would die, if needs be, for you. Let her, ever, be conscious of the fact, that she holds the uppermost seat, in your devoted heart. Let her feel, that her love is the sum, and substance of your life. Fathers, you owe the very best efforts of your lives, to your

wives and children. You should manifest the most active interests, in your entire families. Your homes are the places, where your hearts should be anchored, around which your hopes should be hanging, and to which your thoughts should constantly be turning, through all the long, and laborious journey of life.

The happy sire, of a noble son, or a devoted daughter, has good reasons to be proud, of his offspring. The chief functions, of such a father, ought to be the impartation of the very best lessons, of life to his children. The beautiful, in life, far surpasses the beautiful, in nature. Therefore, he should early instruct them, in regard to their physical beings, and physiological duties. They should be well posted, at an early age, in all the fundamental principles, pertaining to the life and health of the body. This subject is, shamefully, neglected, by most parents. Body, and mind act, and re-act upon each other, in all their multiform movements. Hence, the health, and habits of the one, always effect the interests, and energies of the other. The body must be perfect, in all its parts, before the mind can make, upon it, the sweet music, of a harmonious life. A weak body, always, robs the strong mind, of much of its wealth and power. Our bodies, then, should be objects of the most careful, and healthful discipline. Soundness of body is, absolutely, essential to the highest development of mind, and heart, and soul. The joys of earth, and the hopes of heaven are not a little affected, by our physical condition. There is, also, a false modesty, upon the part of many parents, that leaves their children, in blissful ignorance of the fearful consequences, of some sins against the body, until they are ruined by them.

Father, you are the proper tutor, of your household. You have a divine prerogative granted you, which no one can challenge or change. It is your privilege, to instruct the most susceptible, and receptive of all audiences, when you gather a growing group of children, around the fireside, to train them for happiness and for heaven. Others may supplement your teachings; but no one should ever be allowed to supersede you, in training your offspring for God. Fathers, talk much, with your children, about things calculated to interest, and instruct them, in the ways of life and salvation; and you will have but little occasion to talk to them, about their disobedience, ingratitude and waywardness. Teach your boys, also, to be attentive, to every duty of life. It will beget interest, in all they are required to do. Attention is the mother of memory. The mind is a magnet: and, if attentive, it is sure to be receptive and retentive. In fact, every faculty, and function, of the mind, must be properly exercised, by our boys; if we would avoid the possibilities of a train, of morbid miseries, rushing in, like a flood, upon them, drowning their noblest ambitions and aspirations for greatness. Let them understand, early in life, that the will is master to the man; and that, therefore, its moral condition must, of necessity, determine a man's moral status, and foreshadow his future destiny, for weal or woe. As a rule the man will lie as the boy leans. Father, look at your son's inclinations; and, if he leans to the left, bend him back, while he is young and pliable. But, if he is inclined, too much, to the right, straighten him to a perpendicular; and bind him fast to an upright life, with the chords of paternal love and examples.

Nothing of interest or importance, in the way of paternal example, is likely to escape the observation of your children. This is the wide-awake period of life. Their eyes are, always, open. The little fellows are, ever, on the alert. They will see, and learn something, every day they live. Give them lessons of love, or they will learn the ways of sin and death. Store their minds, with thoughts of the true and the good; if you would close the avenues to their young, and tender hearts, against the vicious and the vile. Select their thoughts for them, by choosing their companions, and evolving their environments. Leave them, not, to the selection of their own associates, from among the fair and the foul. But, never appear to be doing for them, what they ought to do for themselves. And, be sure that the influence, which your parental examples exercise over them, is a salutary, and benign one, at all times.

Fathers, teach your children, that it is a sad mistake, to take the sign for the thing signified. Let them know, that the exterior glance does not, always, reveal the interior grace. Even, fiction may resemble fact. Therefore, we should never base our conclusions, upon outward appearances alone. The empty alcove echoes loudest, and longest of all. The horse is not to be judged, from his harness: neither can we place a proper estimate, upon people, from the words they speak, or the clothes they wear. Many persons wear masks, which mantle their souls, and completely veil their inner lives, from all, save the Eye that never sleeps nor slumbers.

The home is, preëminently, the place, for training your children. It is a sacred sanctum for them, at all

times. It is also a secure refuge for them, in times of darkness and danger. The great bosom, of the entire family, beats, in deepest sympathy, with the aching heart of its every member. The entire membership is a unit, in unison with each other, in every movement of life. Such is the model home of a fond father, and a faithful family.

Every father should select a good, comfortable home, for his family. For, much hangs upon the choice of a home. The character of a home is determined, largely, by its surroundings. And the family is, much, what the home makes it. The father is the recognized head, of the household. He is the active leader, of the family's fortunes or failures. Every father has his golden opportunities. These opportunities should be properly improved, before the sands of life, all, leave the hour-glass of time.

Fathers, make your homes beautiful, if you would have them be attractive, to your children. It is true, this requires time and taste; but it pays a large per centum, per annum, on what is invested. Let a beautiful bow, of promise, arch the main entrance, to each of your happy homes. They will invite sunny faces, to your firesides; and fill your hearts, with the sunshine of love. Children cherish the smiles of the pure and good. And then a little innocent amusement, occasionally, adds much to the happiness of any home. It is even better, that we laugh, than that we cry, over our little misfortunes, and trials through life. Children, naturally, relish the humorous. It is good for them. It sweetens their dispositions, soothes their sorrows, and elevates their affections. Fun, for your boys, is better

than physic; and a laugh, occasionally, is worth more, to your girls, than a lounge. Open your hearts, and let the young people enjoy themselves, in their own happy homes. Amusement is essential to the health and happiness, of both the body, and mind of your children. Only, see that amusements innocent, in themselves, are not perverted, nor indulged in, to the neglect of higher and holier interests.

Make home a happy place, for the little fellows. Give them games of chance, and skill; and, thus, enliven the long, dull evenings, with stimulating amusements. Converse, with your children, freely, and frequently, about the events of the day. Let them give the incidents of their own experience, and relate the stories told them by others; and be interested, in it all, if you would be companionable, and make them enjoy your society. These conversations will, also, afford you many fine opportunities, for impressing good moral lessons, upon their young hearts. One of the best safeguards, your children can possibly have thrown around them, when they go out from under the parental roof, into the wicked world, will be the sacred influences, and hallowed associations of the happy homes, which they so reluctantly leave behind them.

Fond fathers, open the doors of your homes, and let the sunshine, and pure air come in. They are desirable companions, for your children. Let the fire burn, brightly, in the winter; and the sunshine, cheerfully, in the summer, for all who shelter under your roofs, and you will have happy hearts and charming homes. Provide home entertainment, for your boys and girls, as they grow up; it will counteract the solicitations,

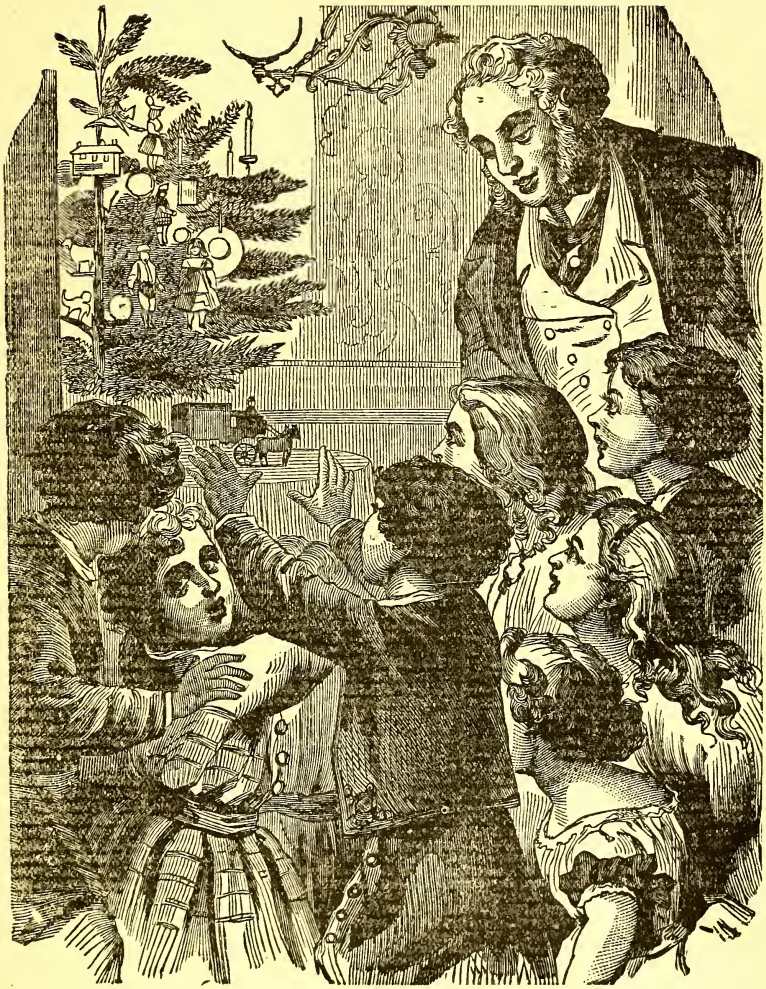
of sinful pleasures from abroad. Family music, vocal and instrumental, is very suitable entertainment, for young people. And, then, the songs of childhood are never forgotten. Their memories live, on and on, to refresh the heart, through the prime of life, and under the burdens of age. These sacred ties, which ever bind us, to the receding past, are the golden chords, which unite happy youth and hoary age.

Fathers, you are responsible, for the social surroundings of your children. You selected the society, in which they are being reared. But, if the society, of your community, is not what it ought to be, help to make it better. If you can not succeed in doing that, for your children's sake, move into a better neighborhood. But, let society be what it may, know where your boys are, of nights, as long as they shelter under your roofs. Keep them at home, when you feel that their interests demand it. There may be, at first, mental rebellion; or even muttered complaint, at your dictum; but the day will come, when they will recognize your authority as supreme; acknowledge the wisdom of your policy, and even thank you, for this interposition in their behalf.

The home circle is like a musical instrument. Its father is the performer: and its members are the strings, which, when touched, make melody, or discord in the family. If rightly tuned, by him, they will all vibrate, in perfect unison; but, a single discordant note destroys all the sweetest, and happiest harmonies of domestic life. In every truly happy home, there must be oneness of purpose, and unity of action, upon the part of all its inmates. One undisciplined, and unprincipled youth is a curse, to any home or community.

Each father should devote a reasonable portion of his time, to the entertainment of his children. In no other way, can he so successfully enshrine himself, in their young and affectionate hearts. No father can afford to have his sons, and daughters grow up, without weaving himself into the golden memories, of their happy child hood days. The true father, though bearing the heaviest burdens of life, or wearing the highest honors known to men, will always find a few moments to devote, to the interests, and amusement of his bright-eyed little boys and girls. This participation, in their childish sports, endears the fond father, more and more, to his affectionate children. Then, it softens the harsher outlines, and tones up the finer elements, of his own nature; and makes him, both a better father, and a more magnificent man.

All periods, of life, have their peculiar tendencies and temptations. But youth is, undoubtedly, the period of greatest peril. It needs, most, to be guarded and guided for good. This is preëminently, the formative period, when habits for life are fixed; and when character assumes its more definite shape and shadings, for time and eternity. This is the period, when passions begin to assert their sway; when the imagination paints the world, in false but fascinating colors; when the social impulse is first felt; when the calling, for life, is to be chosen, and when parental authority is wont to be thrown off, that the young blood may be left free to think, and act for himself. In fact, at this age, the widest scope is, often, given to the restless imagination; and the tireless fancy is left to roam, at large, until it leads the youth to rioting and to ruin.



ENTERTAINING THE CHILDREN.

(See page 214.)

Fathers can afford to neglect any thing else, rather than the interests of their sons, at this critical age. Then, fathers, treat and train your boys well. Give them comfortable rooms: make these rooms attractive, and then they will take interest in them. Have their special friends invited, to dine with them occasionally: and, in many other ways, make them feel that they are constituent parts of the family; and not mere servants, and they will not only love their homes, but they will, also, live in them, as long as circumstances will allow; and then leave them, with deepest regrets.

Fathers, if you have a word of commendation for your son, do not couple it with censure. One bitter drop renders nauseous the flowing chalice, of sweetest nectar. If it is your purpose to censure, any one, have the moral manhood, to administer it unmixed with praise. But, if it is your purpose to commend, then throw the white mantle of charity over all defects, and let your praise be unmitigated.

Father, never make the mistake, of lowering the standard of morality for your sons, while you elevate it for your daughters. Let there be but one standard, for both sexes: and there is but little danger, of getting that standard too high. We should not be governed, in this matter, so much by looks, as by principles. Vice is, just, as degrading and damning; and virtue, just, as refining and elevating, to the masculine, as it is to the feminine character. Never allow your boys to go where you would not, under proper circumstances, be willing to see your girls go. Never tolerate, in the conduct of your sons, what you could not commend, in the lives of your daughters. Roughness, and rudeness are not, es-

sential, ingredients to boyhood-life. Boys may, and should be, just, as refined, and highly cultured, both in their manners and their morals, as the girls.

Fathers, keep your boys in good shape, by constant pruning. Nip their bad habits, in the bud. Worthy sons are rocked, in the arms of worthy mothers, and trained, for life, by judicious fathers. Worthless boys are, often, cradled, in the lap of luxury, and schooled, in the wantonness of wealth and wine. The bright boys, of our happy homes and happier hearts, ought to be taught, early in life, the evil effects of strong drink, on both the soul, and body of those, who become addicted to its use. Father, it is your prerogative, to teach your sons these important lessons of life ; and your authority, along this line, can not be delegated, or transferred to others.

Fathers, obedience is, absolutely, essential to faithful, family government. Your prayers, and instructions will prove, comparatively, worthless, if you tolerate acts of disobedience, upon the part of your children. And, by obedience, we mean a prompt, and cheerful acquiescence, in all the requests of the parents ; and not a mere languid, or dilatory yielding, to their repeated threats and blows. Nor is it best, that they should yield to your arguments ; but, they should, rather, learn to respect your authority, and lose their wills in your wishes.

Father, study the dispositions, and know the moods of your children : and then govern them accordingly. Manifest patience, sympathy and forbearance, where they are needed. Govern by love, those who will yield obedience, under its mild sceptre. Be mild, and merciful to all : but when the contest, with the wayward and

stubborn, comes, continue it, until the rebellious will submits, unreservedly, to your will and wishes. For, if you can not command the obedience of your children, they might as well be fatherless. In fact, they had, far, better have a faithful foster-father, than such a burlesque as you are, upon genüine father-hood. But, remember that those, who would govern others well, must first master themselves. Self-control is the first factor of a good father. He, who does not control himself, will never control his children. He may coax, cower and coerce, but he will never control them.

The morals of men depend, largely, upon the filial affection, and obedience of boys. The boy who is deprived of, or allowed to throw off the restraining influences, of wholesome discipline, will make a man of corrupt morals. He will be disobedient, alike to the laws of church and state. He will challenge the right of God and man, to reign in, or rule over him, even, for his own good. Never require obedience, from the stand-point of reason alone. Let your paternal authority be binding enough, at all times, to secure prompt obedience. But, that your children may see the reasonableness of your demands, and become acquainted with the character of moral obligations, it is proper and right, that you should, occasionally, tell them why you make certain requirements, at their hands, and why they should, cheerfully, obey all your commands.

Many fathers drive their children, into disobedience and sin, by keeping them, at too great a distance, from the paternal heart. Sires should make playmates, and companions of their sons. Let them feel that, in you, they have a warm-hearted, sympathetic and confidential

friend. Father, get nearer to your boys, than any one else can: and, then, stay there; and your authority will be absolute; your opinion an oracle, and your, every, wish will be their pleasure.

Fathers, give your children something to do. Never allow them to feel, that they have a day, or an hour, to idle away. When they need rest, or recreation let them have it; but, never allow them to be lounging, and loafing around, with nothing to do. For idle hands, empty heads and useless hearts are sure to come to want and woe. But, do not burden your boys unnecessarily. Give them reasonable tasks, and plenty of time, for recreation and amusement. Remember they are boys; and, that the youthful life ought to last, long after the older one sleeps the last, low sleep of death. The devoted sire strives, to put his sons and daughters, in positions of usefulness and honor. He would not, wantonly, expose them, to unnecessary hardships: neither would he, foolishly, shield them from such tasks, as are helpful to both soul and body. It is the height of folly, for parents to try to palliate every crime, and perform every task, which lies in the pathway of their children. Never tell them to do anything, unless you intend they shall do it. Let your word be law to them.

Fathers should encourage, and stimulate their boys, when they are very small. They ought to start them off right. They should be in full sympathy, with all their youthful aspirations; and allow them to make some money for themselves, as soon as they are able to do so. They ought, also, to be taught, just as soon, the art of economizing. They should learn to lay up a part

of their earnings, be it ever so small. For, as the boy is allowed to spend his pennies, so the man is like to part with his pounds. Make of your boy, financially speaking, a medium man, who will steer, successfully, between the rocks upon which the miser, and the spend-thrift go down to rise no more.

Fathers, your boys are undeveloped men. They are susceptible of culture and change. Bad habits are not, often, born in boys. They are, usually, the result of gross neglect, or false training. The most vicious, and unruly boy may be changed, as by the work of magic; and developed, into a truly genteel gentleman. This reformation does not require the impartation, of any new elements of character; but, simply, the suppression of the evil, and the, proper, culture of the embryo plants, already, in stock. The most ferocious animals are thus tamed; and so may be the worst, and wildest boys. If discipline will subdue the inhabitants of the forests and the fields, it will, also, conquer the little fellows, who play around our firesides, no matter how head-strong they may chance to be.

But, regeneration is, absolutely, essential to the development of a perfect Christian character. You may take a child, in its infancy, and instruct it, in all the principles of morality, throughout the years of its minority; and yet, if its nature is not changed, in the act of regeneration, the passions will begin to assert their sway, as opportunity presents itself: gradually, the restraining influences, of parental love and watch-care, will be diminished; and, ere long you will see visible traces of a blurred, and blackened character.

Fathers, educate your children. It is your bounden

duty, to do so. To neglect this duty is, to withhold a great blessing, from your offspring. Give them good mental, and moral training: and with this character of education, for sails; and religious culture, for ballast, you may set them afloat, upon the sea of life, hopeful of a successful voyage, across the briny deep of time.

See that your children are, constantly, gaining needed information. The twilight hours should impart strength, to the youthful mind; and the morning dawn store it, with useful knowledge. The world is full of choice books, from which may be gleaned the richest lessons of life; and these books are accessible to the poor, as well as to the rich. Only keep your children's eyes open, and their faces toward the morning light, if you would have them become leaders, in the onward march of this progressive age.

Fathers, provoke not your children, with unreasonable commands, and perpetual restrictions. Govern your own tempers; and never speak, to them, in angry, shrill tones. Quiet, soft words, positively spoken, are far more effectual, in securing their obedience. Do not be always checking, and rebuking your children, as though you delighted, in finding fault with their conduct. If so, they will finally conclude, that it is a matter of impossibility to please you; lose heart, and quit trying. Never box your child's ears; nor kick, nor cuff it about, as some people do the poor dumb brute. If it becomes necessary to punish it, do so in a way, that will prove to it, that you respect it, as a member of the family; and chastise it, for its own good. Every time you punish your child, you either increase its filial love, or alienate its frozen affections from you, more and more. Be

careful, then, when, and how you use the correcting rod: and yet, use it, when necessary, without hate or hesitancy. When the lash is laid heavily on the back of the unruly lad, let it be well seasoned, with paternal love: and it will soon lead him to pursue a different course in life. It will bring him up, in the way he ought to go; and, when he gets old, he will not depart from it.

Deliver me, from the spoiled boy! The brother, who depends upon his sisters for every thing, is a worthless lad. Nothing good is likely, ever, to become of him. He will make a tyrannical husband; and a cruel, hard-hearted father. His wife, and children will be his slaves. His neighbors will be his enemies; and his friends will be few. He will live without the love of any, and die with none to mourn his loss.

Fathers, put your boys upon their honor. Do not watch them, as spies, hoping to overtake them in some act of disobedience; but, only, as guardians, desiring to correct their erring feet, and guide them, in the ways of life and salvation. Boys love to be trusted; and will readily respond, to your implicit confidence. Then, trust them, unhesitatingly, and at all times, with a confidence that they can neither doubt or deceive. Insist upon the highest order of self-respect, among your children. It is a most powerful, and valuable restrainer. The boy, who respects himself as he ought, will not defile his body, by sensuality; nor ever degrade his mind, by servile thoughts. With a proper degree of self-respect, he will rise above the low, and groveling things of this life. He will mount, in thought, and word, and act, toward happiness and heaven.

The father's failures should lead him, to foster, more fondly, his promising sons. He should guard them against the evils, which have befallen him; and guide them to the goal, he has missed. His past is irretrievable: but, it may give birth to a better future, for his boys. The weakness of youth, in the perils of life, ought, readily, to recognize the wisdom of age. The health, and habits of parents, naturally and necessarily effect the life, and destiny of their offspring. And, fathers should remember, that their vices, often, entail disease, and bring premature death, upon their children.

Parental duties are manifold. Briefly stated they are —to provide for the physical wants; develop the mental faculties; mold the moral natures, and culture the spiritual powers of their children. These duties should be mutually borne, by father and mother. Parental influence must be co-ordinate, in order to produce symmetrical development of character, and insure the greatest possible success in life. The tender and constant ministrations, of the model mother, must be cheerfully and faithfully seconded, by the fond father, if the greatest good is accomplished. While the mother's love appeals, so tenderly, to the affections of the child's heart, the father's counsel should address itself, just as fondly, to the various faculties of the soul. For, the father's precepts and examples, always effect, more or less, the fate or fortune of the entire family.

In closing this chapter, we will give a few parental pointings, which we hope will be appreciated, alike by fathers and mothers. 1. Inculcate sound principles, and enforce good conduct. 2. Deal gently, but firmly, with

your children. 3. Be positive—mean what you say to them. 4. Require instant, and unfeigned obedience of them. 5. Fulfill, promptly, all your promises to them. 6. Curb their tempers, on the start. 7. Do not tolerate, at one time, what you will not allow, at another, the circumstances being similar. 8. Limit them, to the truth, in their little recitals; and discourage tale-telling and tattling. 9. Teach them, that self-denial, rather than self-indulgence, is the royal road to success and happiness. 10. Give, to them, as much of your time, and talents as possible. 11. Give them, in all things, worthy models, after which to fashion their lives. 12. Make as few prohibitory laws as possible; but, be sure to execute those you make. 13. Impart a sense of, absolute, reliance to them; and you will have gone far toward establishing a sure foundation, for future obedience. 14. Never get angry with your children; nor allow them to remain angry, with you. 15. Never smile at what you do not approve, in their conduct. 16. Never give them anything, simply, because they cry for it. 17. Never threaten to punish them in the future; for less punishment, at the time, will prove more effectual. 18. Never grant them anything grudgingly; nor withhold any thing selfishly. 19. But, above all things, culture their heads and hearts; and instruct them in the Word and ways of God. 20. Observe these rules, and you will be sure to secure the affectionate obedience of your children: but, pet, and spoil and indulge them; and they will be miserable, and you will be wretched.

It is within the purview of parental power, to govern children wisely and well; and parents, who

fail to do so, will not be held guiltless. Paternal love is commensurate with the interest taken in, and care bestowed upon, our offspring. Free us from the care; and we will lose the interest, and be wanting in the love.

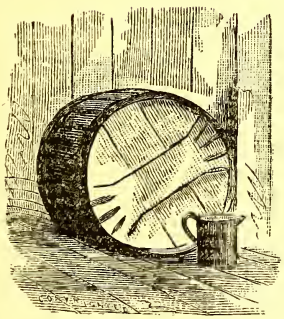
GRANDMOTHER.

(See page 225.)

GRAND-MOTHER-HOOD.

Chapter IX.

I'm aged and feeble; I'll soon lay life down:
But I'll rise, by and by, to wear a bright crown.



GRAND-MOTHER-HOOD is life lingering, in the lap of death. It is life ready to yield, to the king of terrors. It is life with its lease, on time, drawing to a close. It is life willing, to swap time for eternity. It is life waiting, to exchange earth for heaven.

All honor to aged grand-mother-hood! Time has scattered snow-flakes, upon her once fair brow; plowed deep furrows, in her once rosy cheeks, and bowed down her, once lovely, form, with the weight of years: but still she is sweet and beautiful, in person, and grand and glorious, in life. Here is life, once active and buoyant, now sinking into silence and solitude Here is life both rich and rare; life molded in love, and mellowed by age, nearing its completion: or rather approaching its commencement day; when, full orbed, it will enter, upon its eternal existence; swing out, into

the unknown, and sail on, toward the grandest of all destinies—a home, and a heaven with God.

Here sits grand-mother, in her old, armed rocking-chair, by the fireside, knitting as usual. The ripest, and richest, the deepest, and dearest experiences, of domestic life, have been lost, in her love, and longings for higher, and holier joys. Her eyes are aged and dim. Gray locks are folded back over wrinkled temples. Stooped shoulders bend, under the burdens of many years. But, still, she is cheerful and happy; for hope brings heaven to her, as an eternal home. Her spirit will still grow calmer and sweeter, until the golden gates, of endless life, are lifted up, and the sainted pilgrim enters the eternal city, robed, once more, in all the habiliments of immortal youth.

Peace, like a river, rolls through her hopeful heart. But, it is not perfect peace. Her happiest hours are, sometimes, seasoned, with sorrows, and saddened, by griefs. Her brightest days are, occasionally, darkened, with doubts, or beclouded, with fears, lest some of her loved ones should linger, too long, in the ways of sin and death, and be, eternally, lost. Perfect peace is a stranger to earth-life. It is locked up, in the treasury of the skies. The mystic key, to this treasury of grace, is a triumphant death. This, only, can ravish the human soul, with the endless raptures of perfect peace. It must pass through the darkness, into the light; through the sorrows, into the sunshine, before it can experience the sweets of endless joys.

Grand-mother is, always, in a good humor. You can not remember, when you last saw her, in a passion of anger. Her temper has, long since, been subdued. Her

EVERYBODY'S FRIEND.

"All may come to her with their joys and sorrows."

tongue has been brought into, willing, subjection to her sweet spirit of love. She governs herself, by the wholesome laws of love. Her good nature, like oil upon the troubled waters, pacifies her aged mind; soothes her sorrowful soul, and keeps calm the placid sea of her, lovely, life; while she waits, patiently, her summons to the tomb. She anticipates dying grace, in a dying hour; and nothing moves her fixed faith, in the fulfillment of the promises of the world's Redeemer. And, ere long, the dark mantle of death will be laid, over the sweet face, and the once fair features, of the dear old, dead grand-mother.

This aged mother, in Israel, has many words of cheer, and comfort for those she meets, along the highway of life. In fact, all may come to her, with their joys and sorrows unbosomed; feeling confident, that she will rejoice with them, if they rejoice: or weep with them, if they weep. She is feeble, and helpless, now: but still cheerful and happy. She has, long since, ceased to gaze, upon the sad, and shady side of human life; and learned to look much, upon the soft, and sunny side. But, the love of life, and the license of liberty are still left her. She finds much pleasure, in her children and grand-children; but most consolation, in her hours of secret devotion, and sweet communion with God.

Yes, her religion is the greatest comfort—the sweetest solace—to her aged, aching heart: and, with its precious promises, and soul-comforting truths, she would encourage, and strengthen the hearts of all others. Her religion soothes, and softens all her sorrows; weighs, and weakens all her woes, and bears the burdens, of her saddest bereavements. She does not simply do

religion; but, she, also, lives religious. Hers is not a hope so, or a heartless; but a heart-felt religion. With her, religion is everything; or, it is nothing. She is a positive Christian; and positive that she is a Christian. Her hope of heaven hangs, on no contingency. She has gotten the greatest possible good out of this life, simply by making the best possible preparation, while in it, for the life to come. Her holy acts have strengthened her holiness of heart. They have been so many good seeds, culminating in more, and better life for the soul. All the sacred influences, of her Christian fellowship, have been so many chains of gold, binding her, in the happiest, holiest bonds, of Christian love, closer, and still closer, to the church of Christ. Her religion has eliminated every selfish element, from her nature; and grafted, in their stead, all the benevolent attributes of Christianity.

This holy religion, which our grand-mothers commend to us, so highly, both by words and works, anticipated all the wants, and woes of our fallen race. It opened up, a living fountain—a spiritual Bethesda, whose waters are always swept, by the wings of angels—and to which the most sin-polluted souls may come and wash; be cleansed, from all their impurities, and made every whit whole. But, this religion calls, for a voluntary surrender, without reservation, of the very best time, and talents we possess. And, it is worthy, of all it demands; or, can possibly receive at our hands. It will reward us, four-fold, for all our services, and sacrifices through life. It really pays, and pays well, to be, truly, religious. Then, let no sinister motives prompt your actions, or influence you, to try to live a Christian life;

but, be sure your heart is right: for, religion changes the power, and purposes of a wicked heart, and a worldly life. When self is supreme, your religious life is a sad failure; but, when self is subdued, it will be a signal success. This religion is truly wonderful, in its works. It, even, renders darkness, and death mediums of light and life; and, transforms, objects of shame and disgrace, into beings, full of grace and glory.

This religion is a, wonderful, revelation, from God to man. Revelation is a divine response, to the human head and heart. It addresses man's reason; and also appeals to his affections, thus furnishing him a, two-fold, foundation, upon which to ground his faith, in Christ. This saving faith embodies two distinct elements—the assent of the mind, and the acknowledgment of the heart; and opens a fountain of life, to bathe the soul, and the body. Faith, with what faith, necessarily, implies, is the sole condition of regeneration, which is the struggling, out of darkness and death, into light and life, upon the part of the penitent believing soul, and the washing, and renewing of the unholy nature, upon the part of the Holy Ghost. And this gives us the experimental, heart-felt religion, of our dear, old grand-mothers.

But, Grand-Mother, always, seems to be so happy. Oh! so very, very happy! What can be the secret, of her continued happiness? Contentment with her lot; and the faithful discharge of all her duties. Duty, and contentment bid us all be happy. We should train our minds, to the happiest moods of thought. We should stimulate our hearts, to the most cheerful response, to kindly feelings. We should stir our souls, to the most

animated degree of action. It is morally wrong, for us to be gloomy and melancholy; and, thus, make ourselves miserable, and unhappy all our lives long. Earth's real heroes, and heroines are the men, and women, who cheerfully, and bravely bear the burdens of life, ever lending helping hands, to those around them.

Grand-mother's life has been one of love, joy and gratitude. Oft-times, her heart has leaped for gladness, as though it would leave the tottering old body, take wings and fly away. On such occasions, her soul would pour itself out in song; which, mingled with the mystic lays of wind, or wave, went up, in grateful praises, to the Giver of all good. Her hopes are fixed, in the heavens of her unfaltering faith, like the beautiful stars, in their golden sockets, which bedeck the canopy, above her devoted head.

Grand-mother has lived for God; and the good she might do humanity, at large. The lights, and shadows of her eventful, and happy life, have fallen on many hearts, to charm and cheer, heal and help them, on their way to heaven. Her generous soul has, often, found something, to forgive and forget. It has, often, been hers to watch, and weep, and work, for the well-being of others. Her aims, and efforts in life have, always, been worthy the lofty aspirations of her generous, noble heart. She is very devotional. She goes to her closet every day, to spend a season, in secret prayer to her God. And, sometimes, she gets so near the throne of divine grace, that she can, almost, hear the music of heaven; and then, a quiet, sweet peace falls, upon her sanctified soul, like the gentle echo of angels' songs; and, she rejoices, in spirit, with exceeding great

joy: for her hopes give her a home, where the angels dwell, and the law, of the Lord, is the light of her earthly life. Happy, thrice, and forever happy, she whose path shines brighter, and still brighter, until the ushering in, of the perfect day, when it shall be lost, in the light and glory of an endless life.

This aged mother, in Israel, has so lived, that the influence, of her consecrated life, has been felt for good, far and wide; and will continue to be felt, when her name shall have been forgotten, on the earth. Her life-work has been but the prelude, to what will follow, while she sleeps, and slumbers in the dust of death. Her fidelity has planted seeds, of perpetual fruitage. It has put in motion a wave, of sacred influence, which will sweep on down, over unborn generations, even, to the end of time. She will soon rest, from her labors of love; but her works of righteousness will follow her, even, to the golden gates of the new Jerusalem, and there crown her, with heaven's richest reward. She has been a faithful follower of Christ. Like Mary of old, she loves to sit at the feet of Jesus, and learn from him the, wonderful, lessons of life, which it is his pleasure to impart. She would feed, and feast, for hours, forgetful of every thing else, upon the celestial food, as it falls from his lips of love.

Old age is contemplative. The aged dwell, much upon the future, as well as the past. They link the fond associations of loved ones, on earth, with their sweet anticipations of a reunion, with them, in the glory world. They, often, comfort their hearts, with the hope of future recognition. They believe they will know, and be known, by their loved ones, in the spirit land. They

can not see death, the conquered foe, as the destroyer of friends, and the annihilator of friendship. But, they are, constantly, anticipating an eternity of happiness, with their sainted dead, on the Elysian plains, in the Hesperian climes and along the happy highways, of the glory land.

The aged mother may, possibly, have trodden the pathway of affliction, through all the long journey of life. She may, oft-times, have felt, that she had been singled out, as a target, for the swiftly flying arrows of the Almighty. But, when her dim vision began to lose sight of time, and her faith began to penetrate the intervening vail, between this and the unseen world, she realized that her light afflictions, which could be but momentary, were fast giving way to an eternal weight of glory: and she sings her soul's cheering song, of that lovely land; the land that is brighter than day. And this is the song she sung:

1. We soon will sing, in that lovely land;
   A land that is far, far away;
   That beautiful land, that happy land;
   The land that is brighter than day.

CHORUS.

The Lord is the light, of that lovely land;
The land that is brighter than day;
Yes, brighter than day, brighter than day;
The land that is brighter than day.

2. They need no sun, in that Lord-lit land,
   To chase midnight darkness away;

For all o'er that land, that radiant land,
Shines an endless, glorious day.

3. They have no moon, in that distant land;
Nor stars to illumine their way;
For night, in that land, that strange, strange land,
There's not, for it's one endless day.

4. No clouds are seen, in that sinless land,
Where storms never sweep o'er the skies;
For, all's so fair, on that glitt'ring strand,
That sorrow's dark clouds never rise.

5. There are no deaths, in that sun-bright clime;
Nor sickness, nor suffering there;
But life immortal, and love divine,
With God, and the angels to share.

6. This is the land, the long looked for land;
The land that our faith now can see:
Yes, this is that land, glorious land,
Where with loved ones, soon, we shall be.

Many have been the secret sorrows, of grand-mother's sad soul; but light has, invariably, followed the darkness, as day follows the night. But, her soul took deep root, in the midst of her trials, troubles and tribulations, and has blossomed forth in the beauty, bounty and buoyancy of an immortal hope. The poor old lady, who has lived for the Lord, may have but little in hand, but she is rich in hope. Her sphere may be very humble on earth; but she will be highly honored in heaven. She may have experienced the extremes of joy and sorrow, grief and glory, as she moved among the homes,

and hovels of men; but she has a title to an endless inheritance, in the many-mansioned house of her heavenly Father. And, she will be ready to pass, in peace, to that happy home, when the Master calls her to the rest that remaineth to the righteous of earth. So the poor are not to be despised, on account of their poverty. Neither are the rich to be envied, because of their wealth. A fortune is often the greatest misfortune; and poverty a blessing in disguise.

But old age has its dark side. It has its sad thought. After providing for itself, as long as it can, it would lean upon some strong arm, during the decline of life. But, it shrinks from the thought of being a burden to others, even to an own child. We should love, and care for the old people very tenderly. They are worthy of our faithful watch-care, and deepest devotion. We should let them feel, that they are still helpful to us; and never lead, or leave them to feel that their days of usefulness are, entirely, gone. Let us draw all we can from the rich, and varied experience of age. Old people delight to impart knowledge, when sought at their hands.

Be kind to the aged ones of earth. They will not be with you long. You will lose them by and by. If unkind to grand-mother, you may mourn your mistreatment of her, when you see her face no more on earth. Do not let your hands plant your future,with thorns and thistles. But, do not dissemble. If you can not feel, do not feign sympathy for her. Remember, words of sympathy, on the lips, are works of compassion, in the life. Acts of kindness, with the hand, are deeds of benevolence, in the heart. Tears of pity, in the eye, are dew-drops of pathos from the soul.

GRANDMA'S DARLINGS.

(See page 235.)

Old people, often, outlive their active usefulness, in this life; and, unless we care for them tenderly, and kindly, their last days will be a burden, and death a coveted boon. But, if properly, and affectionately cared for, they will remain cheerful, and hopeful, even, to the end of life. And, they will teach us how religion can sustain the weary pilgrim of earth, and gild the dark horizon of death, with the crimson glories of a lovely sunset. We love to see a good old grand-mother sitting quietly; and, calmly waiting her summons home. She lingers lovingly, in the twilight of life, waiting patiently the day-break of eternity. She is ripe for heaven. Her last days on earth are her happiest, and her best. They are full of peace and patience. Her sweet spirit, gradually, grows cooler, and calmer, as the long shadow of life continues to lengthen, and the dark portals of death lift up their heads, into the golden sunlight of hope, to let the way-worn pilgrim pass into the courts of endless life.

When old age comes, it must be a sweet solace, and comfort to declining years, to have affectionate grandchildren come to the loving, and lovely heart, with their grateful ministrations of filial affection. It is a touchingly beautiful scene, to see grandma, with her little darlings gathered round, while she sits in the old armed-chair, entertaining them, with quaint, old stories of other days. The relative importance of these lovely scenes are to be seen, in their reciprocal influences, on the hearts, and lives of the old and the young. Youth gives to age no richer heritage than the fond memories of a sainted grand-mother, whose sweet spirit touched, and tendered all hearts while on earth. Such, sacred, memories are

safe-guards, amid the struggles, and temptations of time all along the line of life.

Grand-mother is getting old. Her days are almost numbered. Her sun of life long since crossed its meridian; and is rapidly wheeling its course down the heavens, toward its western horizon. Her setting sun will, soon, sink behind the silver clouds, of the silent evening of life. Her feet have, often, walked the ways of sadness and sorrow. Her heart has, often, melted, with grief and anguish. But, now she stands, serenely, beneath the bending skies, without an intervening cloud, to obscure the glorious visions of her, far-seeing, eye of faith. The long night of her sufferings, and sorrows will soon give way, to the golden dawn, of an endless day of joy and gladness. The surcease of sorrow, for which she sighs, will soon be hers. The respite, from pain and death, for which she longs, awaits her just across the still waters, of the last river, on the sun-bright shore of eternal deliverance. And she sings, with triumph, the song of the aged pilgrims:

All our morning hours are past;
The night is drawing nigh:
Now, our shadows lengthen fast;
We'll leave you, by and by.

CHORUS.

Here we stand, on Jourdan's strand;
The river'll soon run dry;
Then, o'er goes our faithful band,
To reign with God on high.

All our happy hearts are light,
And all our spirits free;
For, our blest home, full in sight,
Our aged eyes can see.

We're crossing o'er Jordan now,
Toward that happy home;
Light, and gladness crown each brow:
Our feet no more shall roam.

Glory be to God above,
Our spirits sweetly sing;
From whose chast'ning rod of love,
We pass up to our King.

And, when we vie round his throne,
With all our loved and lost,
Loud hosannahs shall make known,
The joys of ransomed hosts.

Grand-mother's summer of life is ended. The cold, chilly blasts of winter are sweeping over her devoted head, with ever-increasing fury. But, amid the storms of the winter of age, her love glimmers, and glows, with ever-accumulating fervor, and ever-strengthening faith. The warmth, of her fond affections, is felt far and near. Her hopes, of happiness, are all centered in Jesus. He is her light, her life and her salvation. He is the joy of her present, and the hope of her future life. She has been faithful, in her devotions to God; and hence, the dark angel of death will be an angel of light and life to her; and the gloomy grave a sweet, and quiet resting-place for the aged body, of the sleeping dead.

Grand-mother's life is fast drawing to a close. There is nothing left her, on earth, but the sweet reminiscences, of the distant past; and the long cherished hopes, of an endless future. Now, at last, she lies on her dying couch: and the sable wings of the dark death-angel shadow her marble-white brow; while a gleam of glory penetrates the darkness of death, and lights up her countenance, with expressions of hope and joy, which are ineffable. A halo of softened, and subdued radiance hangs round her hallowed head, like a crown of golden glory. The fountains of life are being broken up, by the powers of death. The silver chords are being severed. The golden lamp of life is growing dimmer and dimmer. But, her sleep is sound. Her rest is sweet. Her dreams are pleasant. She is listening to the harps of heaven. She is looking for a convoy of angels to come, ere long, on silvery wings, and with golden harps, to bear her ransomed spirit away, in triumph, to its heavenly home in the skies. Listen! from the angelic choir comes, mellowed by the distance, the soft, subdued chorus of welcome, to her celestial-bound soul. The sacred hush, of the holy night, seems to be in deepest sympathy, with the closing scenes of her eventful life. The sleepy air moans a melancholy wail, as sweet, and soul-animating, to the dying, as it is sad, and soul-subduing, to the bereaved friends and loved ones, who so soon must mourn her departure.

Grand-mother has reached the closing scene, of her earthly pilgrimage. The sable cloud of death, with life's silver lining, overhangs her drooping head. The darkness will soon be over. The light is pouring in. The last shadow will soon be driven away. Then, a

halo of glory will mantle the departing spirit. Hope already rises far above the hazy horizon of death, like fleecy clouds, on emerald skies; and hangs the beautiful bow of promise above the dark portals, which lead through temporal death, to life immortal. The doors of death are being lifted up; a convoy of angels are waiting, and heaven's gates of pearl are swinging back, upon their golden hinges, while saints and seraphs are watching, to welcome the aged mother, at her coming, to the glories of the New Jerusalem.

She is passing through the last struggles, between life and death. She will soon be gone, where her soul will be saluted, by a sea of seraphic sounds. She will soon be, where light, and life, and love hold undisputed empire, in the city of her God. For, the inspiration of the hour has resurrected, all, her buried hopes of heaven: and dying grace is carrying her, triumphantly, over the dark Jordan of death. She is passing peacefully, and passively out of this, into a better state of existence. Her day of life is, rapidly, drawing to a close. The night of death is, fast, shutting out the lingering rays of fading light. She has drifted, far, down the mystic stream of time. A few more pulse beats, and all will be still. Another short breath, and she has breathed her last on earth. She will walk the weary ways of this world no more forever. She has gone to a brighter, better world than this. Grandmother is dead. Her sun of life sank, like a lovely vessel at sea, slowly behind the distant waves of death. Many tears bear sincere tribute to her womanly worth. Many words of commendation testify to the high regard, in which she was held, by all who knew her, in

this life. Her body is lifeless, in the cold, damp ground; where it must sleep, till the resurrection morn; but her spirit is in heaven.

Death is the relentless foe—the ruthless enemy of our race. His voice has been heard, in every household. His foot-prints have been left, on every hearth-stone, in the land. He has torn many of our dearest friends, and loved ones from our fond embraces; and left us waiting, and weeping on the sad, and silent shores of time. But, our sainted dead have silently passed, to the shining shores of the celestial land. They still visit us, in our dreams, to flit, like shadows, or fly, like seraphs, across our melancholy memories. But, the shadows fall, upon them, never more, if they died, in the triumphs of a living faith in Jesus. Love rules their lives; and heaven is their home for evermore. And, the burst of grief, in our heavy hearts, has calmed down, to the melting tears of fond recollections. The deep anguish, and agonies of our sad souls have softened into passive, and pensive meditation, upon their happy existence, in the home of the soul: and, we could not call them back, to this sin-cursed world, if we possessed the power. Especially is this true, if we know that they have gone to the realms of light, and life, where the bow of promise never fades; the star of hope never grows dim, and the Sun of Righteousness shines for evermore. Our love bids us let them wear their crowns, sit upon their thrones and reign, as kings and queens, with the King of kings, eternally in the heaven of heavens.

GRAND-FATHER-HOOD.

Chapter X.

I have lived many years;
Soon my days will be gone;
They started with the cradle;
They shall lead to the throne.

GRAND-FATHER-HOOD is life, in the wane. It is life, verging on the grave. It is life, tottering toward the tomb. It is life, courted by death. It is life, ripe for the harvest—ready, for heaven. It is life, about to lie down, in the arms of death—about to yield to death's wooings. It is life temporal, on the eve of being exchanged, for life eternal. It is natural life, on earth, longing for immortal life in heaven.

Old age is borne forward, by the resistless tide of time. Its course is ever onward, with the ceaseless current of the sweeping centuries. There is no ebbing, to the ever rolling river of life, which moves on, so rapidly, toward the ocean of the future, when time shall lapse into eternity. But, the

aged will look back, and live, much, in the past. They, then, look forward, and live, more, in the future. The present, seldom, has many charms for them. Their happiest dreams are of days that are gone; and their fondest hopes, of joys to come.

Aged people are wont to think of olden times, as being the best, from the fact that they belong to the distant past, when they were active agents upon the stage of life. The scenes, and services, of other days, have all lost many of their thorns and thistles, in the enchanted distance, that lies between them and these aged veterans of the cross. Many of their reminiscences of the past, are so pleasant, that they lose sight of much, connected with those good old days, that was really burdensome, and oppressive in the extreme at the time. But, it is perfectly natural for us to recount, even our heaviest hardships, with a degree of pleasure kindred to exultation, when the flight, of intervening years, lies between us and them. The soldier, who has endured the hardships of war, knows how natural it is for this feeling to come up in the mind, and find lodgment in the heart, when memory recounts the long weary marches, and the hard fought battles through which he passed, under the heaviest burdens of his eventful life. So the veteran soldiers, of the cross, are wont to rejoice, over the most hotly-contested battles of life, when the sacred reminiscences of the wonderful warfare, through which they have passed, successfully, loom up, only, in the light of crowns, and sceptres, and thrones for the valiant, and victorious soldiers of the cross.

But, again, the aged have long since learned, that the trials, through which we pass, and the troubles, we

are called upon to endure in this life, are often blessings in disguise. Some of them have, even, learned to regard earth's heaviest burdens, as light afflictions, which are but momentary, in comparison with the flight of centuries, or the sweep of ages. They know that they are only passing through a night, of weeping and wailing, to greet a morning, freighted with joy and gladness. They have faith to believe, that the heaviest of their heart-burdens will melt away, by and by, into an eternal weight of glory.

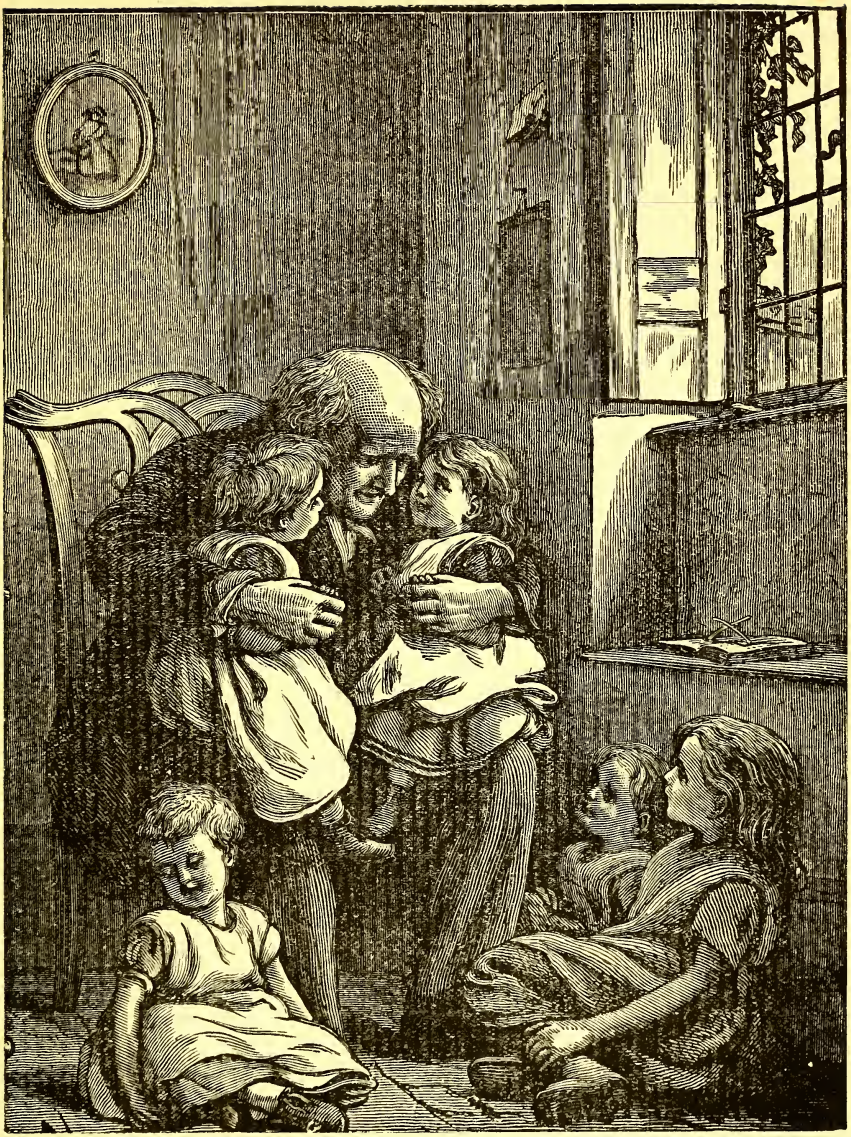
Aged people are, both, timid and cautious. They hesitate to venture, now, where they once delighted to go. They walk with trembling limbs and tottering forms, though assisted by others, where once they trod fearlessly and alone. But, the old man's faith acts so powerfully upon his person, at times, that it sends a vigorous thrill, through every fiber of his aged body, as well as a heavenly glow, over every feature of his furrowed face. And, he feels, again and again, burning within the bones of his feeble body, the fancied fires of his once vigorous, stalwart form; but only to be reminded, from time to time, in his efforts to repeat the easy tasks of former days, that he is an old man, gradually growing feebler, and more infirm, in body; though perchance stronger, and more vigorous in spirit.

These old people ought to be the objects of our special care—the recipients of our constant favors. We should greet them, daily, with words of thoughtful affection. We should meet them, often, in acts of filial devotion. For, as long as they live, so long will they have claims upon our hands, for help; and upon our hearts, for sympathy and love. It should be our pleasure,

to promote their happiness; smooth down the rough places, in the pathways of their painful pilgrimages, during their declining years; and soften, if possible, the silken pillows of their dying couches, while they linger, a little longer, on the shores of time, to receive the last testimonials of our filial affections, and undying gratitude.

Here sits grand-father, in his old, armed rocker, with dressing-gown and slippers on. He is a grand old man. He is great; and as good, as he is great. He is the patriarch of a large family; loved and honored, by children, and by children's children, even down to the third, and fourth generations. But, best of all he is loved, and honored of God. He has long been a friend to God. He is a child of glory—an heir of heaven.

The good old man's life has been grandly great, because it has been spent, in the service of his God. He has passed, under the rod. He has walked, the ways of sorrow. But, in the midst of shadows, he found sunshine. In the depth of grief, he experienced everlasting consolation. The waves have rolled high, around him; but, the voice of the Lord was, often, heard, upon the troubled waters. His bow of promises has, ever, rested, upon the over-arching clouds, radiant with future hope; and reaching across the valley of sin and sorrow; into the land of light and life. He has been, abundantly, blessed of the Lord. He has been made to prosper, and bring forth, as the vine in its fresh, and fragrant fruitfulness. All the precious promises, to the aged in Christ, have been verified to him. God has given him long life; and made him fruitful, even, in old age.



GRANDFATHER.

(See page 244.)

These grand old men are the lamps of life, which God has placed all along the track of time, to illumine our pathways. Their experience, and counsels give light, to the passing generations. These venerable old fathers love to impart their knowledge, to others—they love to let their light shine, upon those around them. The oracles of the aged are spoken, in the lore of love and life. There is an artless oratory, and an enthusiastic eloquence on the tongue of the aged man, when he talks of the good old times of yore, or the happy days to come.

Old age ought to consist in the golden gleanings, of a well-spent life. The last sheaf harvested, for heaven's granary, should be the richest and the best. The last day spent, upon earth, ought to be the brightest, and happiest of all. The parting benedictions, of the aged, ought to be fullest of hope, and of heaven. For, while death, to all such, ends life here; it is but the doorway, to an endless life, beyond the pale portals of the tomb. For, the peal, of the golden trumpet, of the mighty archangel, as clear, and musical as the voice of God, will be heard over land and sea, on the morning of the great resurrection, by all the myriads of earth's sleeping dead; and, then, these aged ones shall live again.

The good old man has his trials and troubles—his ups and his downs. He is not, always, on the mountain top; but, often, in the valley low. He can not, always, travel on the through express; but is forced, sometimes, to take the local freight. The trials of life beset us all, old and young. Saint, and sinner must move forward, through great tribulations. For, the righteous are often side-tracked; while the wicked are led more hopelessly

astray, at every turn, and crook along life's uneven way. Sin is the opiate that lulls us all to sleep; and leaves us lying, listless and languid, in the lap of death. We want to wake up and go to work, if we would gain the victory, over this inveterate foe.

Age bears, on its bosom, the burden of years. Its current runs deeper, but still more rapidly, toward the ocean of eternity. The flow of life is calmer, and more majestic, as it nears the sorrowless shores, of the land of light and life. Age deepens affection. It purifies, and strengthens love. It confirms faith, and brightens hope. But, old age, with all its wonted calmness and serenity, is ladened, with an extra weight of sadness and sorrow, during the decline of life. Especially is this true of those, who are not allowed to lean, lovingly, upon the arms of their children and grand-children, for comfort and support. Old people, naturally, look back, upon life, as a tale that is told; and, often, long to leave the sorrowful shores of time, to sail the unseen ocean of eternity. Oh! for immortal, unfading youth! cries the aged, way-worn veteran of the cross.

This good old man, when he contrasts his earthly griefs, with his heavenly glory, can truthfully sing:

I love life's weight of tears;
It draws me near to God;
Cheers up my soul, removes my fears,
And bids me trust his word.

I love the chastening rod;
And know, full well, its power,
To bring the wayward child to God,
In filial love, each hour.

I love the glory, too,
My light afflictions bring;
It fills my heart with gratitude;
And bids my spirit sing.

I love to think of rest,
Beyond this world of woe—
A home at last among the blest,
Where joys forever flow.

The good old man prays; and the heavens bend with blessings. Grand-father bends his knees, and bows his hoary head, in fervent and effectual prayer, and finite weakness prevails over infinite power. But, prayer is designed to open the heart of man, rather than the hand of God. The Almighty is, always, ready to bestow blessings, when man is willing to receive them, in the Lord's way. He ever stands, with open hands and out-stretched arms, anxious to save, from sin and death, the loved and lost of earth. But, doubts, and difficulties, ever, environ the penitent soul; yet, the prayer of faith unlocks the iron doors, of darkness and death, and floods its inner chambers, with the light of endless life. Every life has its season of sadness and sorrow. Then, it is, especially, opportune, that we unbosom our hearts, to God, in prayer. It is perfectly natural, that we should look heavenward, at such times, for divine aid; and he is unnatural—a monster—who refuses to recognize a higher power, when he feels forced to confess his own helplessness. It would be infinitely better for us, if we would only go to God, oftener, in earnest, supplicating prayer.

Jesus is the old man's best, and dearest friend. He

is the sum, and substance of all his hopes. He is his light, his life, his love, his all in all. He gives him free access, daily, to a throne of divine grace. This makes his grateful heart beat, constantly, in unison, with the great heart of infinite love. And hence, the old man walks, by faith, in sweet anticipation, of dying grace and reigning glory, when he completes the journey reaching, from the cradle, on earth, to the throne, in heaven. His faith in God is implicit; his obedience most cheerful, and his love supreme. God is in all his thoughts; and heaven in all his hopes. Like the Puritan, and pilgrim fathers, he has, always, been a lover of light and liberty. And, he hopes, when he gets to heaven, to be welcomed, by a King of Light, to a kingdom, of endless liberty and love.

The frail barks, of these aged veterans, are now being tossed to and fro, by the tempests of time, which touch, and lash the immutable shores of eternity. But, soon the last storm will sweep by; then, the last shock will be felt, and the first shout of victory will roll over the ramparts of heaven, as they stand, beyond the reach of earthly woes, safe at home at last, and at home for evermore.

Our aged Veteran, of the Cross, has passed, successfully, through all the phases of human life, from the cradle to the grave. He was born into baby-hood, crawled into childhood, bounded into boyhood, leaped into manhood, passed into father-hood and ripened into grand-father-hood. He is, after all, but the early bud of infancy matured, and mellowed into the precious fruitage of a golden, autumnal harvest. But, through all these phases of life, he has so lived, that the evening

of his earthly existence finds the silver clouds of love, resting sweetly, upon the golden mountains of light, which loom up, around him; and send their radiance, streaming down through the gathering mists of age, to illumine his pathway, through the valley of death's shadow; and give him a joyous, and triumphant entrance, into the peaceful Paradise of God.

These good old men, around us, are golden sheaves, ready for heaven's granary. They are ripe, for the angelic harvest. But, they are, still, good spiritual guides. They are the world's balance wheels. They hold, in check, the fiery ambition of the young, and thoughtless of earth. They are constantly leading us, toward the better land. They are veteran soldiers, who have, many times, led the Lord's hosts, to battle and to victory. And, they are, still, waving the banner of the cross, triumphantly, as they near the gates of glory; where they will exchange the soldier's cross, for the victor's crown.

Old age is honorable; and the grave is not its goal. Let the young respect, and reverence the aged, at all times. It will mellow their hard hearts, while it honors these hoary heads. Reverence, for our seniors, carries, with it, a double blessing. It blesses those who give it; and, those to whom it is given. With these aged fathers, there is wisdom; and, we would do well to sit much at their feet; and learn the lessons of life, that they are prepared to impart. It is very profitable, as well as pleasant, to go back, with them, through half a century or more; and hear of the ways, and wonders of olden times; that we may contrast wisely the present, with the past.

Grand-father has passed through the autumn of life; and the nipping frosts, of winter, have long been upon his aged brow. But, he shall lose, one day, his four score years and ten, in the endless summer, of immortal youth. He will soon pass through the dark portals of death; but the passage will lead him out, into the land of endless life. He has long since learned, that the chastening rod is held, in the hands of love. He believes, that death will lose its sting; for it has, already, lost its terrors. He knows that the grave will be spoiled of its victory; for his Redeemer rose from the dead.

But, sad to say, many old men have misspent the morning of life's long day; and are left to brood, in doubt and darkness, over the train of desolation and death, which haunts their old age. The aged sinner has been a pensioner, for long years, upon the goodness, and mercy of the Lord. The Lord has over-arched his pathway, through life, with the gifts of his love. He has fed him, with a liberal hand, upon the blessings of Providence. He has offered to feast him, just as liberally, upon the riches of his grace. But, the aged pensioner has opened his heart, to receive but little of the light, these blessings were designed to impart. And, he has scarcely manifested a single emotion, of sincere gratitude, to the Giver of all his good. Living language reveals the inner-life, of such a man. In his life-actions, he, naturally, gives expression, to the emotions of the heart. No, the world is not growing worse; yet, we have not reached the millennium, by a good deal, we imagine.

The wise old man says, the world is gradually grow-

ing better, as the centuries roll by, on their fiery wheels of progress and reform. Millions of hands, heads and hearts have contributed their mites, to make civilization the glory of the centuries. It is a long, long stride, from heathendom to Christendom. But, every faithful life is a factor, for good, in society. The most obscure personage exerts a potent influence, for weal or woe, over some immortal soul. Every consecrated life is an essential element, in moving the world onward, in its growth of grace, toward its reign of glory.

This wise old man has not lived, exclusively, in the past: but has made it a stairway, by which to climb, to the grand possibilities of the future. Neither has he ignored the present; but, has gone out, into the markets, and bought up opportunities to do good; thus redeeming the time. Nor, has he been unmindful of the future; but has, constantly, thrust himself out upon its heaving bosom; or rather reached out, and drawn it to himself, and used it, as a pillow, to bolster himself up with, in the sore conflicts of life. The failures, of the past, would long since have disheartened him; and the burdens, of the present, would often have overwhelmed him, but for the glorious hopes, of the future, which have given buoyancy, and strength to his whole life.

Grand-father's mind is still active; and his memory clear and strong. Memory is mind in motion. It is a mental manifestation, of mind upon matter, or mind upon mind. It is the mind moving, once more, upon the treasured images of the past. It is the resurrection, or recalling of scenes, and circumstances long since buried, from our natural vision. It must be very pleasant, indeed, when the vigorous day, of manhood's

might, is merging into the nightfall, of old age, and life is gradually drawing to a close, to look back, occasionally, along down the vistas of time, and view, once more, the sacred scenes of the years, of ones youthful days. Old people never forget, the years of their youth. Intervening events may fail them; and fade from their over-burdened memories; but the happy scenes, of childhood-life, will leave them never. None can sever bonds, which bind age, to the happy hours of childhood's cloudless past. The old man's richest heritage is in the sacred memories of other days, or the brighter hopes of coming years. He lives, but little, in the present. He either lingers, longingly, in the lap of the receding past, or leaps, lovingly, toward the bosom of the advancing future.

The nine muses are, all, the offsprings of memory; and for her, they sing their sweetest songs, and make their most delightful music. The fond recollections, of the aged, are the greenest oases, upon memory's barren desert. Their sweet reminiscences bring the loveliest strains, and richest melodies from memory's golden harp. And, as they turn from the bright pages, of the past, to the brighter pictures of the future, hope touches the heart, and it vibrates, again, with joy; love kindles the soul, and it burns, once more, with the fires of youth. Grand-father lives much, in memory. The richest reminiscences, of his past life, light up the closing hours, of his earthly existence, with the sunlit glories of an endless day.

The old man's hope is the heavenly anchor, of his trusting heart. He lies, securely, in the harbor of heaven, with this anchor cast into that within the vail.

His sails have all been lowered; and he is now riding, at anchor, in the port of peace, after a long, but successful voyage across the stormy sea of life.

The old man's faith is an abiding substance—a real entity, to him. It is his only evidence, of the unseen, and eternal reward, which God has promised him, in the glory world. It is the sure foundation, upon which he has built his Christian character—the rock, upon which his feet are firmly planted—the pillow, upon which his hoary head is quietly resting—the shield, and fortress of his trusting soul. Saving faith is a certainty—the substance of things hoped for, or it is nothing. It is the most implicit trust, and confidence in God's promises, or it is worthless. Evangelical faith is not, merely, the assent of the mind. It is, also, the acknowledgment of the heart.

The old man's love is a religious principle. It has been a most active agent. This principle has, often, moved his great heart; and nerved his strong arm, for good works. It has been a permanent, and potent agent, for good, during his long life, of devotion to Christian duty. This love still lives. It loosens his stammering tongue, and fires his burning zeal for God and his service.

The cross of Christ is the old man's hope of heaven. He gazed upon it, in the golden dawn of boyhood's merry morning. He hung his hopes of happiness upon it, at the noontide of manhood's riper years. And, now, while the sun of life is nearing the horizon of the west, the consecrated cross, still, looms up, before his visions of faith, as the sum, and substance of his heart's fondest hopes, for time and eternity. He is

ever clinging, closely, to the crimson cross of Christ. There is a glory, hanging round the consecrated cross, before which the world must bow, in reverence and devotion, at last.

Happy, indeed, is the old man, whose intercourse, with the world, has not snapped the musical chords of his heart, the melodious vibrations of which are still tenderly touching other hearts, even, in the evening of old age. To all these aged ones, the hope of heaven grows brighter, and still brighter, as the scenes of earth pale, and pass from their view, with the flight of flying years. They, now, have many visions, of the better land; many dreams, of the Holy City; many echoings of the heavenly harps, in their happy hearts, and many bright anticipations, of the heavenly homes, which await them, in the glory world. These heavenly hopes lift up the hearts, of humanity's veterans; and light up their pathways, as they journey along the border-lands of time, toward their eternal homes in heaven.

Grand-father's religion is the stay, and staff of his declining years. It was his hope, in youth, his strength, in manhood, and it is his support, in old age. His religion is, and ever has been, the ruling power of his life. He now lives, under the very shadow of the cross: and hence, in the very sunlight of a Saviour's love. He, constantly, basks, in the beams of Malachi's Sun of Righteousness; and hence, enjoys a cloudless, Christian experience. His religion makes his hoary hairs hang, like a halo of light, around his saintly brow, so deeply furrowed, by the ruthless hand of time. And, as age increases, the circles, of his Christian influence, will continue to widen and deepen, with the hush of time, and

the hum of eternity; until the earth, finally, yields up her priceless treasure, and heaven claims her matchless trophy.

Grand-father's religion is a great solace to him, in his afflictions. It turns all his desert places into Bethels; and, ofttimes, changes his darkness into light. The special events, in his religious life, are occasions of interest, and joy to the hosts of heaven. The trend of humanity is either heaven, or hellward. Holiness, on earth, is, absolutely, essential to happiness, in heaven.

Religion is a source of solace—a palace of peace—the comfort, and consolation of old age. The religion, of the aged, is the sheet-anchor of their hopes, during the darkest nights, of their earthly pilgrimage. It is, to them, the opening of the golden gates, of the heavenly Paradise, in the not far distant future. It is, to them, the unveiling of heaven's glories, to their enraptured visioins, in the sweet by and by. To all these grand old Christian heroes, heaven will be a welcome home, when the last battle has been fought, and the final victory won. Yes, these aged saints will all be supremely happy, in the heaven of heavens.

Grand-father holds, in fee simple, a legacy, lasting as eternity—an estate, he can not lose, nor leave behind him, even, at death. It is a treasure, which will prove an everlasting consolation, to the old veteran of the cross. For, as the ivy clings to the oak, so will this legacy, of love, twine about his immortal spirit for evermore. Even so, every lengthened life ought to be radiant with the light, and glorious with the sunshine of the Saviour's, boundless, love. But, Oh! how lonely life must be; and how dark death's door, to the aged,

who are left without the reminiscences, or rewards of religion, as they stand, hopelessly, upon the brink of eternal woe.

The years of life are, always, rolling on: and we are powerless, to stay their revolutions. We can not keep back the gray hairs, which come with the flight of time: neither can we smooth the wrinkled brows, furrowed by the weight of years. The scientist has sought, in vain, for the elixir of life. It can not be found on earth. Here, the young must grow old; and the aged grow older, and die. For, if the years of our lives be many, still they pass away, as a tale that is told. We soon grow old; our days are numbered, ere long, and we fly away. But, the older we grow—the longer we live, the greater ought to be our labors of love; and the sweeter ought to be the joys of our work, and worship in the Master's service. And, the nearer we approach the grave, the deeper, and dearer ought to be the consolations of our holy religion, in all the hours of earth's sad bereavements.

We love to look upon the grand old man, whose lease, on life, has been lengthened out, to four score years, or more, in fulfillment of that precious promise: With long life, will I satisfy him; and show him my salvation. Such an old man breathes the bracing air of heaven, in its strength and purity. He lives, constantly, in an atmosphere of love and devotion. And, he is, always, ready, with words of wisdom, for the wayward, and wicked of earth. Holy old man! and happy, because holy, the last cloud, of a long life, has drifted away; and his evening sun shines, calmly and serenely,

GRANDFATHER'S VOYAGE IS ALMOST ENDED.

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as it lingers, a while longer, upon the verge, before sinking, behind the hazy horizon of time.

Grand-father knows, he must soon step off of the stage of earthly action; but he hopes to enter, even, a more active life, in the great beyond. The rest, for which he sighs, is full of energy, and ceaseless activities: but free from the vexations, and vanities, incident to earth-life. He expects the toils, and turmoils of time, to give way, soon, to the refreshing, and exhilerating labors of eternity's tireless tasks. He knows, he is journeying toward, and getting very near, a country, where there will be eyes for the blind; ears for the deaf; voices for the dumb; feet for the maimed, and life for the dead.

It is during the last days, of the aged Christian, that the church hopes, to find his life hanging loaded down, with the ripe, rich clusters of love, made perfect through sufferings endured, for the Saviour's sake. Such love has become as gold, seven times refined; or as the blushing fruitage, reddened, and ripened, by the rays of the hottest tropical sun, that ever shone upon man; and thus made meet for the Master's use. Hence it will soon be plucked, by the Divine Hand; and gathered, into the heavenly garner.

Grand-father's voyage is almost ended. His race is nearly run. The burdens, of age, are growing heavier. The wheels, of time, are running rapidly. The fires, of life, are burning low. He looks back, over his troubled past. He recounts the storms, encountered. He recalls the perils, of the deep, with their wonderful deliverances. He looks, to the future, with its promises, of endless life and love. The Port, of Peace, is full in view. And

while he knows his hoary head will, soon, be pillowed, in the dust of death, he is just as confident, that his soul will, soon, be safely anchored, in the haven of eternal rest. For, after all, the winter, of a well-spent life, is, of all its seasons, the sweetest and the best. It is the season calmest, in enjoyment, richest, in recollections, and happiest, in its hopes of heaven.

But, grand-father is sick. His hoary head is pillowed, for death. The ears grow heavy, and the heart beats slowly. The muffled sounds, of death's foot-falls, are heard in the hall. He is dying: but faith is confirmed, and fear is banished. He has plenty of dying grace. The light, of endless life, shines into his soul; and doubt, and darkness disappear forever. He realizes, that God's love is round about him, as the air he breathes; and his mercy above him, as the over-arching heavens. He feels, that it is sweet to die, with the everlasting arms of love beneath him: and hence, swan-like in death, he sings the sentiments of his sanctified soul:

I'm dying, friends; I'll soon be dead:
But, peace attends, my hoary head;
For, death has lost, his venomed sting,
Like th' grave once lost, its Conq'ring King.

My life is o'er, my race is run;
I'll greet no more, the rising sun:
My time is past, my days are gone;
And, now, I cast, life's burdens down.

With tearless eyes, and joyful heart,
I say good-bye; for we must part:

But, then, we'll meet again, I say,
With joy to greet, on some sweet day.

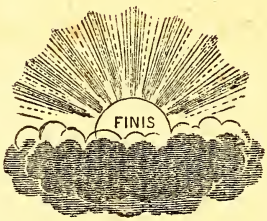
My heart is free, my spirit sings;
Glory to thee, thou King of kings;
I come to rest, on that bright shore,
Where those you've blest, will part no more.

I look, and lo! the angels come;
Sweet seraphs, now, are in my room:
They'll take me home, to that bright land,
Where I shall roam, with sinless bands.

I long to be, on that fair shore,
Where sin I'll see, nor death no more;
But in those realms, of life above,
With Jesus reign, in endless love.

So fare you well, till next we meet,
Where we shall dwell, on gold-paved streets:
And, wearing crowns, like our loved ones,
Vie, long, around the great white throne.

Grand-father's days are numbered, at last. He is dead. "He died, in a good old age, full of days, riches and honor." He has passed out, from the land, of cradles and tombs, to the country, of crowns and thrones, where all are kings, and queens unto God.

Death is a demon of darkness. He sends a wail of woe, that is world-wide and heart-rending, through all the earth: and the living are left, to mourn for their departed dead. We were all born to die. Death is the destiny of our race. The grave will, one day, be the bed-chamber, of the rich and poor, of all the earth.

Our loved ones die; and leave us in bitterest lamentations. They do not wish us, to weep for them, however. Their sweet voices, often, bid us, in death, to dry our tears. But, bereavement softens our hearts, and subdues our spirits. We lose our loved ones; and heaven gains them; but, still, we love them. They are, ever, ours. The ties, which unite us, could not be broken by death. But, possibly, they have been strengthened, by the hopes, which have sprung up in our hearts, of a happy reunion, by and by. But, while we weep, they rejoice. While we mourn, they are, greatly, comforted. We hang our harps, on the weeping willows, and refuse, for a time, to sing the soul-comforting songs of Zion; but they strike theirs, in lovelier, loftier and sweeter strains, as they vie, with the blood-washed, white-robed throng, in singing the song of Moses and the Lamb, around heaven's eternal throne.